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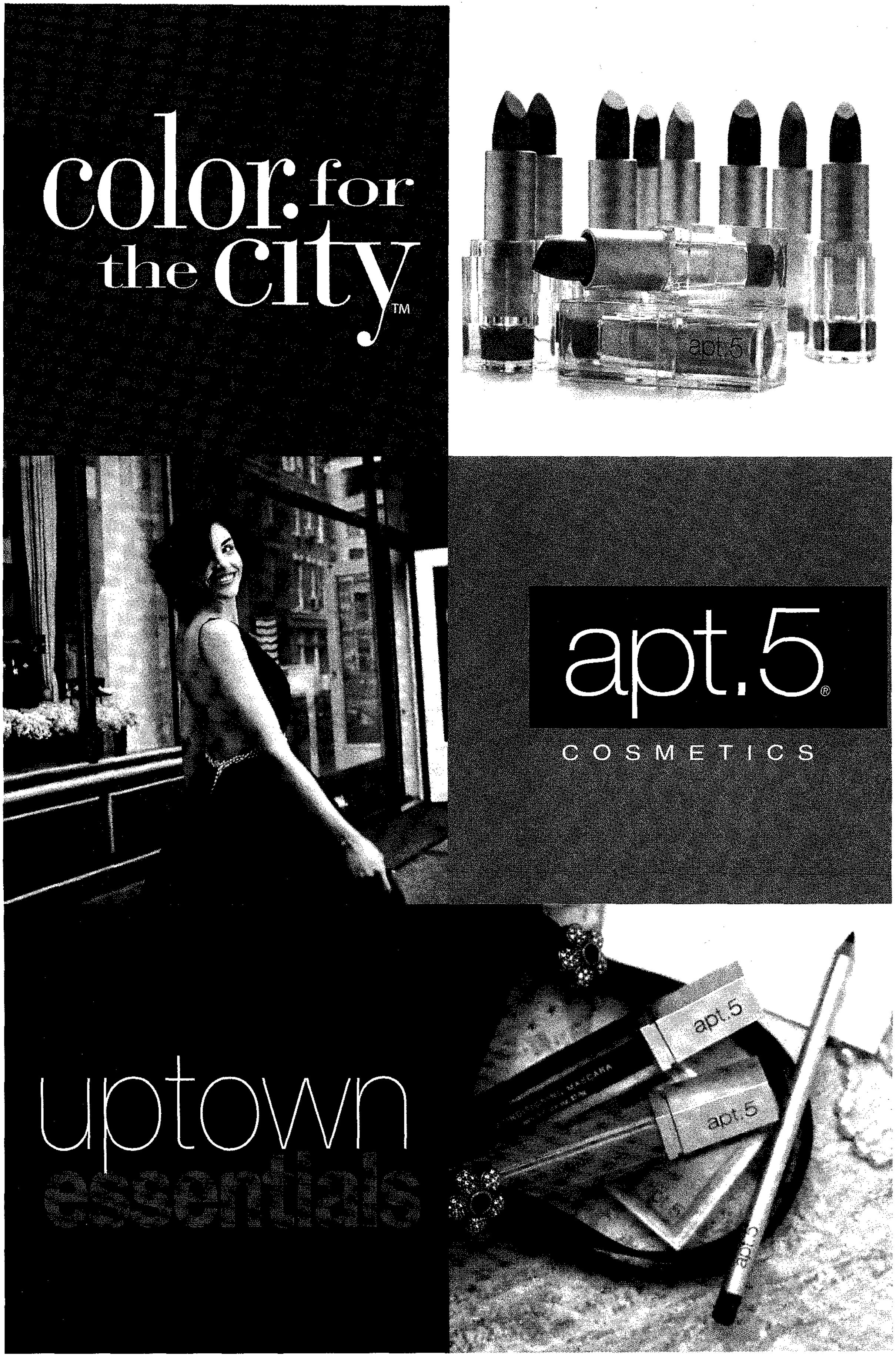
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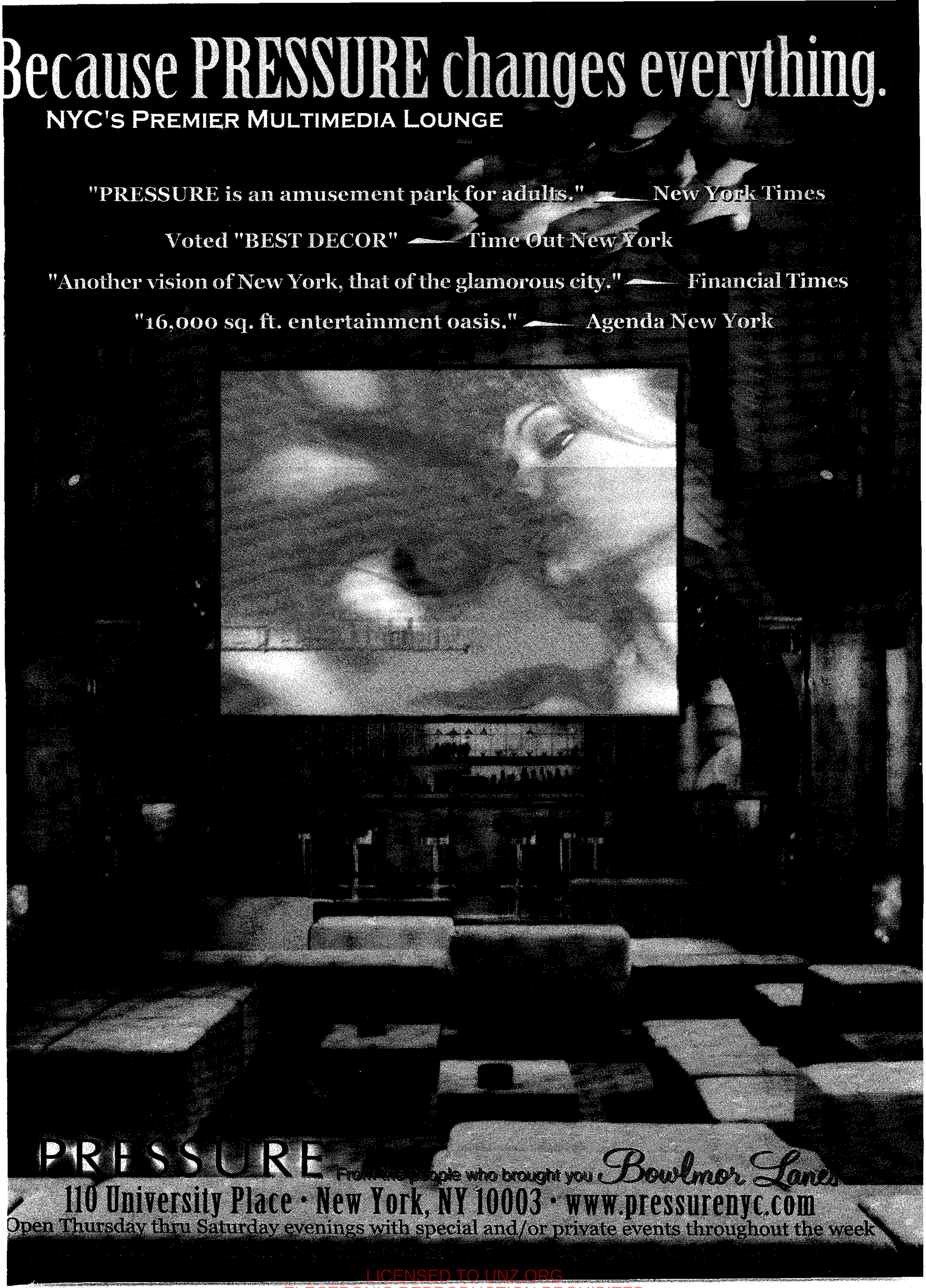

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Contents

July 8, 2002

6 **Letters**

9 **Intelligencer:** Marc S. Malkin

10 **Scene:** Patrick McMullan

11 **Gotham**

Columns

14 **This Media Life:** Michael Wolff
How Al Qaeda is becoming the new Red Menace

16 **The City Politic:** Michael Tomasky
Speak, memorial: Bloomberg is under fire from the 9/11 families, but he's right. Size doesn't matter.

18 **Naked City:** Amy Sohn
Considering sex toys (and the elusive G spot) with Margaret Cho

40 **Best Bets** Rima Suqi
Independence Day gear, and the Fabien Baron Bounce chair

42 **Sales & Bargains**
Patio furniture at relaxed prices

43 **Cue Best of the Week**

Critics

44 **Movies:** Peter Rainer
More special-effects madness from *Men in Black II; Minority Report* is visually intense but emotionally empty

46 **Books:** John Homans
David Ebershoff's *Pasadena* makes for fascinating California dreaming

47 **Theater:** John Simon
Edward Albee's *All Over* inspires no real emotion; Thomas McCormack delivers engrossing, energetic fun with *Endpapers*

48 **Architecture:** Joseph Giovannini
Uninspired plans for the rebuilding of ground zero focus on function, not design

49 **John Leonard's TV Notes**

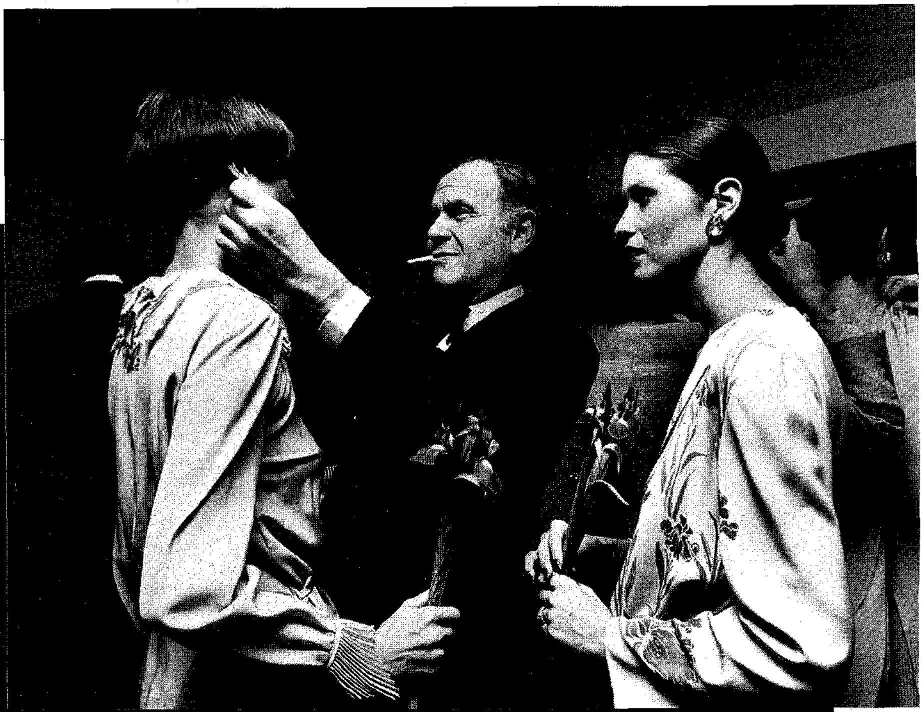
50 **Restaurants:** Adam Platt
With quality ingredients and a Continental flourish, Atelier lives up to the Ritz's high standards

52 **Listings**

87 **Classifieds/Personals/Real Estate**

100 **'Cue' Crossword:** Maura B. Jacobson

'Guardian' Crossword



He spread his elegance all around. It's not an accident that *class* rhymes with *Blass.*

—Diane von Furstenberg, page 34

22 Domestic Disturbance

By Landon Thomas Jr. and Beth Landman Keil

Everyone knows that Martha Stewart sold her ImClone stake the day before the bottom fell out—but that's only the story's beginning. What did glamorous Merrill broker Peter Bacanovic know about ImClone's problem? What did he tell his assistant, Doug Faneuil? What did Faneuil tell Martha? And when does garden-variety glitterati gossip become inside information? How the deal that could doom the domesticity doyenne went down.

28 Gramercy Dark By Sarah Bernard

The Gramercy Park Hotel has a legendary history and a glamorous clientele—from Babe Ruth to Chloë Sevigny—not to mention a sublime setting and a truly excellent bar. But what it didn't have was drama—until David Weissberg, the heroin-addicted scion of the family that's run it for 50 years, leapt to his death from the roof, just as his wife was walking out the front door. The suicide opened a window onto a family in crisis—and an institution that hip New York hoteliers are desperate to get their hands on.

34 Last Blass By Bob Morris

Bill Blass came to New York a small-town boy with a flair for dress-making, and became one of the country's boldest, biggest, and most beloved designers. His death on June 12 left the international fashion family in mourning. His closest friends and admirers share memories.

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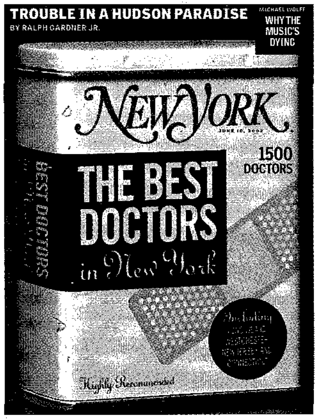
Letters

> It's my turf I want those Swiss out of,
> not my sandbox.
> —**Donald E. Westlake**

Doctor, Doctor

Isn't it a shame that so many of these "Best Doctors" now feel they are too important to share their talent with that portion of the population that desperately needs their skills but that belongs to an HMO or PPO ["The Best Doctors in New York," June 10]. Since when did the Hippocratic oath end in "as long as they have enough money to satisfy me"?

Carolyn Persun, MAYS LANDING, N.J.



In your listing of the best doctors, I note that only 1 percent are from Queens. Readers of *New York* Magazine would be astonished to learn that some world-class, compassionate, outstanding physicians practice in Queens.

Frederick A. Pereira, QUEENS

How about anesthesiologists? Almost 10 percent of medical-school graduates chose anesthesiology as their specialty this year, and anesthesiology departments in many hospitals are often the largest physician department.

Won Chee, MANHATTAN

I was flattered to be included in "The Best Doctors in New York." It is ironic that at the same time this article appears, I am thinking of leaving medicine—at 44 years old and in the prime of my career—because of my inability to find affordable malpractice insurance.

Ronald White, ENGLEWOOD, N.J.

Cementing the Hudson

The rich and famous opponents of the St. Lawrence Cement plant strike this veteran of rural-gentrification wars as remarkably naïve, despite my sympathy for their cause ["Cry Them a River," by Ralph Gardner Jr., June 10]. I suspect that much of the locals' professed enthusiasm for the new plant is merely a public façade masking their private resolve to stick it to any well-armed strangers who tell them what to do without asking what they think. It's one of the few things money can't buy.

Ron Gutkowski
QUAKERTOWN, N.J.

As a 28-year resident of Columbia County, I commend your comprehensive article on the proposed cement plant here. I write to correct the impression you give that the fight over the plant pits local residents against part-time outsiders. You did say a "significant number" of locals oppose the plant; in fact, a large majority of the opposition group, Friends of Hudson, are full-time local residents, many of us from humble origins. The overriding issue is the frightening environmental record of the Swiss owner of St. Lawrence Cement.

George Davis, LIVINGSTON, N.Y.

In your article on the cementing of the mid-Hudson, you refer to me as a weekender. As my address in your subscription list will tell you, I am not a weekender. I live 90 percent of my time in Gallatin, New York. It is the we-they assumption of the "differences" between locals and weekenders that your piece tried to address, and yet is the same trap into which you fell. In these days of e-mail, a career in the life of the mind does not necessarily a weekender make. It is my turf I want those Swiss out of, not my sandbox.

Donald E. Westlake, GALLATIN, N.Y.

Blurbiage

Your piece about Jonathan Franzen's blurbs was misleading and unfair ["Gotham: The Collected Blurbs of Jonathan Franzen," June 10]. You do not take into account the fact that some writers—even those who have not won a National Book Award—are asked, sometimes receiving more than one galley a day, to endorse writers that editors truly believe in. Authors are encouraged to understand that this is generous, but also necessary. The time this takes would not be confused, by any writer, with time that might be put into one's own writing. Good blurbs are very difficult to write, and the blurb writer often has no idea when a book will be published. I have written blurbs that have appeared a year later.

Ann Beattie, YORK, ME.

Who's Who?

While it is an honor to be included in your Who's Who of the city's most sought-after cosmetic dentists, your description of our practice is both untrue and unsettling to most of our patients ["Doctor Lookgood," by Beth Landman Keil, May 27]. We not only make teeth look good, we do all phases of dentistry, including fillings. We pride ourselves on taking total care of our patients' mouths—just ask any of our happy patients.

Marc G. Lowenberg and Gregg Lituchy
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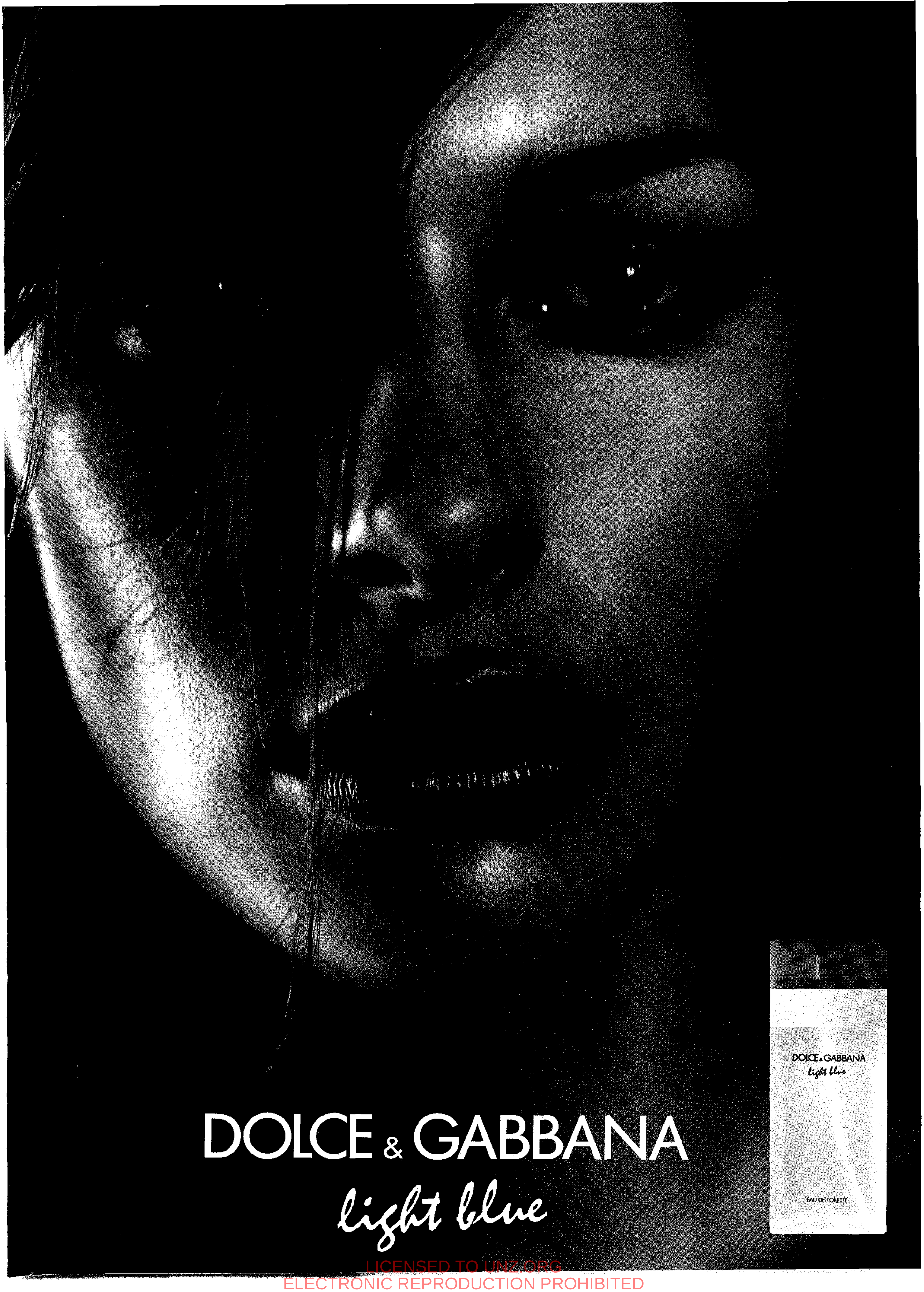

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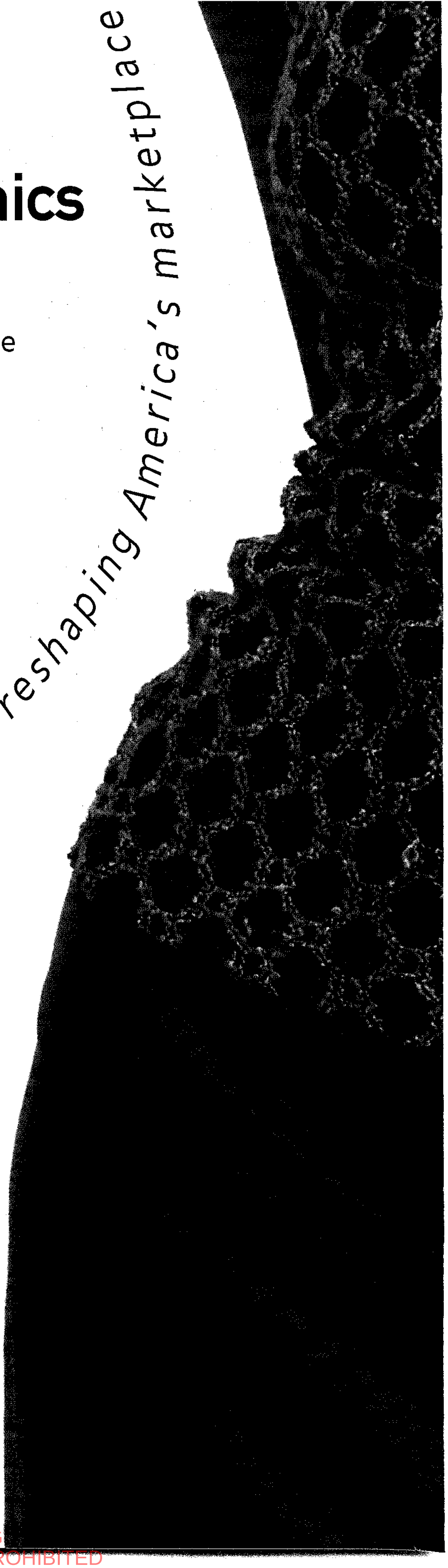

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By Marc S. Malkin

Drew Nieporent Eyeing WTC Site

There's been no decision yet on what will be developed at ground zero, but **Drew Nieporent** definitely wants a restaurant there. At *Gourmet* editor-in-chief **Ruth Reichl**'s late-night party for food-industry VIPs last week at Tribeca Grill, Nieporent—the mastermind behind fifteen hot spots, including Nobu and Montrachet—told us he's spoken to the Lower Manhattan Development Corporation advisory committee, of which he's a member, about opening up a place on the site. And he's already talked to **Michael Lomonaco** about a potential partnership. Lomonaco, former chef at Windows on the World, is currently at **David Emil's** Noche, which hired many ex-Windows workers. During Reichl's bash, Nieporent and Lomonaco proved they work quite well together when their band, Hi-Way 13, took the stage. Nieporent sang, Lomonaco played guitar, and Reichl's documentary-filmmaker hubby, **Michael Singer**, played the harmonica.

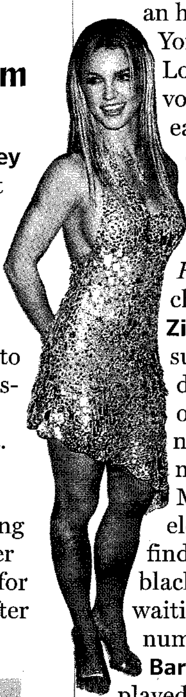
Bush Twin Joins New York City Fashion Flock

We know what the First Twin Daughters are doing this summer. **Jenna** and **Barbara Bush** were overheard talking about their plans after yoga class at the Sports Club/LA in Washington. Barbara (right) said she's set to hit New York any day now to intern with **Lela Rose**, the fashion designer and longtime First Family friend who designed the twins' outfits for their dad's inauguration. "Fashion has always been something that has interested her," an insider says. "She enjoys seeing how the industry works." (Rose has also dressed **Ashley Judd**, **Sharon Stone**, **Rita Wilson**, and **Jenna Elfman**.) Barbara made her New York fashionista debut when she attended **Zac Posen**'s show in February. First cousin **Lauren Bush** is a top model and a face for **Tommy Hilfiger**. As for Jenna (left), we hear she's taking a trip to Prague.

Pacino Plays the Name Game

Attention, maître d's: Don't be surprised if **Al Pacino** shows up under a reservation made by a "Mr. Smith." That's the name the Oscar winner used for a late-night dinner at Elmo in Chelsea last week when he attended a party there for the Absolute Theater Company. Three days before, someone called to say that a Mr. Smith would be joining the bash but didn't want to be seated with the other guests. At 11 P.M., a black SUV pulled up, and out popped a man who asked a host if Mr. Smith's table was ready. It was. Pacino jumped out with another friend, and the three quietly walked to a corner table and ate dinner.

Justin Booted From Britney's Bar



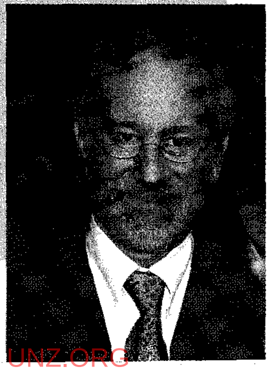
Even the menu at **Britney Spears**'s new restaurant in the Dylan Hotel suffered a loss when the pop princess and her longtime beau, **Justin Timberlake**, broke up. We hear she was all set to offer a drink called a Justini but changed her mind after the two split. That wasn't the first change she made. The place was originally going to be called Pinky's, after Timberlake's pet name for the pop princess, but after the breakup, she quickly changed it to NYLA, an homage to New York, Spears's native Louisiana, and her favorite hometown eatery—Nyla's Burger Basket.

BACHELOR PARTY: Hunky *Men's Health* editor-in-chief **David Zinczenko** got a big surprise on his first day back in the office after being named one of *People* magazine's "50 Most Eligible Bachelors." He arrived to find sixteen models in black cocktail dresses waiting for him, phone numbers in hand, as a **Barry White** album played in the background—all compliments of publisher **Mary Ann Bekkedahl**. Zinczenko says he's still single despite all the publicity. "*People* has forwarded e-mails from all these random women," he told us, "but frankly, I've been a little scared to open them."

With Catherine Townsend.

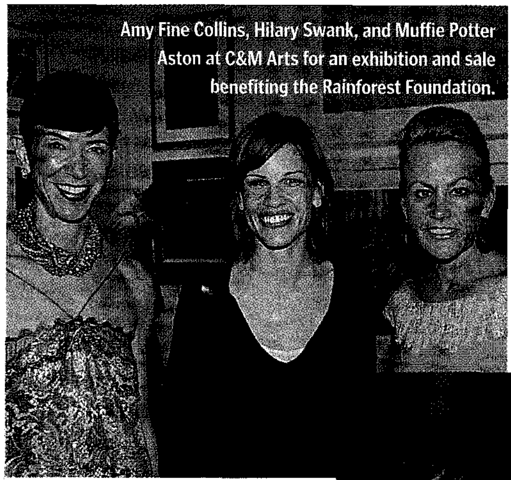
Spielberg's Close Encounter of the Cartoon Kind

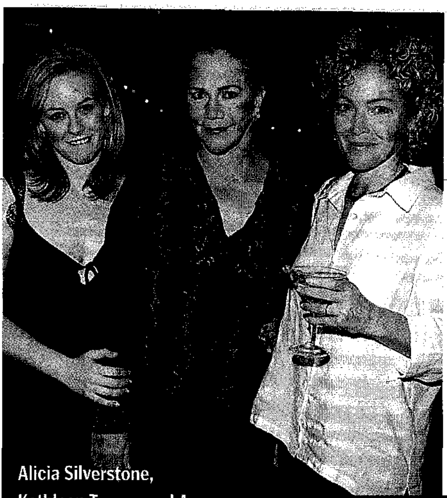
Steven Spielberg must have been pretty surprised to see how close *Lilo & Stitch*, the animated children's flick, came to beating out his *Minority Report* as last weekend's top-grossing movie. While waiting on line at Barefoot Contessa in East Hampton on Saturday morning, Spielberg was approached by a fan who remarked that the sci-fi thriller starring **Tom Cruise** was sure to "slay" the competition. Spielberg quickly agreed. A spy reports that he boasted, "Yeah, we should have a very solid weekend. There's not a lot of competition." He must have forgotten about *Lilo & Stitch*, which, it turned out, grossed about $35.7 million, just a mere $416,913 less than *Minority Report*. Spielberg's rep insists he was talking about movies in the same sci-fi genre: "If, let's say, *Men in Black II* was opening the same weekend, then that would be direct competition for *Minority Report*."

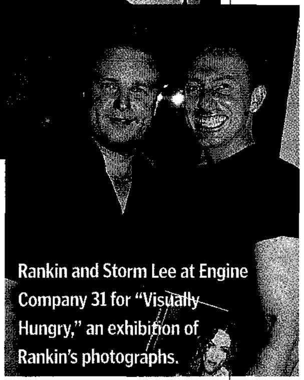


PHOTOGRAPHS: FROM TOP, REUTERS NEWMEDIA, INC./CORBIS; EVAN AGOSTINI/IMAGEDIRECT; DAVE BENETT/ALPHA/GLOBE PHOTOS; ROBIN PLATZER/TWIN IMAGES.

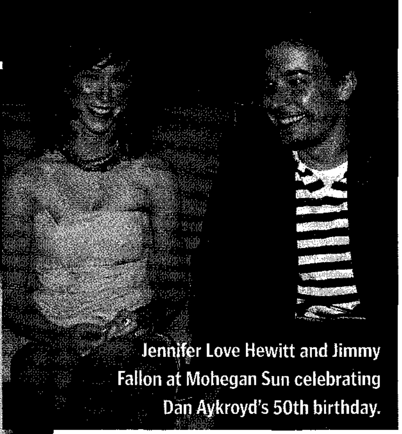
Scene

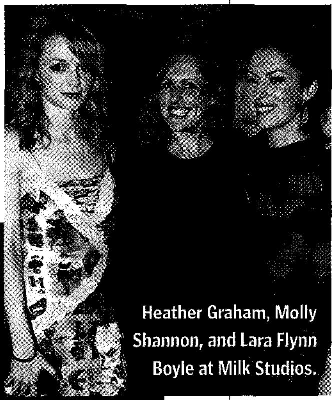

Amy Fine Collins, Hilary Swank, and Muffie Potter Aston at C&M Arts for an exhibition and sale benefiting the Rainforest Foundation.

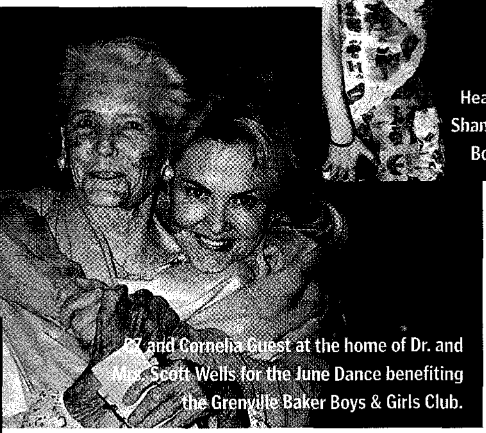

Alicia Silverstone, Kathleen Turner, and Amy Irving at the China Club for a surprise birthday party for Turner.


Rankin and Storm Lee at Engine Company 31 for "Visually Hungry," an exhibition of Rankin's photographs.

Rena Sindi and Bettina Zilkha at the New York Botanical Garden Conservatory Ball.


Jennifer Love Hewitt and Jimmy Fallon at Mohegan Sun celebrating Dan Aykroyd's 50th birthday.


Heather Graham, Molly Shannon, and Lara Flynn Boyle at Milk Studios.


CZ and Cornelia Guest at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Scott Wells for the June Dance benefiting the Grenville Baker Boys & Girls Club.

Jamie Wolf, Phoebe Cates, and Rita Schrager at 60 Thompson celebrating Wolf's new line of jewelry.

Audrey Marnay, Erin O'Connor, John Demsey, Charles Cohen, Carmen Kass, and Maggie Rizer at Cipriani for Viva Glam Casino's MAC AIDS Fund–sponsored benefit for the Design Industries Foundation Fighting AIDS.

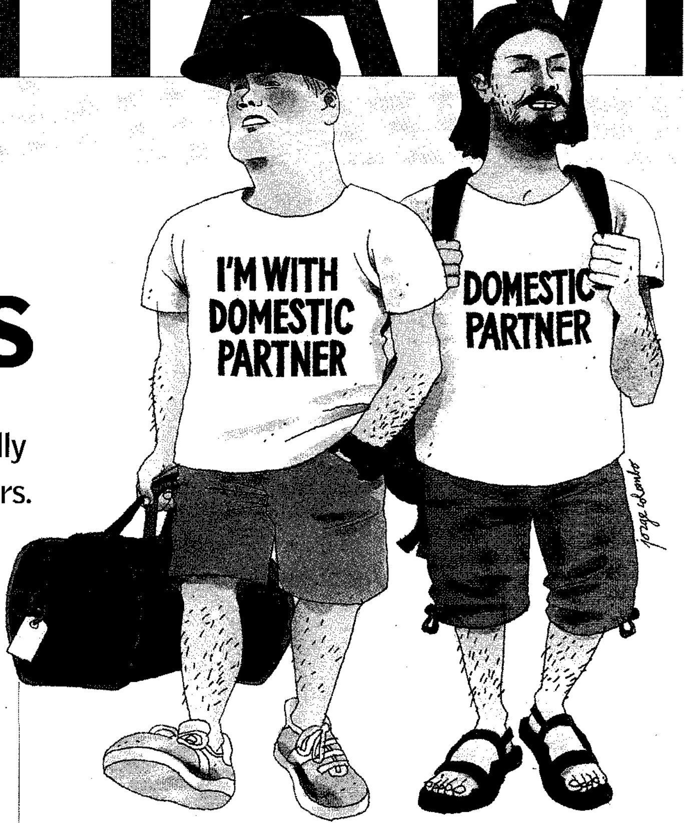
It Happens

"I don't have 'It,' but I did make the cover of the Shit List," said **Jimmy Fallon** at the *Entertainment Weekly* "It List"–issue party at Milk Studios on June 24. At least the 18-year-old interns stalking Fallon seemed to think he had it—whatever it is. "Oh, my God, he's so hot!" gasped one hysterical girl. "I'll touch his ass for you," a male friend offered. Fallon was unimpressed. "What I'd really love is a big old-ladies following," he said. "We'd hang out, just like the Golden Girls." Wandering through an incongruous setting of four-poster beds and neon signs were **Monica Lewinsky**, **Lara Flynn Boyle**, **Shannon Elizabeth**, **Taye Diggs**, **Jordana Brewster**, **Maura Tierney**, **Rufus Wainwright**, **Peter Bogdanovich**, **Chuck Knoblauch**, and two **Phoenix** sisters (**Summer** and **Rain**), but only one **Hilton** (**Nicky**). **Heather Graham**, with **Molly Shannon**, didn't stay long. "We're too hot and sweaty," she said on her way out. **Mos Def** came to see **Macy Gray** perform, but was mos' definitely harassed by security when he tried to get backstage. **Hayden Christensen** maintained his Jedi mind-set until the liquor stopped flowing. "I've got to find a bar," he whined. Meanwhile, **Moby** was stuffing bits of napkin in his ears. "Honestly, I didn't ask Macy on my tour because her last album sold so poorly," he said. "I need someone who can fill *arena* seats." Suddenly a blond, bearded man grabbed his hand. "You are my complete icon!" he said. Moby smiled, then whispered, "Who was that?" It was Doogie Howser. "Oh, my God! *Starship Troopers*! I know all your lines!" he screamed, chasing **Neil Patrick Harris** into the night. JADA YUAN

Photographs by
Patrick McMullan

GOTHAM

Life in the New City



Odd Couples

Wait, are those really straight-looking guys actually together? Nope, they're just fake domestic partners.

By Amanda May

Jeff's a 32-year-old "starving artist" who likes to travel. So last fall, he pretended to be gay to get cheap airline tickets. The scheme may sound like something out of a bad Matthew Perry movie, but it worked. A gay friend who works for a major airline offered to list him as his domestic partner, even though Jeff's not the slightest bit bi-curious. "It was really easy," he confesses. "All my friend had to do was tell the airline." Unfortunately for Jeff, he was "dumped" a little while later. "My friend registered his new boyfriend, so *he* could get the seats."

Dann, a straight 26-year-old part-time consultant, has a more serious problem: He can't afford health insurance. "My roommate, who's also straight, has a great health-care plan," says Dann. "We're going to get ourselves declared partners so I can get covered."

When New York City passed the domestic-partnership law in 1998, it allowed gay and unmarried straight couples to get important benefits like health-care coverage (at least from companies that recognize such partnerships). But just as some people marry for a green card, it's hardly surprising that others have opted to declare fake relationships, whether they're seeking a cheap trip to Paris or a cheaper trip to the doctor. And now, with the city's unemployment rate nearing 8 percent, the number of such partnerships, both real and fake, is on the rise. According to the city clerk's office, 30 percent more people are registering than did last year—about 50 more people per month.

The process, say many, is amazingly easy: "All we had to do was swear we were in a committed relationship," says one executive assistant. "They didn't even ask for any proof or anything."

Indeed, the only proof required is a signed affidavit attesting that the couple meets certain requirements, such as living together. The city clerk's office wouldn't comment on the possibility of fraud. "We don't know people's personal lives," snapped one spokesperson.

But it may be harder to get past the company paying for the benefits. "Our health carrier requires each person to attest to certain things," says Alix Friedman, director of public relations for the 92nd Street Y. "This includes proof of financial dependence, such as having a shared mortgage."

Melissa and Anne, two straight roommates, considered declaring a partnership when Melissa got laid off, but realized it wouldn't work. "I work at a small not-for-profit," says Anne. "They all know my sexual orientation." Still, even more obvious disqualifications don't always stop people from trying. One H.R. employee says a man attempted (for reasons unknown) to register his cat as his partner. "He had submitted all the paperwork before we realized it was his cat," she admits. "He kept saying, 'Domestic cat, domestic partner.' "

Those who manage to fool their companies may not reap all the benefits they desire. Unlike a spouse, the employed partner pays taxes on the cost of the other's benefits, as if it were extra income. "I guess my roommate wouldn't go for that," admits Dann. "He would pretend to be gay, but not if it cost him money."

One man attempted **to register his cat as his domestic partner.**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JORGE COLOMBO.

Coming Un-Dunne

Dominick "Don't Call Me Jackie Susann" Dunne picks a new literary fight. By Amy Larocca

Fresh from his recent battle with Gore Vidal—waged in the letters pages of *Vanity Fair*—Dominick Dunne has found himself a new, if unsuspecting, adversary in New York *Times* "Sunday Styles" columnist Bob Morris. "I called him a fucking asshole," Dunne says. "I did."

What happened was this: When *Tatler*, that breathy British bible of the boldfaced, profiled Dunne in its July issue, Morris was quoted calling Dunne, whom he has never met, "the Jacqueline Susann of journalism."

Shortly thereafter, Morris received a note that could've come from *Vanity Fair*'s fictitious codger columnist Edwin Coaster (scrawled, naturally, on embossed stationery). It read, in part: "I just read your quote about me in the *Tatler*. Fuck you, asshole. . . . I've called around and no one seems to know who you are."

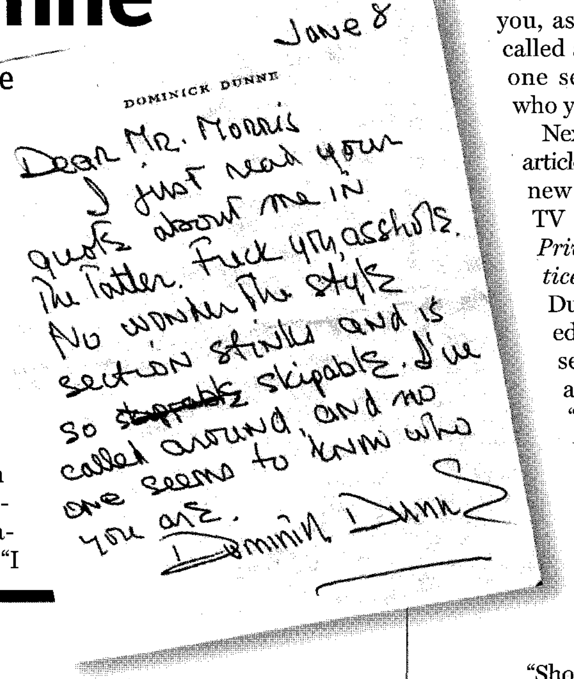
Next came a *Times* article about Dunne's new weekly Court TV series, *Power, Privilege and Justice*, in which Dunne was quoted as saying he'd seek revenge against Morris. "I was livid," he told *New York*. "I mean, who the hell is he to make a statement like that about me? You know, I got pissed."

"Should I watch out for flying gimlets?" wonders Morris (who's also a contributor to *New York*). "I don't summer in Connecticut, I don't have a running account at the Four Seasons or Swifty's, but I am going to watch out for cocktails."

Morris, it appears, can go ahead and wear white this summer without having to fear attack by cranberry juice. The revenge the high-crimes chronicler has in mind is more of the literary sort. "When the time comes, you know, I'll use the incident in a novel," he vows.

Mostly, Dunne seems miffed that someone he'd never heard of felt qualified to comment on his oeuvre. "I mean, what are his novels? What are his great articles? What are his stands on anything? I mean, who ever heard of him?"

"It takes a lot to be a nobody these days. I've checked around, and he's right!" says Morris with a shrug. "People don't know who I am? I don't even know myself. So I wouldn't expect anyone else to know me."



June 8

DOMINICK DUNNE

Dear Mr. Morris
I just read your
quote about me in
the Tatler. Fuck you, asshole.
No wonder the style
section stinks and is
so [illegible] skipable. I've
called around, and no
one seems to know who
you are.
Dominick Dunne

Real Estate

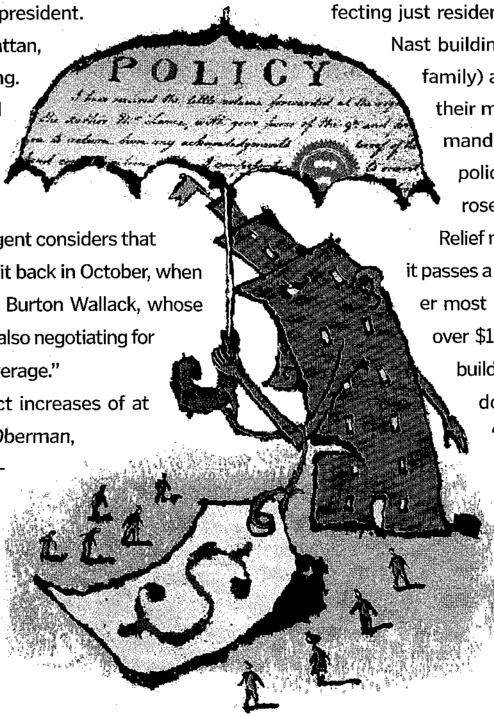
Insurers Put a Price on Terror

"I live in a small, rinky-dink apartment building," says one woman of her 21-unit Chelsea condominium. "There's no way it would be a target." Maybe not, but her insurance company isn't taking chances. After September 11, her building's premium shot up 168 percent over last year's. The condo was able to absorb the cost, but if the rate rises next year, "it may necessitate an increase in our common charges," says the board's president.

He's not alone. All over Manhattan, insurance costs are skyrocketing. At the Majestic, with its Central Park view and history of celebrity residents (Lucky Luciano, Ian Schrager), the bill went up 29 percent, and the managing agent considers that fortunate. "We were lucky to do it back in October, when the rates weren't as high," says Burton Wallack, whose firm runs the building. "We were also negotiating for 45 properties, which gave us leverage."

Most buildings should expect increases of at least 40 percent, says Stuart Oberman, president of the Oberman Companies, which insures many residential buildings. New York State requires primary carriers to provide terrorism insurance, but "they will get their pound of flesh" with higher prices, says Oberman. That is, if they'll write a policy at all: "A gorgeous, well-run building on the Upper East Side may not get coverage because a company is overexposed in that Zip Code," adds Oberman. "It's becoming absurd."

Several new projects have been postponed or canceled, like a 30-story tower whose developer couldn't get the coverage his bank demanded. The issue isn't affecting just residences, either; at the Condé Nast building, the owners (the Durst family) are battling in court with their mortgage holder over a demand for a one-year terrorism policy. Yankee Stadium's rates rose 125 percent, too.



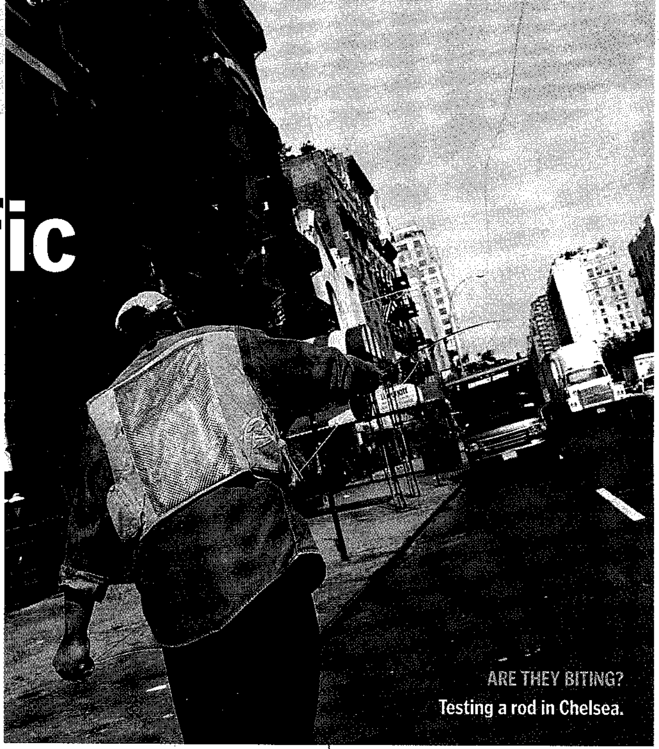
Relief may come from Congress, if it passes a proposed law that will cover most insurance-company losses over $10 billion. In the meantime, buildings like the Chelsea condo don't have many options. "We got a letter from the insurance broker telling us to expect an increase of 300 to 400 percent," says the condo president. "I guess we were lucky that it was only 168 percent." A.M.

ILLUSTRATION BY DANIEL BAXTER.

Streams of Traffic

Gone fishing—in the middle of West 23rd Street.

By Joseph O'Neill


ARE THEY BITING?
Testing a rod in Chelsea.

A few times a week, a man stands on West 23rd Street, between Seventh and Eighth Avenues, and fishes. He smokes a Capri Super Slim and usually wears a button-down shirt, suspenders, and khaki pants. For about ten minutes, he casts a line against the stream of eastbound traffic. Then he is gone.

Just such an episode took place one recent breezy afternoon. The fisherman in question, 69-year-old Moe Cohen, was holding an eight-foot, four-piece Redington fly rod with a very fast action. "It's a hell of a weapon," Moe said, stepping off the curb.

He looked down 23rd Street toward the Hudson, lit a cigarette, and, ignoring a bilious surge of taxis, sent the green fly line toward a Vespa scooter parked 60 feet away. With each cast, the line flew farther. It traveled at head height with a faint snapping sound. Finally, it swooned onto the seat of the scooter.

"It's not hazardous," Moe said, reeling in the line, "because there's no hook on the end of it."

Moe, who has fly-fished for 53 years, doesn't fish on the street just for pleasure; he works at Capitol Fishing Tackle, purveyor of all kinds of fishing stuff to all kinds of people (Bette Midler once bought a net there). And when a customer is interested in buying a fly rod, Moe or a colleague may suggest a street demo.

On this occasion, a woman named Brenda was looking for a rod for her husband. She herself did not fish. "Sometimes women catch on faster, because they have more dexterity, more feel," Moe noted as he prepared to cast the line again. "And women can tie beautiful flies."

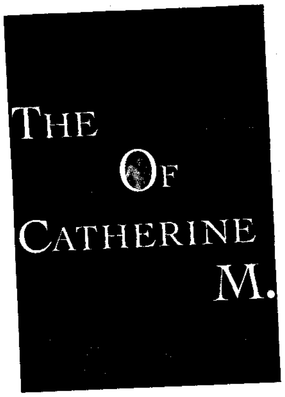
"It's one of the sexiest movements," Brenda said, making a motion with her fist. "Not that way it isn't," Moe politely corrected her. "You don't use your wrist that much for fly-fishing."

He started casting again, this time aiming for a limo in the loading zone of the Chelsea Hotel. The line soared over a pile of trash bags and softly came to rest on the grille of the limo. "It's poetry," Brenda sighed. Buses and trucks roared past, then a man walked by carrying a huge crucifix and a sign accusing the police of trying to murder him. "If I had the time, I'd go upstate for a weekend to the Beaverkill River," Moe said. "It has no similarity with West 23rd Street."

When "Write What You Know" Gets Taken to Extremes

The Sexual Life of Catherine M. is the book everyone is talking about but most are finding too dull to get through. Is it really that tedious? Herewith, an index to (some of) the dirty parts.

EMMA ROSENBLUM



Ass, Catherine's: as the counterpart to her head, 101; representing the image she has of herself, 168; as another side of who she is, 168; her "so-so face, but what an," 168.
Fantasies, Catherine's: as far too personal to ever be really shared, 32; as a Barbie doll, 116; as a porn actress, 199. (See also "Masturbation," "Prostitution.")
Farts, Catherine's: never coming across enthusiasts for hers, 133.
Forty-Nine: as the number of sexual partners whom Catherine can name, 10.
Libido, Catherine's: the two occasions when it was stalled, 73.
Masturbation, Catherine's: with the punctuality of a civil servant, 200; looking like she is playing a guitar while, 207. (See also "Fantasies.")
Men: See "Penis."
Penis: Catherine's enjoyment of, 1–209.
Prostitution: fantasy about participating in high-class, 49, 108; failed attempt at, 69.
Sex: against a wall, 24, 86; on the hood of a car, 24, 87, 158; in the back of a car, 47, 160; in a dentist's chair, 82; in a soccer stadium, 87; while hanging onto a post, 88; on the counter of a concession stand, 88; on a bench, 90; in a garden, 92; in a vineyard, 95; on a hillside, 97; in an old chapel, 99; while clutching the narrow trunk of a tree, 99; on a farm, 99; on the side of the road, 101; on a rock, 102; in Canada, 110; in the back of a van, 121; in the cab of a semi, 122; in the bunk of an overnight train, 123; during a peep show, 127; in the office, 143; in the Museum of Modern Art in Paris, 153; in a sauna, 155; in an art studio, 189.
Style, Doggie: Catherine finally admitting to herself that it isn't the most satisfying position, 169.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SCOTT JONES.

Michael Wolff THIS MEDIA LIFE

Homeland Insecurity

We can't stand to be without a clear plot, so the media scrambles to construct a narrative for the shadowy, diffuse terror "network" we're up against. But is the reporting ahead of the reality?

DAVID JOHNSTON, DON VAN NATTA JR., AND Judith Miller, three of the *Times'* most senior reporters, recently filed this front-page lead:

"A group of midlevel operatives has assumed a more prominent role in Al Qaeda and is working in tandem with Middle Eastern extremists across the Islamic world, senior government officials say. They say the alliance, which extends from North Africa to Southeast Asia, now poses the most serious terrorist threat to the United States."

In other words, a shadowy, diffuse group has, ominously, mutated into an even more shadowy and diffuse affair.

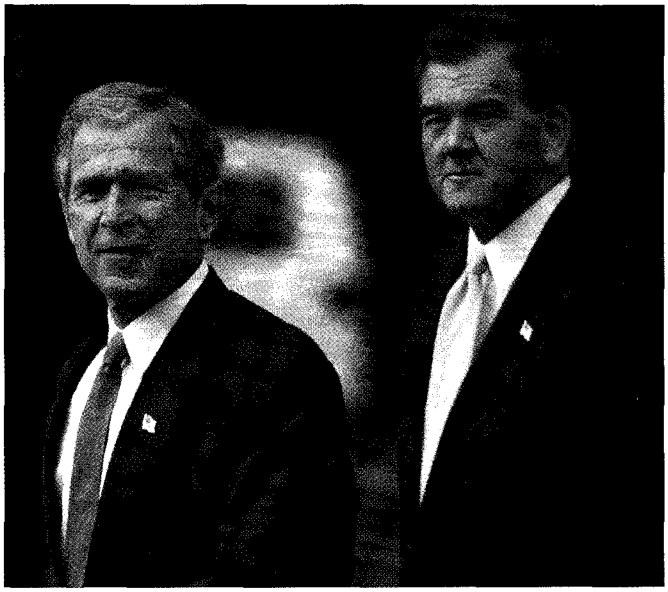
The three reporters go on to note that, according to their government sources, "this new alliance of terrorists, though loosely knit, is as fully capable of planning and carrying out potent attacks on American targets as the more centralized network once led by Osama bin Laden."

In other words, even though the U.S. has, for the past ten months, focused all of its military and intelligence might on Muslim-fundamentalist radicals, the threat, apparently, has not at all dimmed.

Indeed, investigators at the FBI and CIA tell Johnston, Van Natta, and Miller that "the war in Afghanistan failed to diminish the threat to the United States," and in fact, "the war might have complicated counterterrorism efforts by dispersing potential attackers across a wider geographic area."

The *Times* story then names seven men—all of whom have previously been identified as having been involved in terror acts—as the key operatives in this worldwide network of "decentralized terror cells" (what analysts are calling, the story says, "the international jihad") that "has emerged from the scattered remains of Al Qaeda."

Meanwhile, in its most public action to date to thwart terrorism and protect the U.S. from further attacks, the FBI has arrested a Puerto Rican former Chicago gang member who converted to Islam and who is said to have been plotting to set off a dirty bomb—or at least to have downloaded a plan for such a bomb from the Internet. The other most prominent suspect in the resilient new Al Qaeda network now in custody is Richard Reid, that shoe-bomber guy.



HOME BOYS: Bush with Homeland Security czar Tom Ridge.

SO WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE? NOT just with the *Times'* portrait of a resurgent Al Qaeda, but with virtually all the breathless media accounts of the international jihad, as well as with the more and more detailed presentations by the White House, FBI, CIA, and Homeland Security representatives depicting this elusive threat.

For one thing, everything fits. If connecting the dots was a problem before 9/11, now everything is part of a carefully drawn schematic. All elements are easily, almost lovingly, incorporated into the story, even the oddest elements—Jose Padilla, the gangbanger turned Islamic revolutionary, being among the oddest.

For another, we've built a major black-is-white logic reversal into the very nature of the threat: Although we've killed countless members of the enemy group, including much of its leadership, disrupted its infrastructure, captured reams of intelligence on its activities, it's suddenly stronger than ever before. Likewise, we ascribe substantial organizational talents to what we also describe as uniquely disorganized. This new group has become, the *Times* story implies, a threat not least of all because it is less a group than the former group, which itself was notable for its loose-knitness (although, in comparison with the new group, the former group was apparently a model of central governance). By the logic we are applying to Al Qaeda and its offspring, we can never prevail. Whatever we do to thwart the enemy just makes it stronger. We are always, because of our size and power and resources, necessarily weaker. (Al Qaeda has something similar, perhaps, to the ghostly powers the Vietnam-era guerrillas were credited with having over conventional military forces.)

Then there is the suspiciously high level of serendipity. In the *Times* story, the seven men who are named as the new kingpins are men law-enforcement agencies just happened to have substantial dossiers

PHOTOGRAPH BY KRAFT BROOKS/GAMMA.

on. All, in fact, are already under indictment for past terror attacks: the embassy bombings in Kenya and Tanzania, for instance, or the attack on U.S. soldiers in Somalia in 1993, or the truck bombing of the U.S. embassy in Nairobi. (What's more, these seven men, the *Times* story notes, all also happen to "possess the managerial skill and authority to carry out attacks.") The cast of characters, in other words, has not been enlarged; rather, in some sense, the new story, or the new version of the old story, seems just to have been written around the existing cast.

Certainly, the sources of information referred to in most accounts of the Al Qaeda goings-on raise all sorts of wait-a-minute questions.

The government keeps crediting its intelligence to "the chatter," or, as the *Times* story attributes it, to "Internet traffic," which is either a euphemism for the usual vague police and quasi-police reports that pass between intelligence organizations, or some really inept notion of what the Internet is about. What exactly does Internet traffic mean? Are they intercepting e-mail (then why don't we just start spamming the Al Qaeda network)? Are there specific Websites that the terrorists frequent? Chat rooms? Porn sites? Of course, it may be that this invoking of the Internet, the new mother of all knowledge, is merely an effort to mask the fact that what we know, we know from people who are being tortured in Pakistan (itself not normally the best source of information), but as unsettling is the reasonable suspicion that these doughy euphemisms are meant to dignify the fact that the government is as dependent on Google as the rest of us.

Then, perhaps most disconcertingly, the overall narrative itself is patently a dumbed-down rehash. It's Cold War stuff. There is the ubiquitous and yet unknown and unknowable enemy. There's the international jihad, which, with only minor adjustments, replaces the international communist conspiracy. There's the sudden purported hegemony of the Muslim world—a new Soviet-bloc-style ideological monolith. There is the otherworldly dedication of operatives bent on overthrowing the West. There are the cells. There is the myth of superhuman discipline. There is now, even, the developing Kremlinology of the next tier of men who replace Osama. And at the center of the story, of course, is the bomb. Whether in massive retaliatory form or as a dirty-bomb package, it serves the same effect.

Helpfully, and synergistically, the creation of this new narrative of international shadows and intrigue unfolds against a backdrop of summer spy movies.

NOW, HAVING BEEN THROUGH THE COLD WAR, we do, actually, understand—even if we do not necessarily catch ourselves in the act—why we let a none-too-plausible narrative supersede reality.

There's the existential-void issue: People just can't stand being without a clear plot. They just don't want to hear (likewise, nobody really trusts them to hear) that the threat is scattered, inchoate, and random (the point about spy fiction is to reveal that the scattered, inchoate, and random are part of a greater, devilish design), that there is no script, that men act and conspire inexactly and ineptly and mostly unsuccessfully.

Hence, there's strong pressure to bluff it—to claim a gimlet-eyed expertise. The bluffers are in high demand (the *Times* story was a classic in bluffing it—or, as they say in the newsroom, "packaging what you've got").

It's **Cold War stuff**. The ubiquitous and yet unknown and unknowable enemy. The international jihad, which, with only minor adjustments, replaces **the international communist conspiracy**.

Then, of course, for the president, a hard-hitting narrative has lots of political advantages. And having gotten the narrative in place, with a set of accusations and a list of evil men, the White House will invariably milk it. This is not just dishonest. It's also natural reflex. Because what if something bad does happen again? As president, you do want to anticipate a threat. But the corollary is that if you anticipate, you invent.

There is, too, the bureaucracy and how it shapes the narrative. The bureaucracy reflexively minimizes any new challenges that come its way because those challenges require resources it's already allocated. But if those new challenges come to *create* resources (more funding and better career prospects), the bureaucracy embraces them. The threat becomes all-consuming: international communism, the war on drugs, organized crime. Naturally, the bureaucracy will never make the threat lesser or more nuanced or complex. Rather, it will belabor it and institutionalize it—as it now, in the form of the proposed, 170,000-strong, $40 billion Cabinet-level Department of Homeland Security, institutionalizes itself.

And there's the media.

We aren't just passive receivers of the narrative; we're writing it. It really doesn't exist without us. Johnston, Van Natta, and Miller (along with pretty much everybody else covering the Al Qaeda beat) are grabbing up all the tidbits of half-information and recycled stuff offered to them by the White House and the intelligence services and are putting together the construct—the confection.

How come? Why do we get onboard? Why no greater skepticism?

Well, the *Times* is as worried as the president about "What if?" It's safer to assume the worst than to dispute it.

Then, too, we don't, not unlike the intelligence agencies, really know anything firsthand. Hardly anyone in the media has any experience covering the Muslim world. This whole business got sprung on us as suddenly as on everyone else. Lack of knowledge together with the substantial cost of getting smart is a big hurdle. You can't be too critical of the sources who are willing to dish—you don't know enough to question them. It's a hermetic information loop.

And, not insignificantly, we who have been entrusted with writing the narrative are bad writers. We embrace clichés, we slight emotions, we get impatient with complexity, we don't know how to express conflicting ideas or impulses. And, in the conventions of bad narrative, we hang the story on the dirtiest-looking person available to hang it on (Osama or Saddam or Khalid Shaikh Muhammad or Mustafa Muhammad Fadhil or Saif al-Adel or Muhsin Musa Matwalli Atwah or, however unlikely, Jose Padilla).

WE KNOW THE DANGER OF BAD NARRATIVE. WE write it and then find the world getting made in its image. Everybody, writers and politicians and operatives, starts to pick and choose the information bits to support the storyline: *There are lethal forces in this world moving inexorably and with remarkable agility and with a depth of resources and an amoral, sociopathic dedication and near-supernatural resilience, in our direction. We and everything we love will die unless we transform ourselves in the face of it.* The narrative then becomes the conventional wisdom and the basis for national policy (politicians will be elected because of their obeisance to it). While the narrative is thrown together and of poor quality and obviously bogus in so many respects, at least it's ours. It lets us feel like we're in control. ■

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Michael Tomasky THE CITY POLITIC

Try to Remember

Few issues are more hotly debated than how to honor the dead at ground zero; taking a stand for greatness rather than size, the current mayor makes more sense than his predecessor.

MAYA LIN'S VIETNAM-VETERANS MEMORIAL in Washington is the most visited monument in America, and it is widely recognized as far and away the most poignant. I still marvel, whenever I'm there, at its blunt elegance. There it sits, dug into the ground and completely invisible to the approaching observer; but in terms of its emotional impact on the visitor, it towers over each of the granite behemoths in its vicinity. It's brought millions of visitors, this one included, to tears as they descend its ramp and gaze on the wall's 58,175 names. It's even changed the way the nation thinks about that war.

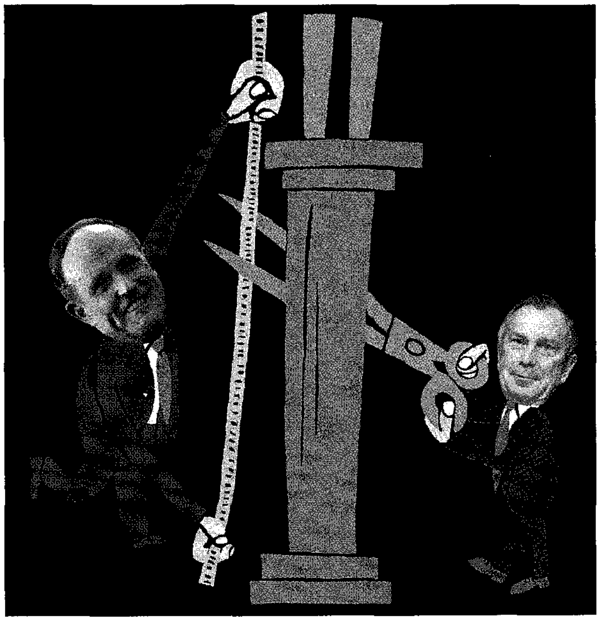
It sits on two acres.

Mayor Bloomberg continues to take heat from the 9/11 families and the tabloids for daring to suggest that maybe an appropriate memorial in lower Manhattan can occupy something less than the full sixteen acres the Trade Towers once claimed. He has been roundly criticized for this, and under the circumstances the criticism carries the implication that he's insensitive to the suffering of the living and insulting to the memory of the dead. It is as if there existed a numerical formula for appropriate grief expression, and if a person doesn't say that at least twelve acres should be given over to a memorial, he or she is virtually in league with Al Qaeda.

Bloomberg appears to be a decent human being, and a good New Yorker; he was surely as horrified by the attack as anyone and his sympathy undoubtedly goes out to all who suffered a personal loss in it. I make the same assertions in my own behalf. But Bloomberg is right on this one, and I urge him to stand his ground. Size doesn't matter.

Actually, size often *does* matter, but in exactly the opposite way from what many people are now thinking. An assumption has taken root over the past ten months that this memorial, whatever it ends up being, has to be big: A big catastrophe demands a big monument. This isn't so. A big catastrophe has to have a great monument. Greatness is not largeness.

If anything, largeness usually gets in the way of greatness. History suggests to us that size can work up to a certain point, after which the bigger something is, the less likely it is to serve an ennobling and appropriately demotic purpose. There was, ironically, no better proof of the theorem than the Twin Towers themselves. We mourn their demise, of course, but as we consider the future we'd do well to keep in mind not only the awful way they went down but the unsavory political shakedowns that were behind the way they went up. Nobody in New York except three men, two of whom happened to be named Rockefeller (the third was Port Authority chief Austin Tobin), wanted buildings that big.



Skyscraper builders such as those are merely greedy, but when it comes to monuments, it has to be said that the monument builders most interested in size, historically speaking, have chiefly been nasty folks—pharaohs, fascists, and communists. There is, of course, a reason for this: They were all concerned with commemorating their own greatness, and therefore grace and eloquence were not much sought after. The pharaohs did marvelously architecturally, provided you permit yourself to forget who died building those marvels. But think of Speer's Reichstag, or, my longtime personal favorite, Vladimir Tatlin's *Monument to the Third International*. This angled tower encased in spirals of exposed steel was supposed to represent all that was great and modern and world-devouring about communism. And, like communism, it was a mirage of what it was supposed to be. The engineering to create this kinetic structure—certain parts of it were supposed to rotate once a year, other parts once a month, and so on—did not exist then and does not exist today. Besides which, as Robert Hughes once pointed out, there probably was not, in 1919, enough steel in all of Russia to build the thing. So a wooden model was hauled around the streets of Petrograd—right around the time Lenin was giving the kulaks a taste of the real world-devouring nature of communism—and that's about as far as it got. It was a brilliant, completely mad creation, and a useful example of why size deserves a bad name.

BUT I DIGRESS. THE SHOWDOWN HERE IS ONLY partly aesthetic. It's also political, and the politics comes down to a quiet battle of wills between Bloomberg and Rudy Giuliani over

ILLUSTRATION BY SCOTT MENCHIN. PHOTOGRAPHS: LEFT, ALLAN TANNENBAUM/GAMMA; RIGHT, GERALDO SOMOZA/GAMMA.

the future look of lower Manhattan (to the extent that either will in the end have much to do with it, which is another question). And, really, over who's the boss in this town. Bloomberg may be the mayor, but it's Giuliani who is still the emotional mayor of the families, of the official mourning process. Bloomberg senses that the portion of the city that continues to revolve around 9/11 is a portion that is not, in any full sense, his. It—the funerals, the families' narratives, that fund he controls—is Giuliani's.

I suspect this is the real reason Bloomberg didn't attend a large number of funerals at first. It's some combination of deference and resentment, and it has once or twice forced odd locutions from his normally cautious mouth. So over the course of the past couple of weeks, we've seen both tabloids write stories in which the families criticize Bloomberg for his remark that residents of lower Manhattan "don't want to live in a memorial." This was indelicately put, perhaps, but let's face it: He raises a serious question about the use of densely packed urban space and the relationship of residents to their environment. Then, reliably, Giuliani swoops in, affirming that the memorial has to be "grand" and "soaring." Rook to King three, check. Bloomberg backs off.

At least that's the way it plays in the tabs, which by their nature are inclined to be in Rudy's and the families' corner and regard Bloomberg's position as apostasy (although, after their full week celebrating the life of John Gotti, I'm disinclined to accept moral instruction from the likes of them). In the actual world, it looks like the Bloomberg position may end up winning the day. Most of the players involved in lower-Manhattan redevelopment are agreed that the memorial can't take up the whole site. Giuliani is just about the only major public figure still insisting on that. So it will be interesting to see, when the Lower Manhattan Development Corporation releases its proposal and it devotes say, five acres to a memorial, how Rudy reacts, and whether he tries to foment public agitation. And then it will be interesting to see if he still has the juice.

In the meantime, the rest of us ought to be able to have a reasonable dialogue about all this. Bloomberg, and all of us, want greatness; at the same time, we all fear that New York is just too much a stew pot of furiously competing interests to produce anything better than mediocrity. This, as we all secretly know, is guaranteed to happen if the quality of the public discussion doesn't improve, and it doesn't help the conversation to have people's patriotism measured in hectares. ■

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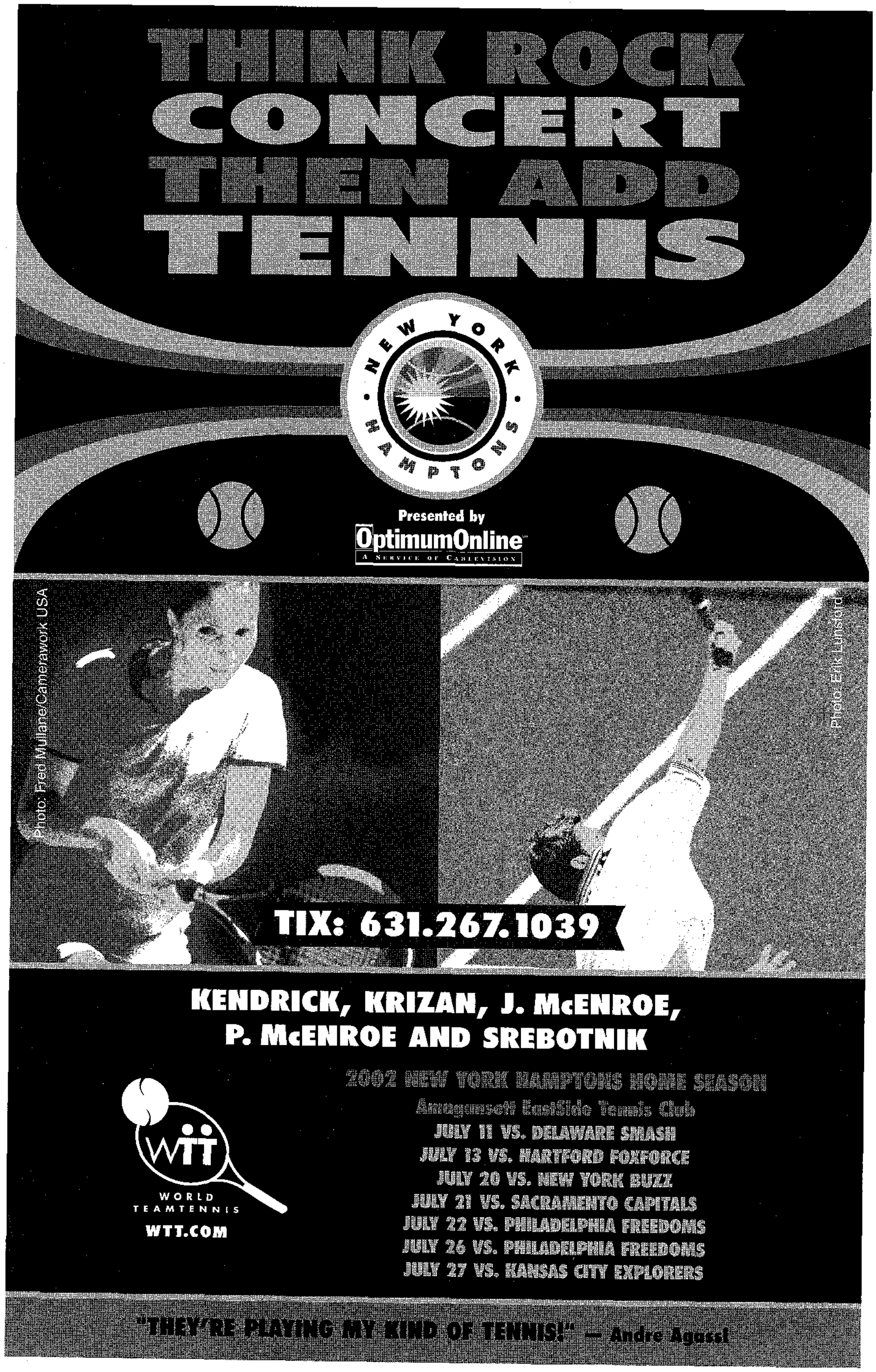
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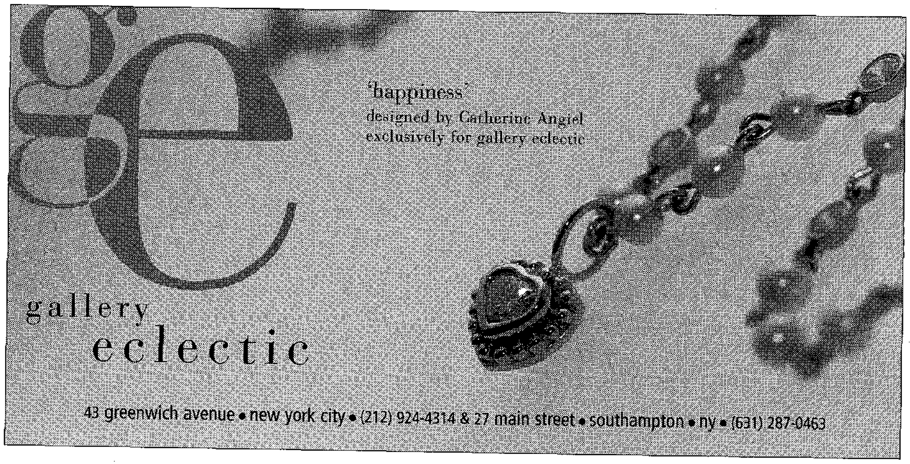
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The Story of Cho

Between dinner and dildos, comedian Margaret Cho talks about getting off (good), the existence of the G spot (she's agnostic), and Chris Isaak's ukulele (adorable).

IF ONE MORE FEMALE FRIEND CALLS ON A Sunday night to tell me about the unbelievable orgasms she had the night before, I'm going to yank my phone out of the wall. I don't have a problem with a little bawdy play-by-play, but the downside of the new female sexual openness is that it's created a culture of female braggadocio. The powder room has become the new locker room.

Which is why, while watching Margaret Cho's latest concert film, *Notorious C.H.O.*, I felt that I'd finally found a kindred spirit. "I have them," she says of her orgasms, "but it takes me a little extra time. And I need some things. I need an extension cord. I need some trail mix." Later in the act, she riffs on her struggles to find her G spot, moaning that "it just sounds like I'm trying to unlock my car door with a coat hanger" and finally concluding that "the G stands for 'Gotcha! Made ya look!' "

Cho, 33, who has been doing stand-up since she was 16, made a name for herself in 1995 with her short-lived ABC sitcom *All-American Girl*. In 1999, she created a one-woman Off-Broadway show, *I'm the One That I Want*, later released as a film, which chronicled her harrowing experiences on the show, her body-image problems, and her drug and alcohol addiction. In *Notorious C.H.O.*, she addresses anthrax and drag queens, but the best material is an extended rant on what goes on inside her bedroom.

In person, she is far more low-key than her onstage persona would suggest, but she gets riled up when talking about men who don't care about women's orgasms. Over dinner at the East Village health-food restaurant Quintessence, we dish about our stories of O.

"It's not easy," she says. "To get off is a huge production. I guess my sexuality doesn't operate in that way. I'm sort of Tao about it."

"You mean you have energy orgasms instead of regular ones?"

"Oh, no," she says. "But that's how I justify never getting off. It's hard. Most men would like to think that it's just as easy for us as it is for them, where they don't have to do any extra work."

"Have you ever faked it?" I ask.

"I faked it right across the street," she says, pointing to an ex-boyfriend's apartment next to the Russian baths. "I made a career out of faking it for years, and then I thought, *Why am I doing that?* It's stupid."

"I think a lot of women fake it," I say. "And they ruin things for the rest of us, because they make the men think it's easier than it is. Do you think the act of sex is illogical, given that most men can come from just having sex and most women can't?"

"I think it's unfair," she says. "But maybe we're better off in that we can come a lot of different ways and that women have multiple orgasms, which men don't have. The whole G-spot thing, though, that to me is really the big fallacy."

I ask how her female fans react to this. "There have been lesbians who have said outright, 'That's so true. I don't have one either, and I'm pissed off.' Then there have been women who have said, 'Oh, no, you're wrong, there is totally one. You're just not applying yourself.' Like I'm lazy."

Whether because of or, perhaps, in spite of her sexual frustrations, she has done her share of experimenting. She's gone to S&M clubs, dated a leather guy for a while, and has had several relationships with women. "One was a telephone-repair woman," she recalls. "She had a hard hat and was totally butch. We had really fun sex. But often with women, it's not about that. We love each other, but we don't have sex. It becomes very *Heavenly Creatures*."

I ask her to tell me about her famous boyfriends, like Quentin Tarantino. "He has a pretty big one," she says.

"Did he know how to use it?"

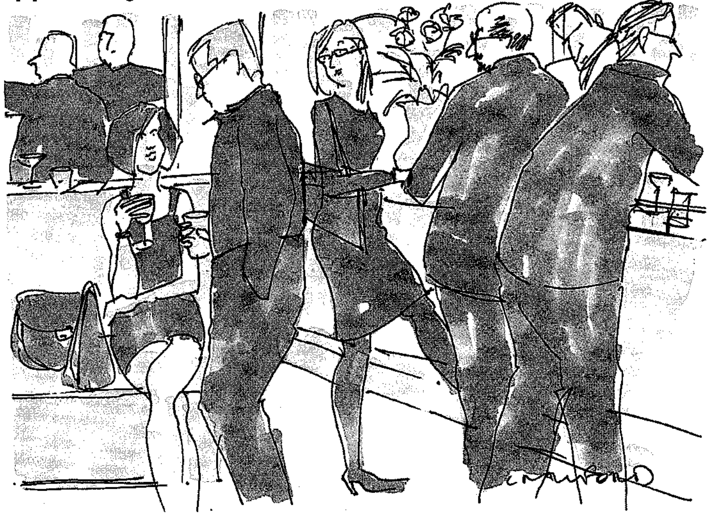
"Yeah. He was great. Very tender."

"What about Chris Isaak?"

"Huge one. Too big. Unpleasantly big. But really masterful. He knows a lot about women and about sex." The restaurant seems very hot all of a sudden. "He was very romantic and played songs in bed. He had a ukulele on the wall, and he would pull it off and play it."

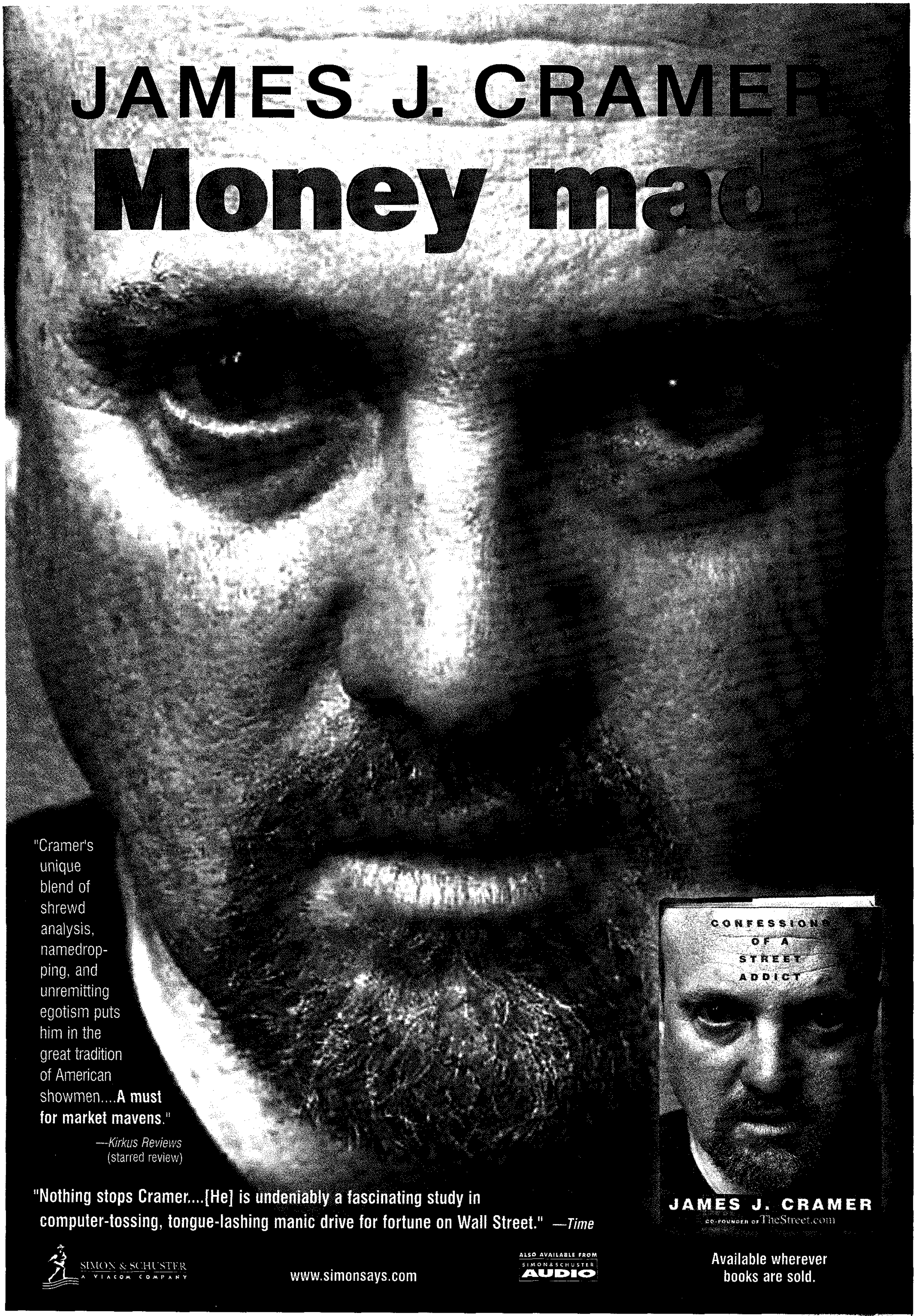
(continued on page 86)

Sex Appeals By Michael Crawford



"Want to go some place quiet and talk about me?"

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CRAWFORD.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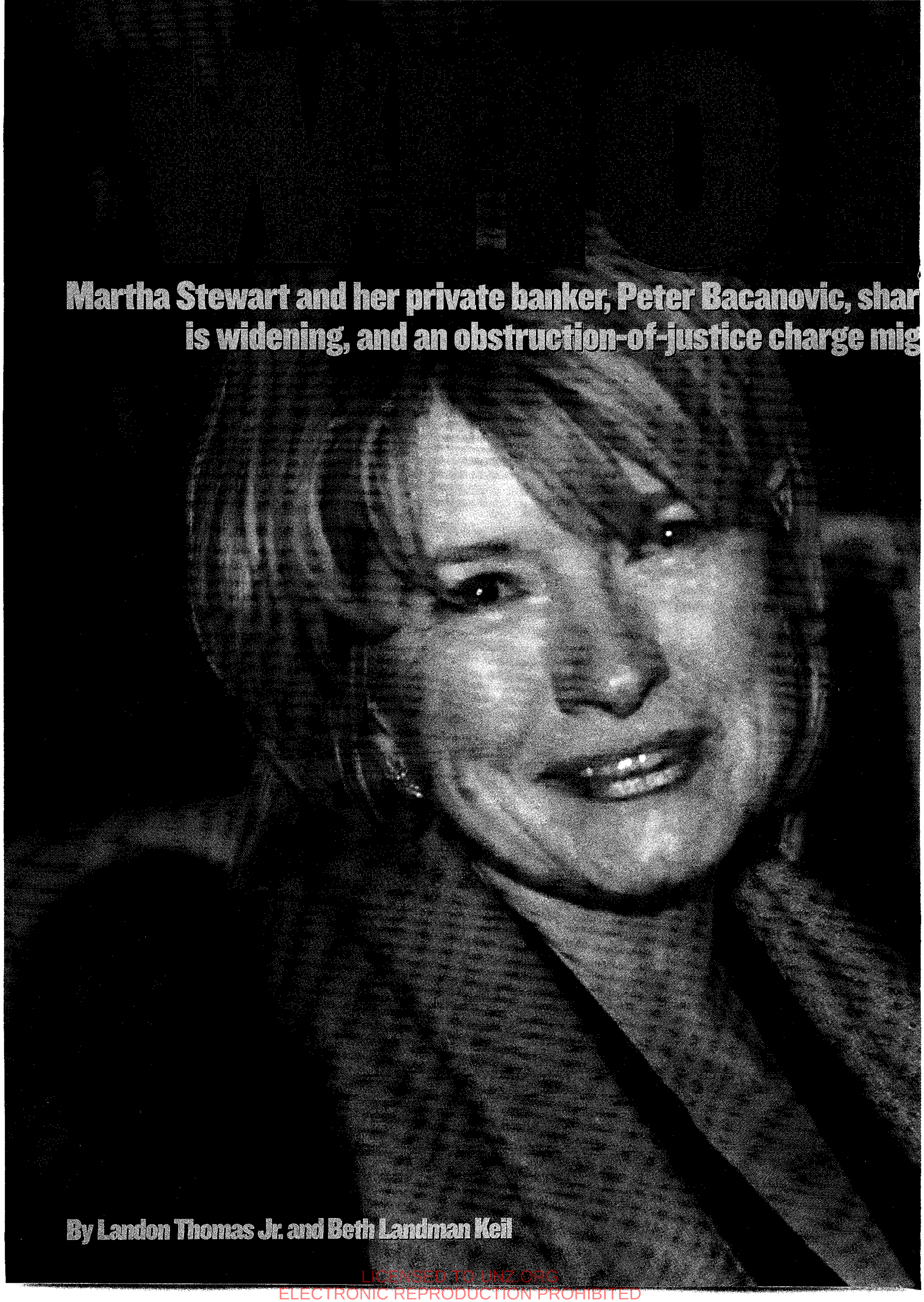
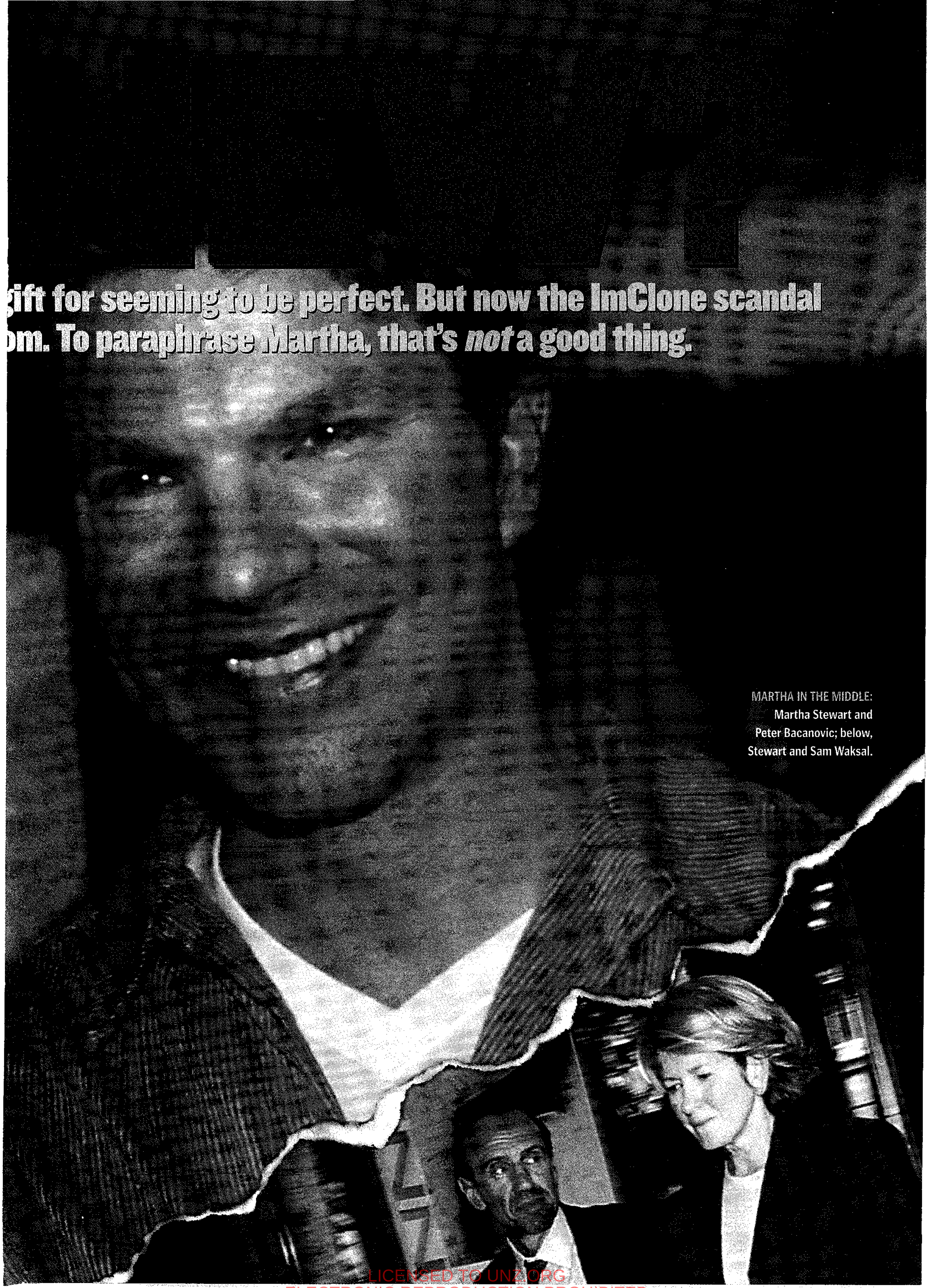


Martha Stewart and her private banker, Peter Bacanovic, shar
is widening, and an obstruction-of-justice charge mig

By Landon Thomas Jr. and Beth Landman Keil

gift for seeming to be perfect. But now the ImClone scandal
om. To paraphrase Martha, that's *not* a good thing.



MARTHA IN THE MIDDLE: Martha Stewart and Peter Bacanovic; below, Stewart and Sam Waksal.

WHEN IMCLONE CHIEF OPERating officer Harlan Waksal received the fateful phone call on Christmas Day from Bristol-Myers Squibb warning that the FDA would be rejecting the company's hot new cancer drug, Erbitux, on December 28, one of his first calls was to his brother Sam, staying at the Hotel St. Barth Isle de France. As he does every year, Sam was spending his Christmas there; close pals Harvey Weinstein, financier Arthur Altschul (father of ex-MTV V.J. Serena), and record producer Clive Davis were also on hand, hanging out on the beach. But he cut his vacation short. "I've got to take care of some business," he said to one friend. He flew back to New York on his leased jet on December 26, telling people he'd return to the island in a couple of days with Andrea Rabney, ImClone's director of communications, who has also been the main woman in his life for the past few years.

People on the beach talked obsessively of his abrupt departure, but he held his cards close. "Before he left Saint Bart's, I asked him if I should sell, and he told me the trouble was just people selling short," one investor pal says. "He must have had his shortlist—and I wasn't on it."

To Waksal, the FDA rejection was news bad enough to bend the mind. He was leveraged to the gills with $80 million in debt, $65 million of which was on margin, secured by his stock, which was sure to crater when the FDA made its announcement. His monthly margin bill was a cool $800,000. If ImClone collapsed, he would be ruined.

Arriving back at his 5,000-square-foot loft on Thompson Street in Soho that night, he allegedly started working the phones—first to his father and then, the next morning, his daughter.

Martha Stewart was on her way to Mexico for her New Year's holiday. Also an ImClone shareholder, as well as a close friend of Sam's, she had, on December 21, left a contact number with Waksal's office as to her whereabouts in Mexico.

Peter Bacanovic, Stewart's glamorous, socially adept private banker at Merrill Lynch, was out of the office, too—on vacation in Miami, where friends had lent him a house from Christmas Day through New Year's—as ImClone began to implode. Holding the fort on the morning of December 27 for Bacanovic was his 26-year-old assistant, Douglas Faneuil. Faneuil had been on the job about a year; before that, he had worked as an analyst for D.E. Shaw, a New York hedge fund. With his series 7 license qualifying him to process stock trades, Faneuil's primary job was to take care of the details for Bacanovic, who spent his time ministering to an archipelago of wealthy clients spread across the country; Bacanovic was on the road as much as a week per month.

Now the sky seemed to be falling down on Faneuil. Volume on the stock was building, and ImClone was down off its high of 75 just weeks before. Wall Street's rumor mill was churning with talk that the FDA would soon reject Erbitux. So when the order came in at 9:01 A.M. from Aliza Waksal to sell 39,472 shares, followed by her father Sam's attempt to transfer 79,797 shares into his daughter's Merrill account for another sale, Faneuil, Bacanovic, and the compliance officers at Merrill Lynch became suspicious. Something was up with ImClone. Aliza's shares were sold, but because he was an insider, the father's trade was refused.

By 11 A.M., ImClone was sinking toward $60. A phone log submitted by Stewart's office to the House Energy and Commerce subcommittee reads as follows: "Peter Bacanovic called—ImClone is going to be trading lower." Stewart picked up the message from her office and at 1:43 P.M. sold her 3,928 shares through Faneuil. Almost simultaneously, she left the following message at Waksal's office: "Something's up with ImClone. She wants to know what." (Significantly, most accounts have Stewart calling Bacanovic before the sale; but some with knowledge of the situation maintain they hasn't talked at that point.) An hour or so later, a Merrill Lynch biotechnology analyst got on the squawk box to the firm's 15,000 brokers and issued an alert: There was acute selling pressure on the stock, the FDA decision loomed, the stock looked weak.

At 2:55 P.M. the next day, the FDA faxed a letter of rejection to ImClone offices. ImClone announced the news after the market's close that day. The following Monday, ImClone plunged 16 percent. On June 12, Sam Waksal was arrested on charges of insider trading. On June 21, Bacanovic and Faneuil were suspended with pay by Merrill Lynch over factual inconsistencies with regard to the Stewart trade. Today, ImClone trades at just under $9.

THAT SAM WAKSAL WILL BE FOUND GUILTY seems almost a given. His was an act epic in its stupidity, a desperate, bet-the-ranch gesture by an insecure man in the throes of panic—and greed.

THE INSIDER: Left to right, Bacanovic and Nan Kempner, 2001; with Marina Rust, 1997; Doug Faneuil, Rob Haskell, and hotelier Jeff Klein in East Hampton, 2002.

"Peter was incredibly enthusiastic abo

sports. He mythologized Upper East Side society, which is odd, becau

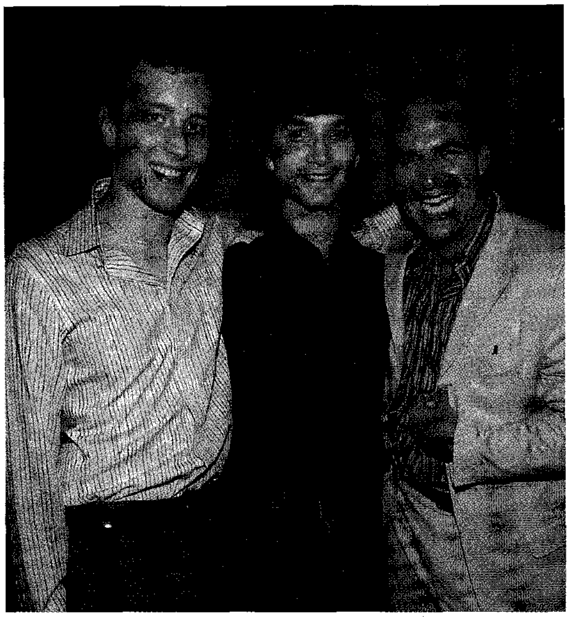
Waksal, in his trademark baseball cap concealing a bald spot, had long been one of the unlikeliest of the macho, large-living movie and media and culture *machers*—Weinstein, New Line president Bob Shea, art dealer Larry Gagosian, music lawyer Allen Grubman, concert promoter Ron Delsener. In the Hamptons, he's a Nick & Toni's regular. With his Ph.D. in immunology and a formidable reading list, he's more intellectual than some in his set, but that's not always the way he's been perceived. "Sam Waksal is not going to be the one to cure cancer," says a friend. "You know, find somebody in a lab coat who never goes out, who looks like Albert Einstein. That's the guy who's going to cure cancer, not Sam Waksal."

Tellingly, the person in his family who

PHOTOGRAPHS: PREVIOUS SPREAD: FROM LEFT, PATRICK MCMULLAN; ANDREA RENAULT/GLOBE PHOTOS.

didn't sell was probably the shrewdest financially—his daughter Elana Waksal Posner. Married to Jarrett Posner, who works for financier Nelson Peltz, Elana, smart and aggressive, ran for City Council last year, and often counsels her father on business. Her sister, Aliza, younger and bubblier, an aspiring actress who once dated David Lauren, is the one who pulled the trigger on the sale, cashing out for about $2.5 million. Waksal's father, 83 years old, a Holocaust survivor (so is his mother), also sold on the 27th.

But what about Stewart, and what about Bacanovic? While Waksal has always had about him more than a tinge of the hustler, Martha Stewart and her broker had both made their careers (Stewart presiding over the multi-million-dollar empire of her very self; Bacanovic as a private banker welcome in Manhattan's most rarefied salons) devoting the utmost energy to making it look easy. Missteps—let alone of this magnitude—are almost nonexistent in their lives.



PHOTOGRAPHS: LEFT TO RIGHT, PATRICK MCMULLAN (3).

e society scene, the way some people love movies or other boys follow
nerally people who do that are outsiders, and Peter was an insider.”

Stewart is, by a wide margin, Bacanovic's most significant client. The two have a relationship that dates back sixteen years. A Manhattanite born and bred, reared on nights at the theater and dinners at Sardi's, Bacanovic became friends with Stewart's daughter, Alexis, while he was at Columbia and she was at Barnard. Through Bacanovic's time at ImClone in the early nineties, during which he came to know Sam and Aliza, they kept in touch. When Bacanovic joined Merrill Lynch in 1993, Stewart gave him a small slice of her portfolio to look after. With his perfectly stubbled chin, flashing smile, and impeccable manners, he also made for the ideal, entanglement-free escort for Stewart, who has remained single since her divorce from Andy Stewart in 1990.

By the mid-nineties, Bacanovic himself was very much a fixture on the New York social circuit. At an American Ballet Theatre opening or an event at the New York Botanical Garden, he could be seen with a Marina Rust, a Susan Fales-Hill, or a Sloan Lindemann Barnett on his arm. How they loved him: While their husbands ducked out of such evening drudgery, he was available every night, with a camera-ready grin and the ability to chatter the night away on every topic from the ballet to his favorite Andy Warhol painting to seating plans for an intimate dinner at Da Silvano. “He is like a bumblebee,” says one woman friend. “He tells Susan Fales-Hill what Sloan is wearing and vice versa. But he is so happy and charming. When you see him at a party, you really want to talk to him.”

Much ink has been spilled about Peter Bacanovic the social climber. It is true that he attached himself to the likes of society arbiters such as Nan Kempner at an early age. “But he wasn't a climber,” says his old friend Brad Gooch. “He was incredibly enthusiastic about the society scene, the way other people love movies or Picasso, or other boys follow sports. He mythologized Upper East Side society, which is odd, because generally people who do that are outsiders, and Peter was an insider. He lived there and went to school at the Lycée Français. I was writing for *Vanity Fair* when I first became friendly with him—he had a line-by-line knowledge of the magazine. Peter, in his early twenties, knew everything about the social network.”

Fales-Hill, a friend of Bacanovic's since the sixth grade at the Lycée Français, is more vehement in his defense: “If anyone is social climbing, it's people climbing to be with him. He has known Sloan Lindemann since she was 2. He has always been part of this world. People just seek him out. I was talking to Muffie Potter Aston at the American Ballet Theatre. He has raised well over seven figures for them, and she is breathing fire. I'm worked up, too. It's insane.”

Perhaps most important, Bacanovic just does not like to spend any time alone—it's a quality, some of his friends say, that's linked to a propensity for depression. So after putting in a full day at the office, instead of returning home to his Upper East Side townhouse—where *Breakfast at Tiffany's* was shot—he will opt instead for a night out at some charity event with a group of friends. In the interest of keeping his head as clear as possible, he won't drink, nor will he hit people up for business. Indeed, many of his society friends have only the vaguest notion that he is one of Merrill Lynch's more successful private bankers, managing a couple hundred million dollars in client accounts. Nor will the society columns refer to him as Peter Bacanovic of Merrill Lynch—just Peter Bacanovic.

To be sure, he is not the typical blindered, hard-charging Merrill Lynch broker. His effete air and refined tastes as well as his soft-sell approach suggest a more classically old-world approach to money, one at odds with the push-the-envelope mentality that drives the model Merrill Lynch financial consultant. Rarely would he talk about stocks at a dinner party, but if a friend had a need, then Peter would be only too happy to offer a few whispered words of advice. It's a successful strategy; the less Bacanovic pushed his business, the more in demand he seemed to become. Clients come mainly through referrals, and he is forced to turn a number of them away. The clients vary: many of the trust-fund variety but many, too, who are less grand, including a mix of writer and artist friends. But none were as prominent as Stewart.

Through much of last fall and early winter, friends say, Bacanovic and Stewart had been having a spirited debate about the prospects of ImClone, hooking up by phone about twice a week.

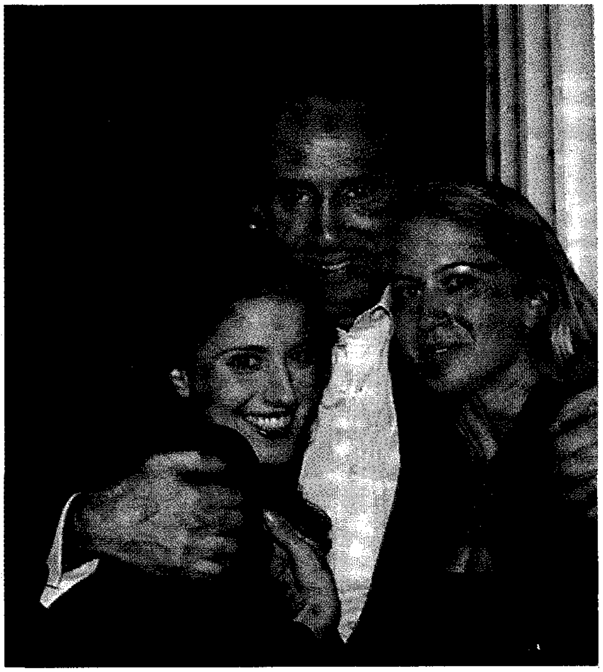
Stewart had bought 5,000 shares of ImClone a number of years back on the recommendation of her good friend Waksal. Her cost price was probably in the single digits or teens. In October 2001, she attempted to sell her stake when the drug giant Bristol-Myers Squibb, making a $1 billion investment in the company, offered $70 a share to all public shareholders. The offer was oversubscribed and she could sell only 1,072 shares. After peaking at $75 on December 6, the stock began its descent as worry built in the market over FDA approval and the millions of dollars of insider selling by the Waksal brothers.

Friends of Bacanovic say that he'd urged Stewart to sell, citing the stock's volatility and the insider selling. But Stewart, herself a former stockbroker (and having her own relationship with Sam Waksal), was reluctant to unload into a down market for the stock. It is now well known that ImClone and Bristol-Myers insiders were aware as early as December 4 that the FDA was having its doubts over Erbitux. But as insiders sold, Stewart held on—perhaps out of loyalty to her old friend Waksal, perhaps out of pure stubbornness. While Bacanovic knew Waksal from his time working at ImClone and was Aliza's broker, his friends say that they are not as close socially as they used to be; he hasn't, for instance, appeared at Waksal's star-studded Christmas parties for years now, and while Waksal may still be a client, he has not been a particularly active one of late.

On Friday, June 14, when Bacanovic emerged in the public eye as Stewart's broker, he was on an airplane flying to London to visit a friend for the weekend.

As the story exploded in the tabloids, he remained in London.

FAMILY TIES: Left to right, Sam Waksal with daughters Aliza and Elana, 1999; Martha Stewart's daughter, Alexis, with Waksal and Stewart, 1990.



“Sam's been out at dinner parties eve

friend. Says another: “Sam came over to the house. He said to n

UNDER PRESSURE TO EXPLAIN THE TRADE, Stewart told the media and investigators that she and Bacanovic had agreed to sell the stock if it went below $60. Bacanovic's account of the stock sale—one that he had given the SEC in January and that he repeated to his superiors at Merrill while in London—was the same: There had been a client agreement between himself and Stewart that when the stock hit $60, she would sell. Many took this to mean that Stewart had placed what's called a stop-loss order, meaning that there would be a paper trail; but people close to Bacanovic insist that this was a verbal agreement, and stress that neither one has wavered from this account.

While Stewart and Bacanovic may have offered different time periods for when the agreement was struck—she says November; he says December—friends point out that this was in the context of numerous discussions of when to get out of the stock. This seemed to be essentially where the insider-trader case would be made or lost. But then the case took a dramatic turn.

With Bacanovic in London, Faneuil faced some twenty hours of questioning by lawyers and high-level compliance officers at Merrill Lynch over a period of a week. Finally, Faneuil changed his story. He told the investigators that he had no knowledge of any client agreement. He also said that Bacanovic had pressured him to confirm the story, thus establishing the possible charge of obstruction of justice charge—a felony.

On Friday, June 21, Merrill distanced itself from whatever wrongdoing might have occurred by suspending both Bacanovic and Faneuil, citing “factual inconsistencies,” and submitting the results of its investigation to Congress, the SEC, and the U.S. Attorney's office in Manhattan.

BACANOVIC IS SAID TO BE DEVASTATED BY what he sees as Faneuil's betrayal. “Peter has no enemies,” says a close friend. “He lives in a world where he is nice to people and people are nice to him.”

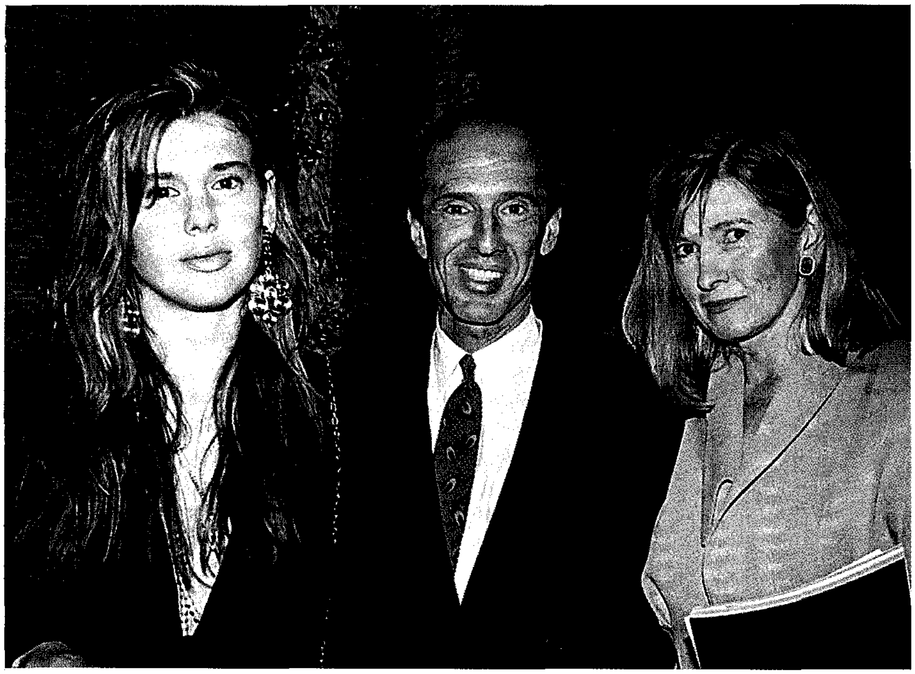
The two met a few times on the social circuit prior to Faneuil's hiring last spring. Before D.E. Shaw, his résumé thins out a bit: a high-school stint at Bill's House of Pizza. He grew up in Massachusetts (his mother lives in Dover, a wealthy, Waspy Boston suburb, where Faneuil is currently holed up), spent two years at Bennington, then finished at Vassar. He is a close friend of Robert Haskell, who is also an acquaintance of Bacanovic's and formerly a gossip columnist at *Women's Wear Daily*, where he wrote the “Eye” column. (Shortly before the story broke in the tabloids, the two were on vacation together in Bali). Faneuil, though, has none of the fascination with the Upper East Side A-list that Bacanovic has. He's described as a hard worker, though people who know him say he doesn't take the job home with him. He and Bacanovic were never terribly close. His friends are young people—without trust funds, for the most part—in magazines and the arts.

While Bacanovic hasn't exactly shied away from publicity, friends now say that one of his concerns when hiring Faneuil was that employing a friend of a gossip columnist whose job it was to cover Bacanovic's own friends and clients could put him in a tricky position. Faneuil was suspected of leaking Haskell a scoop—one of

PHOTOGRAPHS: LEFT TO RIGHT, PATRICK MCMULLAN; ROBIN PLATZER/TWIN IMAGES.

Bacanovic's closest friends, socialite Marina Rust, had given birth to a baby girl. ("It's a glamour girl!" the item burbled.)

But Bacanovic was generally satisfied with his assistant's work fielding the barrage of phone calls that come in daily for his boss from friends and clients. It's a punishing job being an assistant for Bacanovic; at times, he has had three people working for him at once. But Faneuil seemed up to handling the job on his own, though he didn't get the same kick out of it as his boss did. "I don't think it was ever really fun," says a friend.



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hy would I have told Aliza to sell and not told Elana?' "

NOW, THREE WEEKS AFTER THE CASE BROKE, the government seems determined to bring down the biggest game it can find. Federal prosecutors and congressional investigators hold strong cards, in the form of a sympathetic witness, the baby-faced Doug Faneuil, and a big target, Martha Stewart. They've already begun to see if they can get Bacanovic to turn against Martha as part of a possible plea bargain. The pressure for him to do this will be quite intense, people close to him say, although so far no such deal has been offered.

The facts of a possible insider-trading case against Bacanovic and Stewart are surprisingly murky. It seems unlikely that Bacanovic was told by any of the Waksals that the FDA was going to reject Erbitux. As the indictment shows, Waksal's first concern was getting his family out of the stock at a decent price. Telling Bacanovic, whom he was not personally close to anymore, would likely have hindered that very purpose. Stewart herself was on an airplane and unreachable—and again, the first priority was his family. When the Waksal sell orders came in, Bacanovic either called Stewart's office himself or had Faneuil call—he himself never spoke to her until after her trade was complete, say those with a knowledge of the matter—and warned that the stock would soon sink. When Stewart called in, she spoke with Faneuil. In the excitement of the moment, Faneuil could very well have said to Stewart that the Waksals were selling—an unethical revelation, perhaps, but not a classic case of insider dealing. He also could have reported that fact in the context of following orders: *Peter thinks you should sell because the Waksals are disgorging.*

Would that be illegal? "The law in this area is unsettled," says Robert Heim, a former SEC investigator who's now a partner at Meyers & Heim. "But if Faneuil indeed said that, under the current laws that would not be considered insider trading. The information was not obtained from any market participants or company insiders. The prosecution would have to explain that the information passed on to Martha had something to do with the FDA approval."

But at any rate, for Stewart, it was information enough for her to sell. When asked to explain their actions, Bacanovic, who maintains that to this day he has no knowledge of what Faneuil said to Stewart on the phone that morning, said she sold because their target price had been reached.

But, ironically, the most dangerous charges against Stewart and Bacanovic now concern obstruction of justice.

CURRENTLY, BACANOVIC IS HIDING OUT AT A friend's house. He's irritated at Martha for not selling when he first told her to. Friends say he refuses to be alone. "It is a supreme irony that someone so cautious, who plays by the rules so much, who is so skillful at not putting a wrong foot forward, gets wound up in something where he didn't do a thing wrong but suddenly is on CNN globally."

His days are packed with long conferences with his lawyer—some lasting as long as five hours—fielding telephone calls from his friends, and, of course, busily writing thank-you notes (he is said to rival George Bush *père* in this crucial social nicety) to his hundreds of well-wishers. Martha Stewart would approve.

A brown station wagon full of photographers has been parked outside of his townhouse for more than a week now (a building where Faneuil has been expected has also been under paparazzi surveillance).

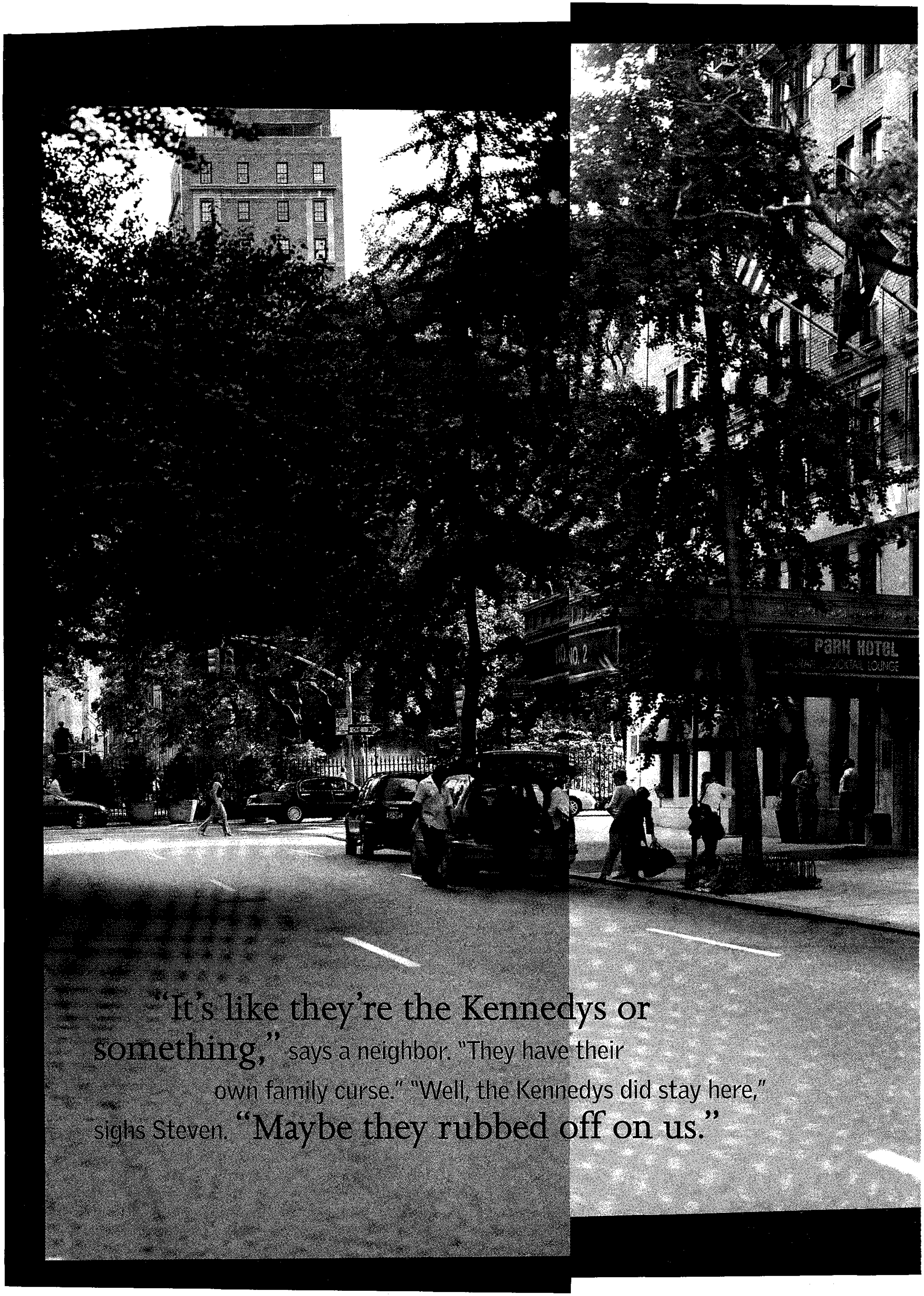
One day, though, he managed to sneak through the cordon, and Brad Gooch ran into him. "He seems sad now," says Gooch. "He used to have this optimistic, peppy view of the world, an innocent relish of the social game. This experience has punctured that optimism."

Waksal's optimism, too, was punctured—for a while. "In the beginning, all Sam cared about was what people thought," says one friend. "He asked, 'Are people saying I'm a terrible man?' "

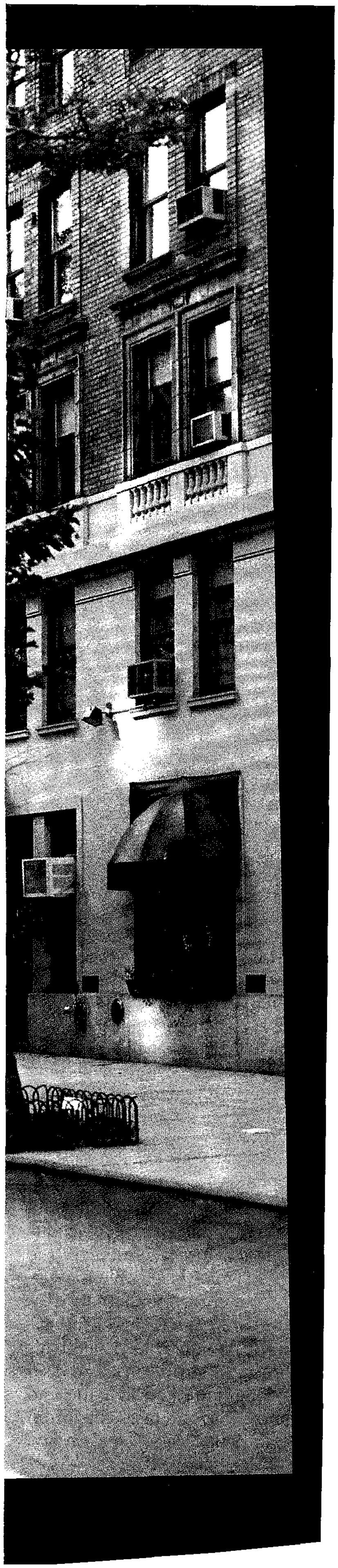
Now, however, he's taking a more proactive role. In the Hamptons, says another, "Sam's been out at dinner parties every night. He's always been about keeping up appearances. Even this week, he's acting like nothing's wrong, like it's all under control and he knows something nobody else knows that will make it okay."

Says another friend: "Sam came over to the house. He said to me, 'Why would I have told Aliza to sell, and not told Elana?' "

Talk, however, will only get him so far. "You know, when this is all over," says a friend, "he's not going to have any money, which, in this city, people don't like." ■


PARK HOTEL
COCKTAIL LOUNGE
NO. 2

"It's like they're the Kennedys or something," says a neighbor. "They have their own family curse." "Well, the Kennedys did stay here," sighs Steven. "Maybe they rubbed off on us."



Heartbreak Hotel

For nearly 50 years, the Weissberg clan has been quietly running the legendary Gramercy Park Hotel. But when David Weissberg jumped off the roof last month, his death exposed a family torn apart by drugs, illness, financial woes, and family feuds. Is it too late to restore a New York institution?

By Sarah Bernard

It was a typical weekday afternoon in Gramercy Park: High-school kids were crowding the corner of Lexington Avenue and 22nd Street. The park gates were swinging open and shut for a steady stream of local nannies pushing strollers and guests of the Gramercy Park Hotel, escorted by hotel doormen in their forest-green uniforms. Steven Weissberg, CEO of his family's 509-room hotel, was in his second-floor office returning calls. His wife, Cameron, was out on Long Island with their young son. On the fifth floor, Steven's younger brother, David, and his wife, Marilyn, were arguing in their suite. This was not unusual; since their wedding at the Elvis Presley chapel in Las Vegas two years ago, they were known for their tempestuous rows. But this time, Marilyn had packed her bags and insisted she was leaving for good. David suggested they go up to the roof garden for air. Marilyn agreed, hauling her suitcases with her. After a few minutes in the penthouse party space where Humphrey Bogart married Helen Menken, Marilyn said good-bye and

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BEN BAKER

took the elevator eighteen floors down to the lobby.

Left alone, David made his way to the roof's northeast corner. He unbuckled a fanny pack containing $4,000 in cash and dropped it on the floor before climbing up onto a ten-foot ledge. He removed the gold Ten Commandments necklace he always wore and clasped it in his hand. Then, just as Marilyn emerged from the hotel's revolving door, David jumped. He landed in front of the hotel bar.

"Marilyn was hysterical," says a witness. "She sat down right next to him with her back against the wall. The doorman from the building next door tried to console her." Moments later they were joined by Steven, who would spend the rest of the day huddled in the hotel's lounge with the police as Marilyn was taken to the hospital to be treated for shock. "Someone on my staff came into my office and told me. I went downstairs," he says, "and saw the horror."

For Steven, his brother's death was only the latest in a string of family tragedies set against the background of the shabby genteel hotel whose history is intertwined with theirs.

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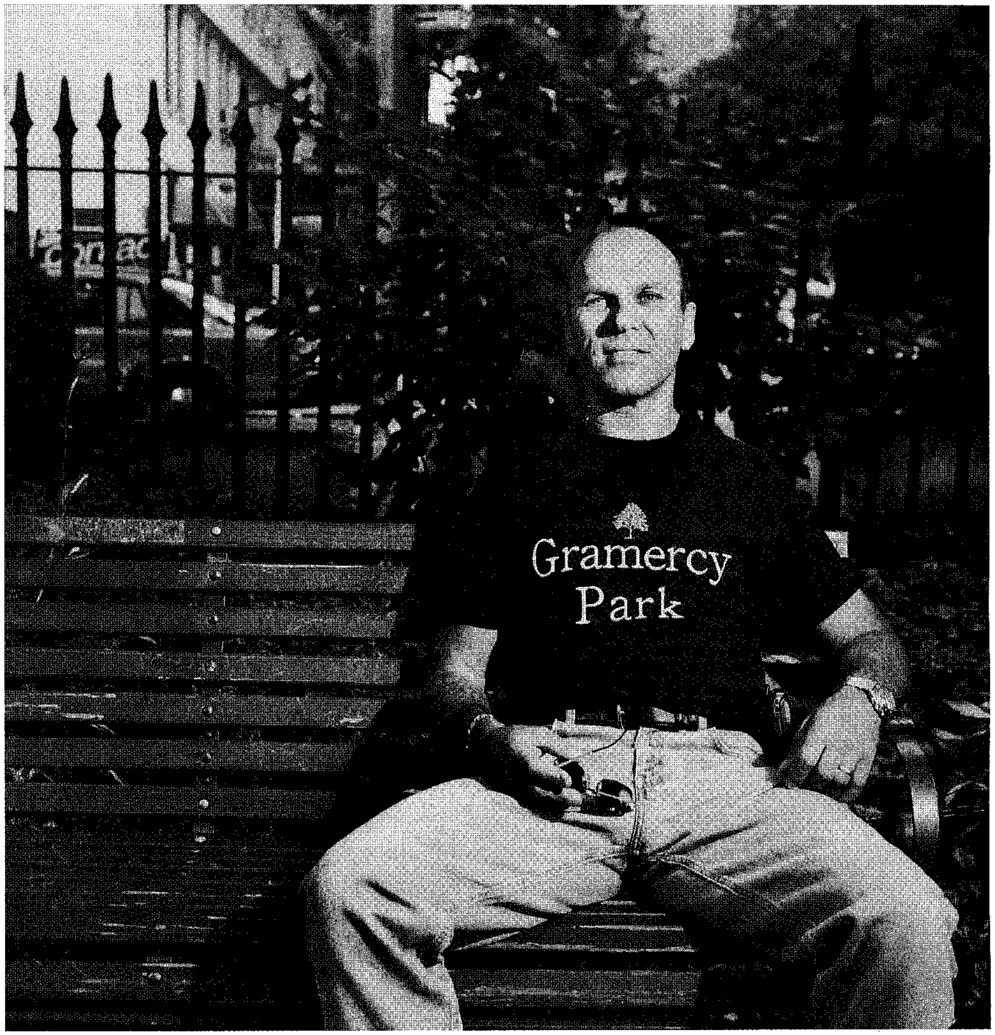
"Well, the Kennedys did stay here," sighs Steven. "Maybe they rubbed off on us."



BELOVED BY CELEBRITIES AND civilians alike for its threadbare charm, the Gramercy Park Hotel is a one-of-a-kind New York institution. In an era of corporate chains and high-end Ian Schrager-style boutiques, it's a throwback, an eccentric family-run operation in stately, if neglected, prewar quarters, where rooms under $200 a night make up in size what they lack in amenities. Guests still get metal keys instead of plastic key cards, and the kitchenettes come equipped with hot plates instead of microwaves.

To many, its retro character is part of the appeal. But to competitors, it's a fabulously underdeveloped opportunity. A week after David's death, André Balazs, the proprietor of the Mercer and the Château Marmont, invited Steven to dinner. "It's been a dream of mine to own it," confides Jeff Klein, owner of the ultraluxe City Club Hotel on West 44th Street. He isn't the only one. "Seven years ago, I just couldn't stop thinking about it," says restaurateur Jonathan Morr, who owns the Townhouse Hotel in South Beach. "I'd just go and sit in the lobby and think about what I'd do with it. I called my broker and said, 'I want to take it over!' But the father didn't want to sell."

"Every hotelier in the world loves that hotel. It's something everybody, *anybody*, would want to put their hands on," says Morr. "Tell Steven to call me."

THE HOTEL'S MOST COVETED ASSET, OF course, is its enviable location opposite the city's only gated, private park, accessible solely to those fortunate enough to have a key, a privilege that comes with a Gramercy Park address. Once a bastion of late-nineteenth-century elegance, the park itself has become a lightning rod for high drama in the form of legal combat between Aldon James, president of the National Arts Club, and the park's trustees over everything from tree pruning to racial sensitivity. Picking sides in the various battles has become a favorite dinner-party pastime for residents, as has speculating on the outcome of the district attorney's investigation into the club's finances. But while the neighborhood gossip swirled around them, the Weissbergs, the largest lot holders by far, remained curiously and determinedly below the radar.

David's death changed all that, shining an unwelcome spotlight not only on his family's problems but on the hotel's uncertain future. To observant regulars, it has been clear for some time that all was not well. Eighteen months ago, Herbert Weissberg, the 89-year-old family patriarch and once a hotelier of some renown, reluctantly gave up the day-to-day running of the hotel because of failing health, but the succession has been far from smooth.

Last winter, Steven, who had been appointed CEO by his father, fell out with his older half-brother, Martin, 59, who'd been in charge of the hotel's advertising and marketing. Accusing him of stealing from the hotel, Steven launched a $1 million lawsuit claiming Martin not only made "extortionate threats" against him but also used the hotel coffers as his "own private candy store." Martin quickly countersued, denying all charges and claiming he was owed $500,000 in unpaid services.

In March, Steven uncovered a cache of assault rifles, shotguns, and ammunition that David, 46, was hiding in his room and the hotel's basement. Steven called the police, and the story made the tabloids. David's drug use had been an open secret for years. He and Marilyn had attended a methadone clinic together, and because of several earlier heroin arrests, the new gun rap could have landed him in jail.

Then, one Monday night in April, to the astonishment of those both working and drinking there, Steven abruptly closed the hotel bar and restaurant—with neither warning nor explanation.

None of this could have been easy for Steven, who had already endured his own personal tragedies—the death of his first wife from cancer in 1997, followed shortly by the death of his 19-year-old son from a drug overdose.

"It's been one monumental tragedy after another," says Arlene Harrison, president of the 2000-member Gramercy Park Block Association. "It's hitting him more and more every day. But Steven was not the cause of all of this. He is not the person that made the problem."

David, in and out of rehab for his $500-a-day speedball habit, had never spent much time with his nephews, largely because Madalyn wanted to protect her children from his erratic behavior. Her instincts turned out to have been right.

A FAMILY MOURNS: Above, medical attendants removing David's body. Opposite, Steven sitting on one of the benches in Gramercy Park honoring his late family members.

THE GRAMERCY'S GUEST BOOK WOULD RIVAL A Liz Smith column for name checks. Babe Ruth was an early patron; Joseph Kennedy rented out the hotel's third floor when his son John was 11. In the seventies, it was such a rock-star haven that Cameron Crowe insisted on filming scenes of *Almost Famous* in the lobby. Debbie Harry took up residence; the Rolling Stones stopped by. "When I was a kid, I used to hang out and have Shirley Temples and eat dinner in the restaurant," says fashion photographer Terry Richardson, whose father lived in the Gramercy for seven years.

More recently, an hour or two at the piano bar would almost guarantee a glimpse of Matt Dillon, John Waters, Ethan Hawke, Steven Tyler, or Andy Garcia. Chloë Sevigny seemed to conduct all her interviews in the low-lit lounge. And one night around 11:30, Phyllis Love, the regular Monday pianist, met Jewel and her date for the evening, Leonardo DiCaprio: "We weren't supposed to let people sing—most people *can't* sing—but she said she'd sing something I would know how to play. So she sang 'Summertime.' There was a huge round of applause that must have woken someone up because, believe it or not, I had a complaint as soon as she finished. But she did give me a nice tip."

The hotel had its share of homegrown celebrities, too. There were the octogenarian silver-haired Harvey sisters—Jacqueline and Evelyn—who dressed identically and sipped multiple martinis at their VIP table facing the bar. Aunt Bee, 96, the hotel's oldest tenant, has kept the same room for 60 years; during the summer months, she can be spotted sunbathing in the park, with the help of a tinfoil-covered album cover tilted toward her face. European travelers are a constant presence, none more notorious than the Savile Row–suited businessman who drank six Bombay Sapphire martinis directly after arriving from London. When finished, he headed to his room, only to reappear shortly thereafter *sans* suit, ready to order another.

THE WEEK AFTER HIS BROTHER'S DEATH, Steven Weissberg is on an FF&E tour, accompanied by Yvonne English, his head of housekeeping. "Furniture, fixtures, and equipment," he notes. Weissberg is in the early stages of a modest refurbishment that he hopes will make up for the years of benign neglect the hotel suffered under his ailing father. David Rockwell bamboo, Frette linens, and Jonathan Adler rugs may never make it to the Gramercy, but at least the black-and-white TVs were replaced with color sets and DVD players; coffee-makers and microwaves are edging out the dangerous hot plates.

Returning the faded lobby to its former glory is his next goal. He's already fixed a series of chandeliers at the entrance. "Five years from now, I want to see the hotel look like it did 50 years ago," he says. "I want to bring back the Roaring Twenties with chesterfields, the leather wingbacks with gold nail heads."

Another plan is to increase the number of monthly tenants in the hotel, à la the Chelsea Hotel. He's thinking of transforming the roof garden into a high-end cocktail lounge like Grand Central's Campbell Apartment, or building out two family-size apartments there that he hopes could draw $1,000 a day. Steven opens the door to Room 721–25. It's a two-bedroom suite with an enormous terrace overlooking the park, which he wants to rent for $10,000 a month. He strides out onto the AstroTurf. "This is where I lived with David in the mid-seventies," he says. "We lived here with nine dogs."

As he walks the halls, Steven keeps up a running narrative on everything from the status of newly ordered clock-radios to how he played bass guitar in his college band. It's hard to avoid the sensation that he's trying to distract himself from his many sorrows. The visit to the morgue to identify his brother was his third trip in five years. In 1997, his wife, Madalyn, lost her fight with colon cancer. She was 46. They had been married for eighteen years. "We met at the Roxy," he says with a smile. "I was wearing a black silk suit and roller skates."

After her death, Steven moved his two sons, Michael and Jonathan, out of their Upper East Side apartment and into a suite of rooms at the hotel to be closer to his family. Uncle David, in and out of rehab for his $500-a-day speedball habit, had never spent much time with his nephews, largely because Madalyn wanted

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANCIS SPECKER/NY POST/REX USA.

to protect her children from his erratic behavior. Her instincts turned out to have been right: On the night of his 19th-birthday party at the hotel, Michael collapsed from an apparent drug overdose—in David's room. "From what I understand, he was unconscious for a while," says a hotel-staff member. "If someone had noticed, he could have been saved." It is something Weissberg refuses to discuss. "I've had a lot of loss. My wife. My son. David," he says. "How do I do it? I don't know." He pauses: "See that air conditioner? I just bought a hundred of them."

DURING HIS HEYDAY, HERBERT Weissberg's empire included the Biltmore in Palm Beach and the Ponce de Leon hotel and casino (now known as the Condado Plaza) in Puerto Rico. In New York, he owned the Paramount and the Taft, now the Michael Angelo in midtown, before buying the Gramercy. Steven learned the trade by osmosis. During college at the University of Arkansas, while Bill Clinton was governor, he managed the Sam Peck, a hotel across from the state capitol. He moved to Detroit after his father acquired the famed 1,136-room Sheraton Book-Cadillac and renamed it the Detroit-Cadillac. Three years later, he returned to New York to run the Lancaster on Madison Avenue and 38th Street, known today as the Jolly Madison. Meanwhile, even though Herbert had sold the majority of his holdings in 1967 and moved to Florida to semi-retire, he couldn't resist one last fling with the Gramercy. When an interim operator defaulted on payments, Sol Goldman, the building's owner, tempted the family with an offer to take on the Gramercy's lease. In 1976, after a nine-year absence, the Weissbergs returned to the park.

Each evening, Herbert and his wife, Ruth, who've been married 50 years, ate dinner in the hotel restaurant, a windowless room behind the piano bar where the staff outnumbered the customers and the Continental menu included Jell-O for dessert and kippers for breakfast. Despite the fact that the owners were on the premises, the hotel was on autopilot. "It was either that the owners trusted it," says Shelley Gold, a lounge pianist for thirteen years, "or it was a form of anarchy that worked." About two years ago, when a stroke forced Herbert's second retirement, Steven was officially installed by his parents as CEO. Robert, the oldest of the brothers and a political-science professor at the University of Illinois, had no interest in the family business; David, clearly too troubled to have a role, aspired to be a photographer. Martin, however, Herbert's second son, was not pleased. "He thought he was going to be the man," says Shelly Legon, a hotel bartender for seven years. "He thought of himself as the sharpest of the brothers. Even afterwards, when we had a staff meeting, Marty was doing all the talking. Steven never said a word."

Tensions came to a head in December when Steven unceremoniously fired his older brother, following up a few months later with the lawsuit. In it, he also accuses Marty's Media Marketing Group of grossly mismanaging the hotel's Website, at one point even shutting it down and leaving a stream of unpaid advertising bills, including some from the New York *Times*. The brothers' five-month silence was broken only when the two were forced to acknowledge each other at the funeral home in front of David's coffin. According to Steven, Marty tried to address their disagreement, but Steven refused to talk. Depositions in the case begin in August, and neither brother will comment on the details.

DESPITE THE OBVIOUS NEED TO DRAG THE Gramercy into the twenty-first century, some of the former staff, many of whom still feel loyal to the hotel after working there for years, are unimpressed with Steven's efforts in that direction. "One day he says to me, 'I'm going to put a pizza oven here behind the bar,' " says Legon, the former bartender. "What kind of idiotic thing is that? Then he says, 'I'm going to put a sports bar in the lobby and you're going to run it.' I said, 'What, are you stupid? You'll cannibalize your own bar here!'

"Despite everything, I love the guy," says Legon. "I feel sad. A guy who was handed everything can't figure it out."

Even before the impact of September 11 on the city's hotel business, the restaurant was losing $1 million a year, but what, the staff wondered, was the point of closing the profitable bar? Steven argues that it was a necessary move to stop certain employees who were stealing from him. But he had to pay out $300,000 in severance to union employees and forgo $100,000 in banquet bookings. "I had to help one girl re-book her wedding at the Soho Grand," says Robbin Cullinen, the former food-and-beverage director. "The woman was in tears."

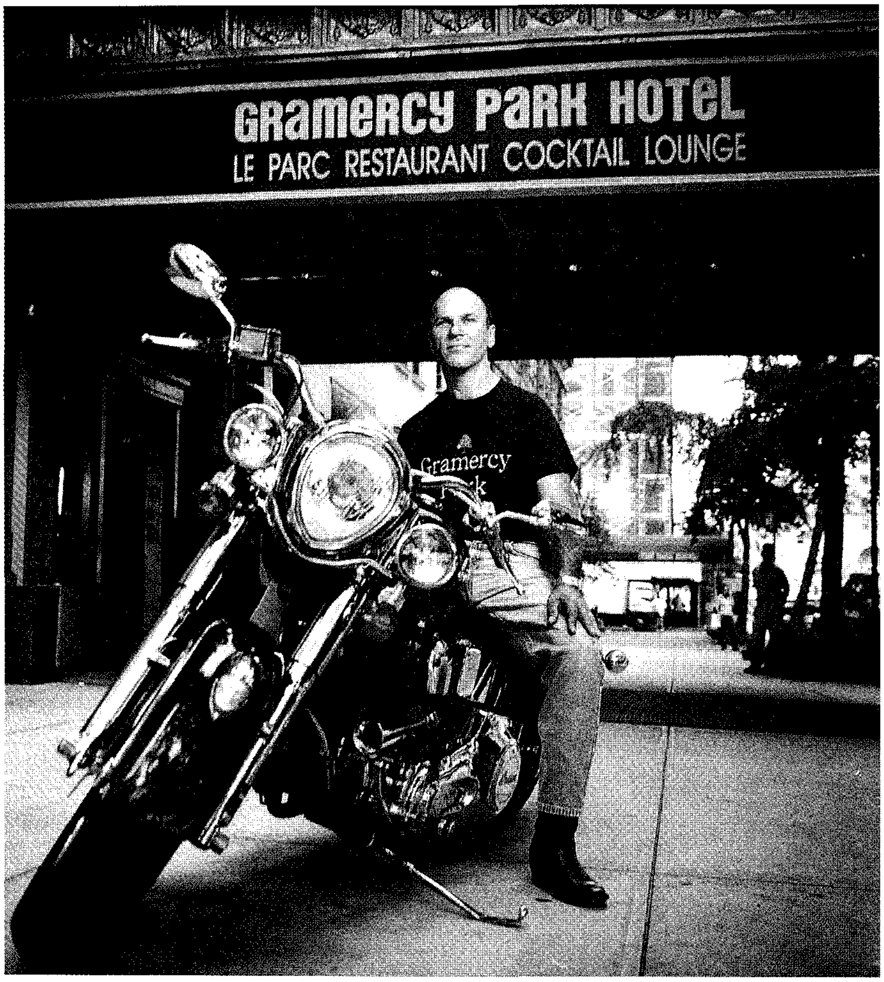
Steven says he regrets only one thing: the lack of room service. "Breakfast," he says. "I still feel bad about."

Every morning, he provides a spread of bagels, Danishes, and OJ from an Igloo cooler in the former bar area to compensate. A few feet away, the smoke-soaked mauve curtains are still hanging; a carton of the hotel's signature bar snack, Pepperidge Farm Cheddar Goldfish, still sits on a mirrored shelf.

How he handles the food-and-beverage operation will be Steven's next test. He had decided to lease it out and had been talking to two chefs: Giuliano Bugialli, best known for his Italian cooking classes and TV specials, who was interested in opening a cooking school in the hotel kitchen; and then Peter Vuli, who owns Fino on Wall Street and Vuli in the Radisson on Lexington and 48th. Nothing happened with Bugialli, but Vuli says he has a tentative deal to take over the restaurant in September with a Northern Italian menu. "I was thinking of calling it Brazza," he says. He has already planned a horseshoe-shaped bar. Steven will say only, "I'm putting everything on hold."

Inevitably, there is no shortage of suggestions for the Gramercy's future. Jeff Klein suggests only renovating 50 rooms to create a "hotel inside a hotel" and adding a Les Deux Gamin–type cafe. "It would be a really chic place where people went to smoke cigarettes, talk about literature or art. Somewhere you could run into Damien Loeb meeting with Blondie," he says. Neighborhood residents, however, are keeping their fingers crossed for Danny Meyer, even though he's indicated he's not interested. "There is a lovely space on the second floor overlooking the park," says James Benenson, who lives in Mey-

Steven says hotel living is not exactly like the *Eloise* books he read as a kid. "Her parents were monthly tenants," he points out, "Not hotel owners. *And* they traveled a lot. I don't think hotel life is geared towards raising a child."


GRAMERCY PARK HOTEL
LE PARC RESTAURANT COCKTAIL LOUNGE
Gramercy Park

MOTORBIKE RIDER: Steven astride his Indian Chief.

er's building across from the hotel. "It could be like the Ritz hotel in Boston."

But any substantial renovation of the Gramercy is a developer's Catch-22. The Weissbergs' long-term lease on the property isn't so long anymore. In sixteen years, they will have to renegotiate with the Sol Goldman estate; the intervening time is long enough to lease out the restaurant but not to justify spending the $15 million to $20 million it would take to give the property the refurbishment it needs, and get much of a return.

"I don't think just renovating some rooms would be enough," says Stanley Bard, managing director of the Chelsea Hotel, the other eccentric family-run establishment famous for its artistic following. "You see, they should have done that over the years. We've had a restoration program over a ten-year period. We are interested in preserving and propagating a legend. It's very difficult for a family that doesn't have public financing or chain financing."

"A family operation is different," agrees Ira Drucker, Balazs's partner in the Mercer and developer of the Chambers Hotel, who met with Steven earlier in the year about possibly partnering on a revamp. "Families doing business tend to hurt each other. The cash flow is probably eroding." If it is, Steven is not admitting it. "I just looked at an 800-room hotel in Italy," he notes, "and a 200-room hotel in Aruba."

TODAY MIGHT BE THE DAY STEVEN FINALLY HAS a meltdown. His lawyer is expecting him uptown; his mother is calling relentlessly from the hospital where his father is undergoing some tests. And Marilyn, David's wife, has called the cops. After David's death, Steven gave Princess, David's Jack Russell, to a hotel guest who passed the animal on to a friend. But now Marilyn, who has moved back into the hotel temporarily, wants Princess herself. Unfortunately, the dog has disappeared somewhere in the wilds of Cherry Hill, New Jersey. Jonathan, Steven's second son, has been dispatched to the Kennel Club to try to find a replacement. A puppy, it turns out, costs $1,500. "Just put it on the credit card," Steven tells Jonathan, his head in his hands.

Suddenly, he decides on a motorcycle ride. "It's too nice out," he shouts. Five minutes later, he's revving his red-and-black 1999 Indian Chief up Park Avenue, past the Waldorf and back down Fifth, past the Pierre and the Sherry-Netherland. He drives by the building where he's considering an office to separate himself a bit from the hotel. He is even thinking that when Jonathan goes to college, he might move Cameron and their infant son, Logan, out of the hotel altogether.

The couple were married Valentine's Day, 1999, by Mayor Giuliani, and again in a service at Temple Emanu-El. "I converted," says Cameron, a textile designer who grew up Catholic in Philadelphia. "I worked in the garment district. I always wanted to be Jewish."

Since Logan's birth, she's been active in the neighborhood, partnering with Harrison's Gramercy Park Block Association to launch Gramercy Babies, a group for new mothers and their kids to meet. For the first time in ten years, there will be an election in the fall for five new park trustees, and Cameron Weissberg is a strong candidate. "I would like to move out of the hotel some day," she says. "But I love the park."

Steven says hotel living is not exactly like the *Eloise* books he read as a kid. "Her parents were monthly tenants," he points out, "Not hotel owners. *And* they traveled a lot. I don't think hotel life is geared towards raising a child. It will be a new era. To be in an apartment, have neighbors, a home. I'd like more of a home."

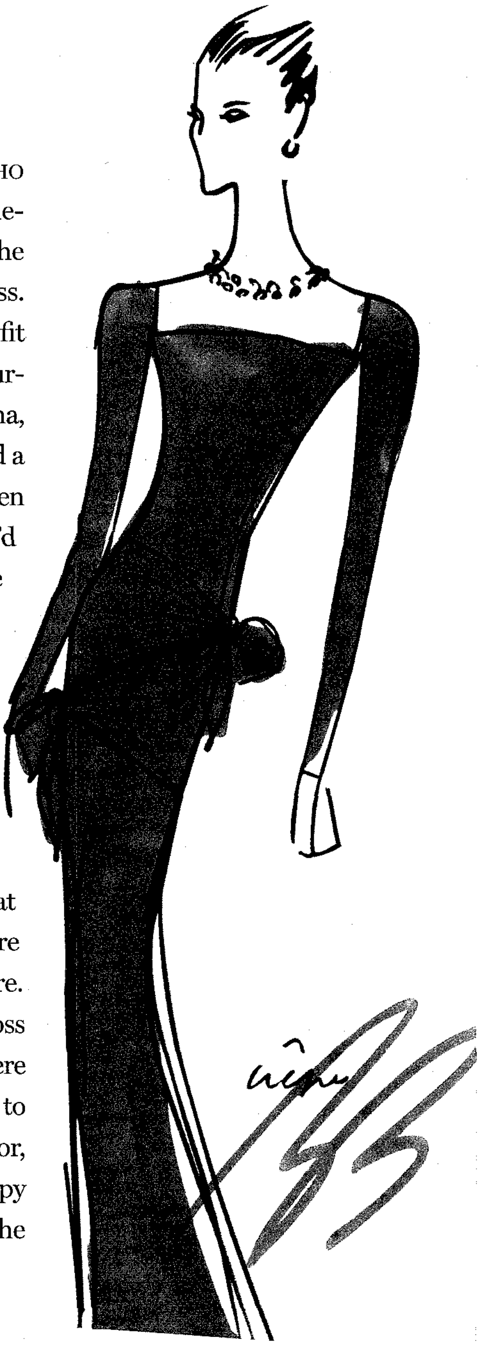
BUT FOR NOW, THE HOTEL WILL HAVE TO DO. And there are certain perks. After a month of *tsuris,* Steven takes out his massive chain of keys and opens the gate to Gramercy Park. The ceremonial black ribbon he was wearing for David's shiva is still in the inside pocket of his suit jacket. "I would not have predicted it," says Steven, recalling that just three weeks before, the two of them had gone shopping together to buy white roses for their mother on Mother's Day. "My feeling is that it was his feelings of defeat from the departure of his wife that were the main incentive." It is possible that there may have been something else weighing on him, too. Only recently, the family had passed the difficult hurdle of the first anniversary of Michael's death. Around Steven's wrist is the silver-and-ruby bracelet that Michael used to wear. He walks up the gravel path and turns right. The first green bench has a brass plaque that reads IN MEMORY OF MADALYN WEISSBERG. The adjacent bench is dedicated to Max Weissberg, Steven's grandfather, and the one after that is in memory of Max's wife, Rose.

"Okay, Grandma," he says. "We'll sit on you." The clouds shift and the sun's glare makes him squint. He is tired. "This is a good place to sit," he says, pausing. "Unfortunately, I need more benches." ■

A GENTLEMAN OF FASHION: Bill Blass in 1966; opposite, a sketch from 1989.

AN AMERICAN CLASSIC

Bill Blass was more than just a world-class couturier—he was the quintessential New Yorker: man-about-town, entrepreneur, and confidant to some of the city's most glamorous women. Here, he is remembered by his friends and associates, in their own words. By Bob Morris



WHEN E. B. WHITE WROTE ABOUT THE KIND OF NEW YORKER WHO was born somewhere else and came here in quest of something, making Manhattan "the city of final destination, the city that is a goal," he might have been describing Bill Blass. The fashion designer, who died on June 12 from throat cancer, seemed to fit everyone's image of the strapping midwestern boy who comes to New York in pursuit of the high life and then finds it. • In his hometown of Fort Wayne, Indiana, where he was born in 1922 as the only son of a traveling hardware salesman and a dressmaker, Blass was inspired by the urbane women he saw in the movies. Between playing on the school football team and working at the school newspaper, he'd sketch dresses and send them off to Seventh Avenue designers. At 18, he was the first man to win *Mademoiselle*'s Design for Living Award. • He came to New York in 1940 and studied fashion here briefly, then left to fight in World War II. On his return, he got a job designing for Anne Klein, who eventually fired him. In 1959, already an extra-man-about-town who appeared regularly in the society columns, he became chief designer to Maurice Rentner, Ltd., where his brightly colored day looks and baby-doll evening dresses burnished his reputation. When he bought out the business from Rentner and changed the name to make it his own company in 1970, it boomed. • Blass once told *Vogue* that he believed in "out-and-out glamour," but that wasn't quite the case. His signature look was as sporty as it was luxurious, with an emphasis on fabrics and structure. With a strong feeling for the well-to-do women he'd see at his trunk shows across the country, he knew that black might sell in Europe and New York, but everywhere else it was about bold prints and bolder colors. "You have to understand people to make clothes for them," he said. • His life in public was all about print and color, too, and he was often seen on the arms of his clients: Nancy Kissinger, Happy Rockefeller, Brooke Astor, Chessy Rayner, Gloria Vanderbilt. And as one of the

PHOTOGRAPH BY AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS; DRAWING COURTESY OF BILL BLASS, LTD., ARCHIVES.

first designers to work his celebrity, Blass put his name on everything from sheets, perfume, and sunglasses to Lincoln Continentals. His generosity of humor was matched by his generosity to charity, in particular as a contributor to the New York Public Library and to AIDS programs at New York Hospital–Cornell Medical Center.

He had a flair for the outsize declaration—"The little black dress always looks better in white"—and his irrepressibility continued even after his initial bout with cancer two years ago. "Laughter," he once said, "is very important in the scheme of things, don't you think?" It seems many of his biggest admirers—in the intersecting worlds of fashion and society—would agree.

Carrie Donovan, *style editor,* The New York Times Magazine, *1977–1995*

Bill offered me my first job as an assistant at Anna Miller in the fifties. I watched him become himself back then. He made himself up, and he'd tell you that in a minute.

Stan Herman, *president, CFDA*

Bill built his own world early on and didn't deviate from it. His tent shows were magnificent for that reason. When I'd go sit and talk with him in his office, he would always be sketching these beautiful, glamorous ladies.

> "He was the quintessential straight-talking American guy," says designer Michael Kors, "who happened to be a fashion icon."

Craig Natiello, *assistant designer to Bill Blass, 1989–99*

He loved being around the glamorous people in New York whom he admired as a boy in Indiana. When he went to El Morocco, he would tell people he was in advertising, because you *never* said you were designing dresses for a living back then. Eugenia Sheppard, the New York *Post* columnist, used to write him up as a man-about-town, not a designer, and as a result, he had the most exquisite people walking through his showroom later on in life.

Bernadine Morris, *fashion critic, the New York* Times, *1964–95*

When he started out, he was one of the boys in the back room—that's what they called the designers in those days. They had very little power, and if a collection didn't work, they'd be fired. But the dames all loved him. He specialized in that. "I could always talk to women," he said, "even as a G.I."

Helen O'Hagan, *vice-president of Saks Fifth Avenue, 1955–94*

We met in 1959, smoking outside some industry event at the Waldorf. I produced the big trunk shows with him across America for Saks for 40 years. We had a ball on the road. Driving from Lake Tahoe to San Francisco, we'd stop at every produce stand. In Naples and Palm Beach, we'd always rent convertibles. In Beverly Hills, we'd stay at the Bel-Air. Somewhere near La Jolla once, we decided to go to a supermarket to get food to make breakfast at our hotel. He claimed it was the first time he'd been in a supermarket, and he got lost in the ice-cream aisle.

Louise Grunwald, *socialite*

In the days when American designers bought model numbers in Paris, Bill took me to an early Yves Saint Laurent collection. In the front row were the ladies of Paris and the prominent editors, and others were carefully seated behind them. In the fourth row, ringing the walls in the back, were all these incredibly beautiful boys. I asked him, "Who are all the beautiful boys?" He told me: "Shut up—they're boyfriends of the house," and that was the end of the discussion.

Bernadine Morris

You could never tell he was gay, because although he had good manners, he was not effete, and if he ever had lovers, it wasn't anything anyone knew about.

Lynn Wyatt, *socialite, Houston*

He was at a benefit in Houston and I was wearing one of his geometric dresses with a low neck, but I had turned it around and put it on backward because it was more flattering that way. The first thing he said to me that night was, "I love your dress." I said, "I thought you might." He said, "But you've got it on backward." I said, "I know," and looked at him, terrified. He looked me up and down and said, "Looks great, babe." He liked calling people babe.

Nan Kempner, *socialite*

Bill and I had been going out for a show for the League to Save Lake Tahoe since the sixties. He usually arrived on a boat. It's a picnic lunch on the beach with a marvelous red runway and there are flags waving and ladies in big hats and everybody would get his sunglasses or perfume and he would stand on a ladder and call the show with his usual flair. He was beloved by the people in Lake Tahoe.

Carmine Porcelli, *former business consultant to Bill Blass*

Around 1972 or 1973, there was an international fashion-show benefit at Versailles, organized by Marie-Helene de Rothschild. Five Americans were chosen, and it was big news. Kay Thompson was directing the American segment, and Joe Eula was doing

PHOTOGRAPHS: FROM TOP, PHOTOGRAPHER UNKNOWN/COURTESY OF BILL BLASS, LTD., ARCHIVES; BEN MARTIN/TIMEPIX.

the sets. Halston got Liza Minnelli to perform a number about Paris from *Funny Face.* I was there working for Oscar de la Renta, and I ended up being on my own a lot. I was just a kid. Bill saw how hard I was working and that I was alone, and invited me to lunch with his people. The night of the ball, he made sure I was invited. He wasn't courting me. He was just being very kind.

Eleanor Lambert, *publicity doyenne*

That Versailles show had moments of tension, but Bill was such a good sport about everything. Anne Klein, who was dying of cancer at the time, was terribly nervous about her presentation because she made very simple clothes and thought they wouldn't work in a big show like that. He spent a lot of time comforting her and helping her regain her self-confidence.

Diane von Furstenberg, *fashion designer*

When I first came to New York, he was very generous in introducing me to people. He spread his elegance all around. It's not an accident that *class* rhymes with *Blass.*

Pat Buckley, *socialite*

We used to go twice a year to five movies in a day. It took more arranging than D day. We'd start at 10 A.M., and we'd have my car waiting at one theater and his at another. We'd eat from one of those things with the umbrellas—what are they called?—hot-dog vendors. It went like clockwork, and at 11 P.M. we'd end up utterly exhausted. If either one of us didn't like a movie, we'd try to get the other to leave. But if I liked something and he didn't, he'd usually win out and we'd leave because he'd make such a noise. You have no idea what goes into planning five movies in a day. It's harder than a benefit. I don't remember any of the benefits that I attended with him. They're a total blur.

Diana Knowles, *socialite, San Francisco*

One time, I wore a dress by Yves Saint Laurent for a huge party in New York. He called the next day and said, "Diana, they don't dress up that much in New York anymore." I said, "Oh, really, Bill? Thank you." He always had something to say.

RHYMES WITH CLASS: Clockwise from top left, with Chessy Rayner and Nan Kempner in 1970; sketching a model in 1961; with Pat Buckley in 1984; in 1982 with Gloria Vanderbilt and Claudette Colbert at a 90th-birthday celebration for the artist Erté; with Pierre Cardin at the 1968 *Esquire* men's fashion show at the Plaza Hotel.

Carrie Donovan

I once had an oversize beret in cashmere. It was about the time that Mrs. Onassis wasn't so well, but there were all these pictures of her looking so chic with her head covered. I suggested to Bill that I was trying to look like Jackie O. He said, "Well, you don't." He used to holler at me about not wearing color, too.

Ellin Saltzman, *former fashion executive*

He could tell you off in the funniest way. Instead of telling you something you were wearing was awful, he'd say, "Where did you get that?" or "I know how old that is."

Blaine Trump, *vice-chair, God's Love We Deliver*

I always went to him for advice. He'd tell you the absolute truth. If he didn't approve of what you were wearing, he'd say, "What are you thinking?" He thought things were either ghastly or wonderful. I gave a dinner at Swifty's last year. Now, his idea of hell was being at a party in a restaurant in New York. But Cal Ripken was there, and he found that *very* interesting. When I asked if he had had a nice time, he said he did. I said I was stunned.

Michael Kors, *fashion designer*

Bill knew how to be elegant and uncompromising. He was the quintessential straight-talking American guy, who happened to be a fashion icon.

Craig Natiello

It was almost like having an uncle. When we were in Tokyo, he had a gallbladder attack and was in the hospital. Tom Fallon and Gail Levenstein and I were working for him and were so desperate to go to Kyoto for one night that we told him we were leaving him there alone. Tom said to him, "You know what? You would do the same thing to us." He said: "You know what? You're right."

Nan Kempner

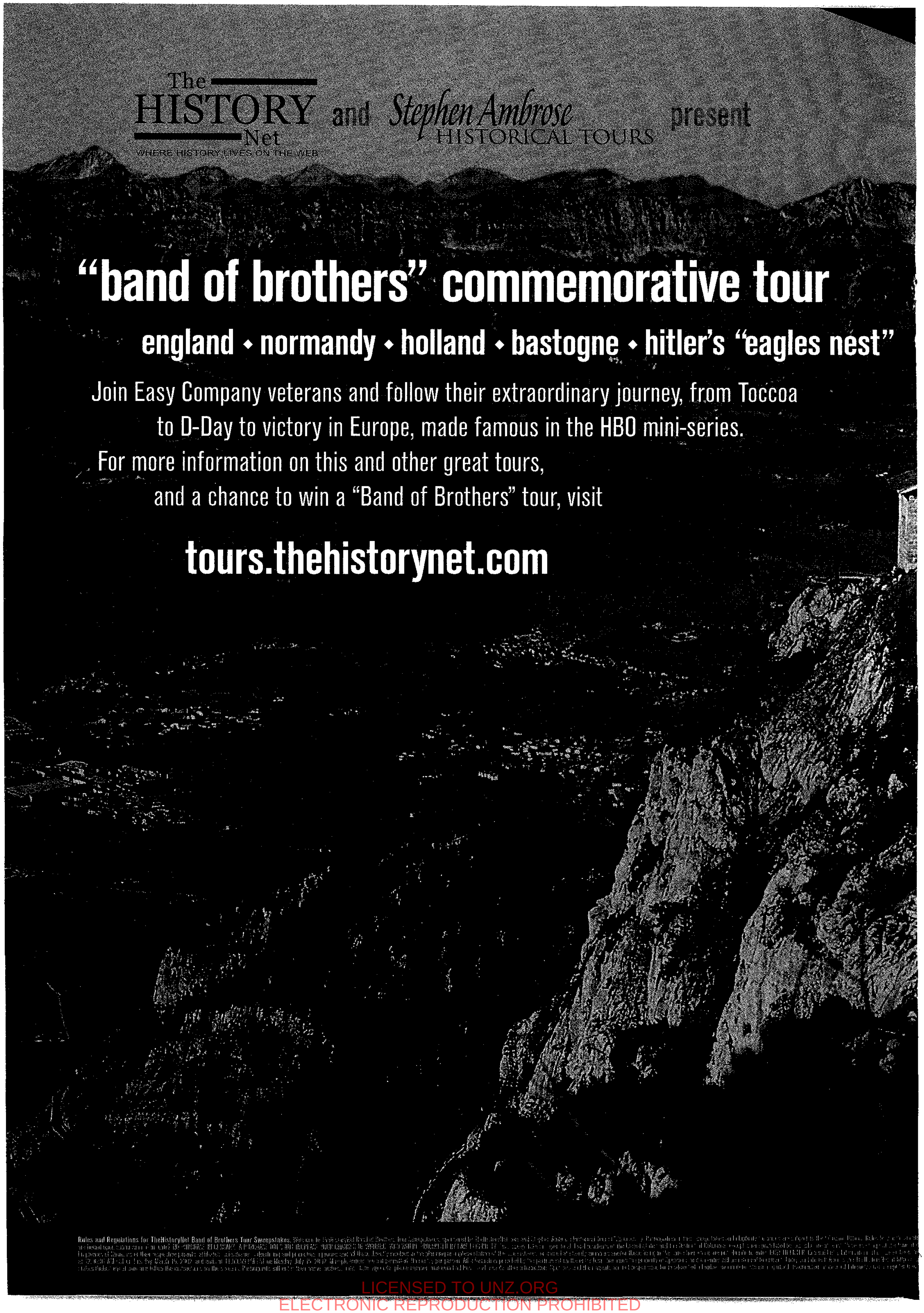
One time, I was at dinner with him and Princess Margaret at a restaurant in New York. Our hosts arranged for us to go out the back door so the princess wouldn't be disturbed by the public. We ended up going out the front door, and everyone on the street made a bigger fuss about him than for her. People in New York couldn't have cared less about Princess Margaret. They cared about Bill Blass.

Mario Buatta, *interior designer*

When I appeared on the cover of *Manhattan Inc.* in a chintz suit and was dubbed "the Prince of Chintz," he couldn't believe I would do such a thing. In the article, someone was quoted as saying I was going to be "the Bill Blass of home-design licensing." Bill said to me, "Why did you do that?" I sent him a letter of apology. I didn't want to offend him. In the business, he was one of the nicest guys. But when you're successful, it's easy to be nice. If you aren't nice when you're successful, when else are you going to be nice?

(continued on page 58)

PHOTOGRAPHS: CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT, BETTMAN/CORBIS; BILL CUNNINGHAM/COURTESY OF BILL BLASS, LTD., ARCHIVES; RON GALELLA/GAMMA PRESS.



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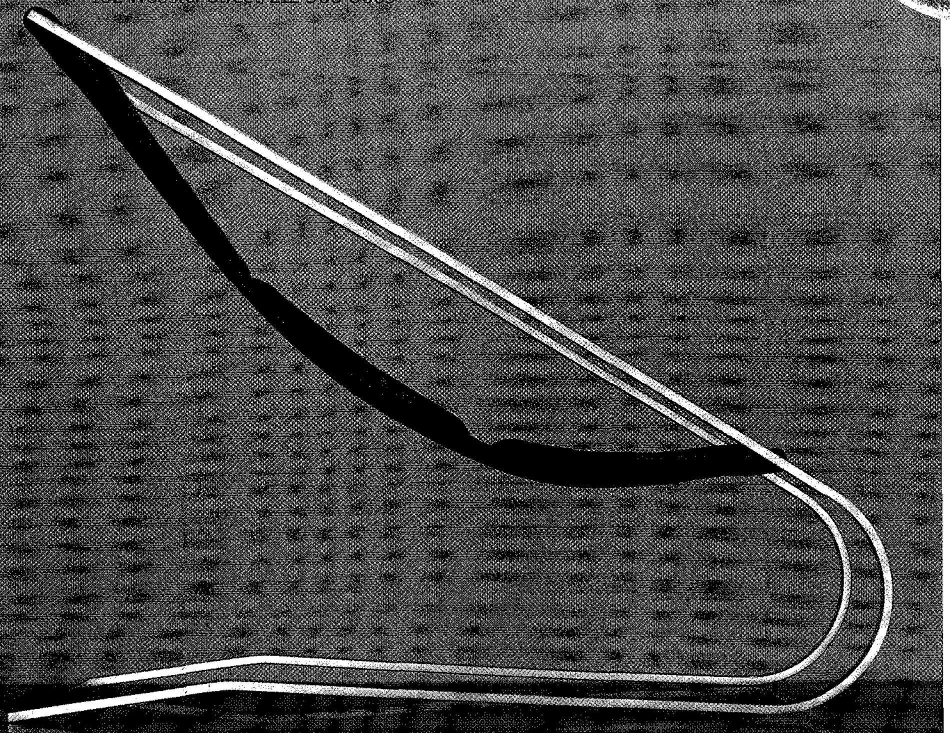
Best Bets

RIMA SUQI

Master of the House Fabien Baron recently added "furniture designer" to his already impressive list of talents. His debut collection for Cappellini is as beautifully sleek, minimal, and modernist as one would expect. Our favorite piece is the Bounce Chair (shown), inspired by the baby seat used by Baron's daughter, Eva. The adult version ranges from $2,570 to $4,500, depending on choice of fabric or leather. Prices of other pieces in the collection are from $1,000 for a floor cushion to $10,000 for a walnut platform bed.

► **CAPPELLINI MODERNAGE**
102 Wooster Street/212-966-0669



Roman Holiday Going barefoot on the beach is one of summer's great pleasures. For tramping around the city, gladiator-style sandals are a close second. These sexy flats, by Cheyenne S., come embellished with feathers, shells, or beads; the suede laces wrap seductively around tan legs. Prices vary by material. Pedicure required (from $75).

► **BOND 07**
7 Bond Street/212-677-8487

► **NILAYA**
132 Spring Street/212-219-3244

50 Main Street, East Hampton
631-329-7008

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAMES WORRELL

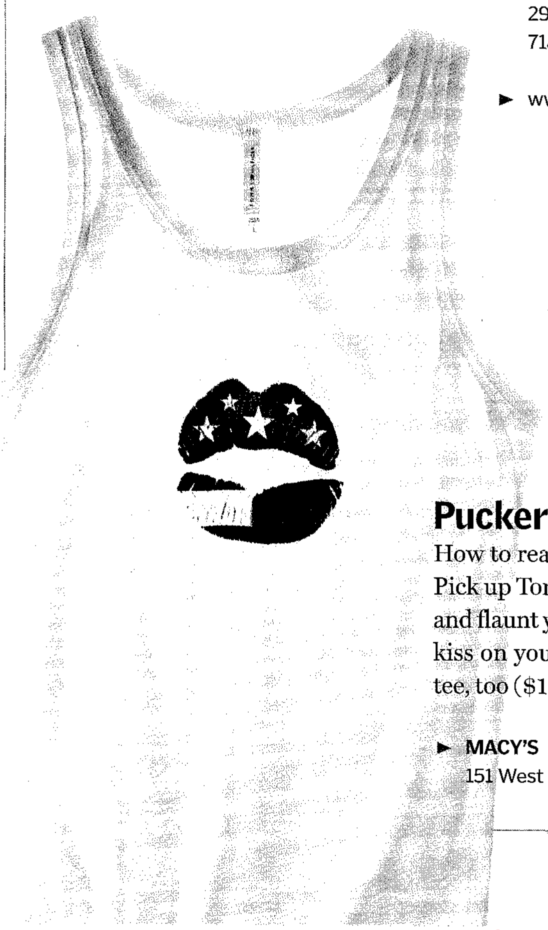
We Got the Bead

A drop necklace like this flapper-inspired piece from Paste by Tracy Kahn is a great cleavage accent, and works wonders with a sexy little dress for summer soirées. At $150, this is the most expensive piece in Kahn's sparkly line, which also includes earrings ($150).

► **ALICE**
1324 Second Avenue,
near 70th Street
212-639-0875

► **FRIEDA'S CLOSET**
296 Smith Street, Brooklyn
718-855-0311

► www.pastejewelry.com



Pucker Up

How to really get the fireworks started? Pick up Tommy Hilfiger's latest tank top and flaunt your freedom colors with a big kiss on your chest. There's a cap-sleeve tee, too ($18).

► **MACY'S**
151 West 34th Street/212-695-4400

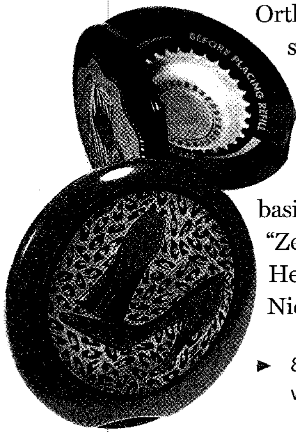
I WANT YOU
FOR U.S. ARMY

Strong Arm Tactic

The beauty of temporary tattoos is that they're just that—temporary. Feeling especially patriotic this week? Adorn yourself with one from Dover's new set, based on vintage poster art from World Wars I and II ($1.98).

► **TAH POOZIE**
50 Greenwich Avenue
212-647-0668

787 Seventh Avenue, at 15th Street
646-638-0750



Chill Pills

Tired of those telltale pink birth-control-pill packages? Ortho Tri-Cyclen now offers a selection of seriously fashionable ones that look more like makeup compacts. There are six designs, ranging from basic black to gerber daisies to "Zebra Kiss" and "Red High Heels" versions designed by Nicole Miller ($4.95).

► *866-221-1031 or*
www.orthotri-cyclen.com

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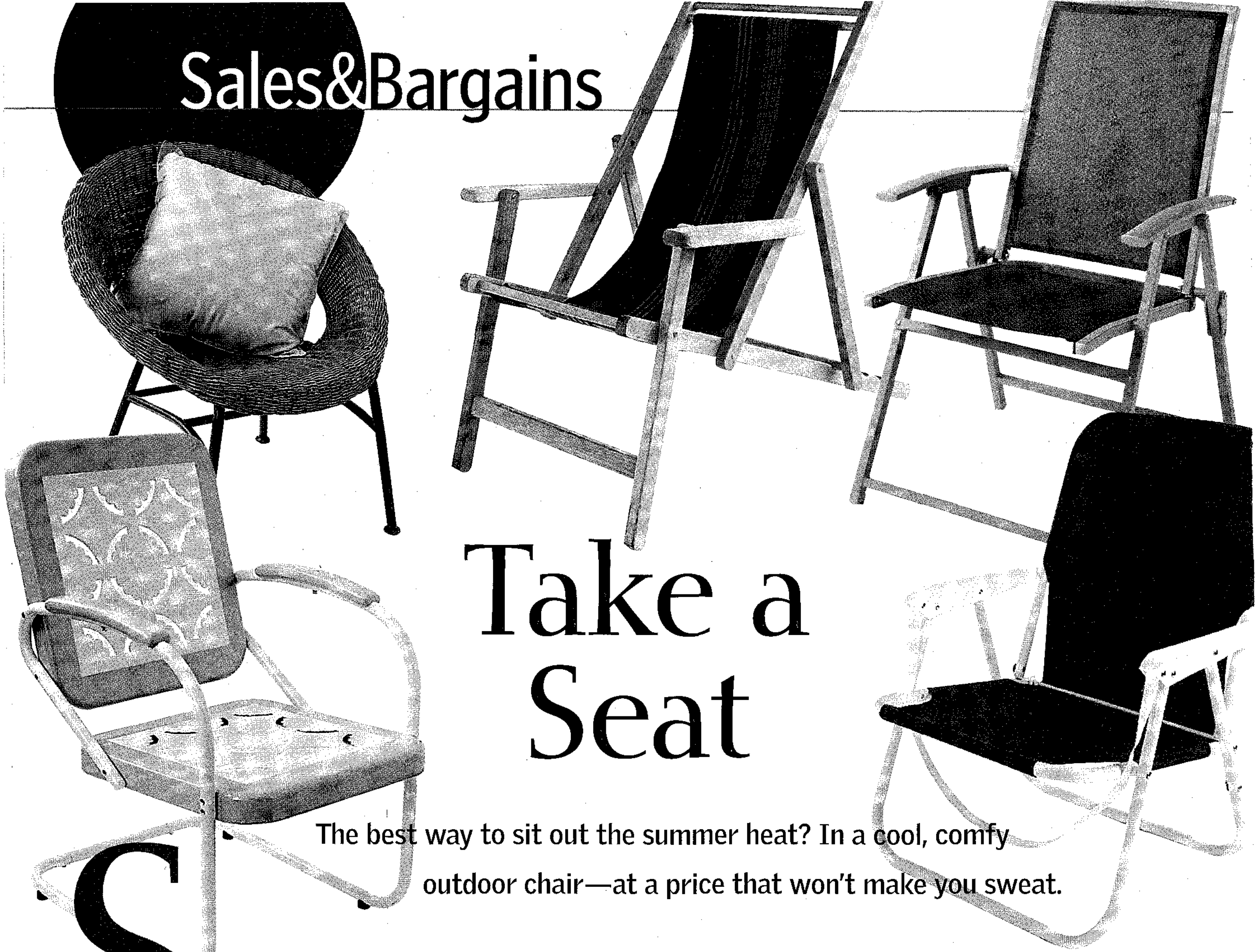
Sales&Bargains



EASY DOES IT: From left, chairs by Restoration Hardware, Pier 1, The Terence Conran Shop, Kmart, and Crate & Barrel.

Take a Seat

The best way to sit out the summer heat? In a cool, comfy outdoor chair—at a price that won't make you sweat.

SO YOUR BACKYARD BUDGET isn't going to get you into the pages of *House & Garden*. No matter: If you ask us, outdoor decorating is best at its cheapest and most cheerful. Here's where we'll be cooling our heels this summer.

Restoration Hardware's ($59) sturdy, metal, retro Porch Chair comes in celery or butter, and—a bonus—it's a cinch to wipe clean when you're expecting company. For a sleeker effect, try **Martha Stewart**'s ($20) gray folding sling chair. Want something beachier? We love **Crate & Barrel**'s ($15.95) Popsicle Sandchair, which is lightweight, has a carrying strap, and comes in cool, summery colors. **Pier 1**'s classic ($45) saucer wicker chair gets a boost from comfy pillows ($10); for the ultimate in summer lounging, we recommend **Terence Conran**'s deck chair ($75) with a multicolored canvas sling, sold separately ($25). LAUREN DECARLO

Picks of the Week

Sales beginning from Wednesday, July 3, through Tuesday, July 9.

The Designer Warehouse has sale-priced Earl, Jil Sander, Diesel, and more ($19–$350). 600 Broadway, at Houston St. (212-334-1034); 515 Broadway, near Spring St.; A.E., M.C., V.; through 7/7 (11-8).

Infinity is taking up to 80 percent off kids' and adults' clothes ($5–$50). 1116 Madison Ave., at 83rd St. (212-517-4232); A.E., M.C., V.; through 7/30 (Mon.-Sat. 10-6).

Shoes at Esti's has Jimmy Choo, Stuart Weitzman, Walter Steiger, and more for 40 to 50 percent off ($100–$300). 1888 Coney Island Ave., Brooklyn (718-376-3661); A.E., M.C., V.; 7/8-7/11, 7/15-7/18 (10-5:30).

ASP has stylish women's clothes for up to 85 percent off; peasant blouses are $20. 185 Mulberry St. (212-431-1682); A.E., M.C., V.; 7/8-7/16 (noon-7).

Suarez's supple Italian leather accessories are up to half off; leather bags were $300, now $150. 450 Park Ave., near 57th St. (212-753-3758); A.E., M.C., V.; 7/8-7/29 (Mon.-Sat. 10-6).

Links of London's silver cuff links, earrings, and tableware are 35 to 50 percent off ($65–$995). 535 Madison Ave., near 54th St.; 200 Park Ave., near 44th St. (for store hours, call 212-588-1177); A.E., M.C., V.; through 7/27.

Mommy Chic's stylish maternity clothes are 35 to 80 percent off; a cashmere twinset is $75. 235 Mulberry St. (646-613-1825); A.E., M.C., V.; through 7/21 (Sun.-Wed. noon-6, Thurs.-Sat. 11-7).

Language is taking 30 to 80 percent off Marc Jacobs, Stella McCartney, Chloé, and more. 261 W. 36th St., second fl. (212-431-5584, ext. 18); A.E., M.C., V.; 7/8-7/19 (Mon., Wed., Fri. 10-6; Tues. and Thurs. 10-7).

Woodbury Common Premium Outlets are taking an extra 10 to 80 percent off already-discounted designer clothes. 498 Red Apple Court, Central Valley, N.Y. (845-928-4000); A.E., M.C., V.; 7/4-7/7. ■

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PHOTOGRAPHED BY AIMÉE HERRING.

cue

A WEEKLY GUIDE TO CULTURE AND UPCOMING EVENTS • Edited by Christopher Bonanos

MOVIES

Notorious C.H.O.

Margaret Cho's follow-up to *I'm the One That I Want* has just as many digs at her mom, but the drugs-and-booze talk is kept to a minimum to make room for riffs on hip-hop culture, female rappers, gay rights, and, of course, sex. **(Opens July 3; see listing, page 52, and Amy Sohn's column, page 18.)**

CLASSICAL MUSIC

Pilobolus Dance Theatre

The buff, free-form dance troupe makes its annual return to the Joyce Theatre, premiering three new pieces alongside several classics. Most intriguing is *The Brass Ring,* a satirical piece celebrating the differences between dance and athletics, which finds all the performers dressed in superhero outfits. **(Through July 20; see listing, page 79.)**

POLE DANCERS: Pilobolus Dance Theatre returns to the Joyce.

BOOKS

The Lovely Bones

Alice Sebold's haunting and touching novel is told from the point of view of a 14-year-old girl in Heaven who watches life continuing without her—her friends talking about her absence, her parents destroyed by grief, and her little brother trying to understand her death. **(Little, Brown; $21.95; in bookstores now.)**

THEATER

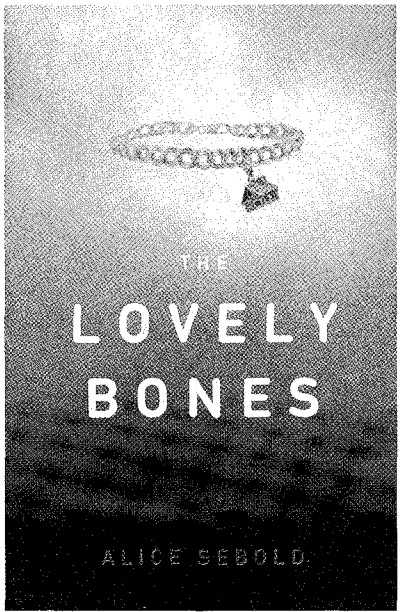
Harlem Song

Tony winner George C. Wolfe's new theatrical revue combines spoken word, song, and vintage photographs to revisit legendary moments in Harlem's history, from Chick Webb swinging at the Savoy to Ella Fitzgerald winning Amateur Night at the Apollo. **(Opens July 6; see listing, page 60.)**

RESTAURANTS

City Bakery State Fair

Maury Rubin's City Bakery, producer of some of the most spectacularly tasty baked goods in town, orchestrates a Night of Food Games (marshmallow toss, watermelon-seed-spitting contest, etc.) on July 17. Reserve early—this one's going to fill up fast. **(See page 76; for reservations, call 212-366-1414.)**



NIGHTLIFE

1,000 Years of Popular Music

The impossibly talented singer-songwriter Richard Thompson performs a genuine "Hits of the Millennium" collection: everything from Chaucerian love songs to—no kidding—Britney Spears. **(Opens July 9; see interview, page 82.)**

ART

Warm Up 2002

Marking its fifth year, this nine-week festival at P.S.1 continues joining left-field D.J.'s and musicians with visual artists. This year's roster includes D.J. Still, Doc Martin, and electro outfit A.R.E. Weapons, who will perform alongside works by Matthew Buckingham, Libby McInnis, and others. **(Begins July 6; visit ps1.org or call 718-784-2084 for more information.)**

TOP five

July 4 Blasts

Fireworks, sure—we all like fireworks. But there are smarter ways to spend the evening than navigating a crush of thousands on the FDR Drive.

1. Still Standing Tall

NPR's Neal Conan emcees this live concert to be broadcast on member stations, complete with interviews with special guests. Headliners include Wynton Marsalis, Arturo O'Farrill and the Afro-Latin Jazz Orchestra, and the Juilliard Jazz Ensemble. **(Battery Park, 2:30 P.M.; free.)**

2. *Pioneer* Fireworks Cruise

Enjoy dinner and an open bar with the fireworks as background onboard the South Street Seaport Museum's tall ship *Pioneer,* which sails into the harbor for the evening. **(Pier 16, South Street Seaport, 6 to 11 P.M.; $175–$200; 212-748-8786.)**

3. A Holiday Salute to American Music

Head up to the northwest Bronx and the city's third largest park for the Bronx Arts Ensemble's jazz and Dixieland. **(Rockwood Drive Circle, Van Cortlandt Park, 2 P.M.; 718-601-7399; free.)**

4. The 92nd Street Y's All-Night Candlelight Tour

Set up the espresso machine the night before this very early morning tour of such city haunts as Federal Hall, the Brooklyn Bridge, the Woolworth Building, Battery Park, Fraunces Tavern, and St. Paul's Chapel. **(City Hall, 2 A.M.–6 A.M.; 212-415-5500; $20.)**

5. Tiny Universe and Troy "Trombone Shorty" Andrews

Karl Denson works his magic on saxophone and flute as he fronts the uptempo Tiny Universe jazz ensemble, followed by former New Orleans child wonder Andrews on trombone. **(SummerStage, 3 P.M.; free.)** ABBY TEGNELIA

PHOTOGRAPH: BOTTOM, BY ROBERT WHITMAN.

MOVIES PETER RAINER

Back in Black

Will Smith and Tommy Lee Jones suit up again to save the world from an onslaught of slimy aliens; in *Minority Report,* Steven Spielberg lays out a bleak vision of the future.

SHOOTING STARS: Will Smith and Tommy Lee Jones fight off another alien invasion in *Men in Black II.*

LIKE MOST OTHER SEQUELS, **Men in Black II** is something of a knockoff, but then again, the original installment was pretty much a knockoff, too. I don't mean that in a bad way. The hang-loose grodiness of these films has its charms, and the Ray-Banned team of Will Smith and Tommy Lee Jones, at its best, is good vaudeville. There isn't much of a plot—something to do with saving the planet. Serleena (Lara Flynn Boyle) is the fanged monstrosity who alights in Central Park and disguises herself as a Victoria's Secret model; her dim-witted two-headed accomplice, played by Johnny Knoxville of MTV's *Jackass* series, could have used a few more heads. (I was hoping he'd have a big scene with Robot Squid, but it was not to be.) Once again, alien-makeup-effects supervisor Rick Baker delivers some of the gloppiest creatures ever to grace a comedy, and part of the pleasure in this new film is revisiting old favorites: Tony Shalhoub reprises his role as the alien pawnshop owner whose head, when severed, keeps regenerating into the same slobberer. And you'll be happy to know that this time, the Worm Guys have their own bachelor pad, complete with shag carpeting and hot tub. (It makes sense that they would be retro-sixties types; those smoothies were always wormy.)

Barry Sonnenfeld, who also directed *Men in Black,* doesn't bother much about pacing or continuity. He's in the same laggard mode he's been in for his last couple of films, *Big Trouble* and *Wild Wild West,* except that here the creature special effects save him. He may feel like he doesn't have to do a whole lot more than set Rick Baker loose—and he may be right. I thought *Men in Black* was a notch too garish for what was essentially a goofy kid's entertainment, and sometimes that's also true here. But in the intervening five years, creature effects in Hollywood movies have gotten so much more repulsive that the monsters on display in the sequel seem almost decorous. It's the humans who have become more alienlike, especially Tommy Lee Jones. In the last film, as Agent Kay, he "neuralized"—erased—his own memory in order to live a normal life. He begins the new film as a postmaster in Truro sternly lecturing customers on how to properly wrap packages. His infernal deadpan is the epitome of the government functionary. As for his co-laborers, they are a testament to the film's most resonant bit of wisdom: Just about everybody who works in a post office is an alien.

Men in Black II
Directed by Barry Sonnenfeld; starring Will Smith and Tommy Lee Jones.

Minority Report
Directed by Steven Spielberg; starring Tom Cruise.
See Movies listings for details.

SET IN THE YEAR 2054, STEVEN Spielberg's **Minority Report** looks clammy and bleached-out. The oppressiveness, of course, is intentional, but is it necessary? High-concept science-fiction escapades often try to impose new ways of seeing, but Spielberg seems intent on blistering our optic nerves. Like *A.I., Minority Report* is a movie in furious conflict with itself. Hope is pitted, rather unsuccessfully, against dystopia—or is it dyspepsia? The result is one of the glummest and most forbidding thrillers ever.

Tom Cruise plays John Anderton, who runs the Justice Department's Precrime unit, which acts on evidence provided by three human "Pre-cogs" who float in a liquid suspension chamber and can see visions of future murders. The images they transmit are displayed in haphazard fragments on a giant screen before which Anderton stands like a maestro, sorting out the pictures with sweeping waves of his arms. The garish, fractured visuals may cause some in the audience to experience déjà vu: Can it be that the Pre-cogs are channeling the credit sequence from *Seven*?

The Precrime cops, tipped by the trio, swoop down and arrest potential murderers, who are contained in a comatose state in long pneumatic tubes while their misdeeds are played out before their eyes. The moral dilemma is that none of the convicted is actually guilty of anything in the *present.* But because the Pre-cogs are supposed to be infallible, and because the murder rate in Washington, D.C., for the past six

PHOTOGRAPH BY MELINDA SUE GORDON.

years has dropped to zero, the public is enthusiastic, and there is a political initiative pending to make Precrime go national. Then comes the twist: Anderton is implicated in the murder, within 36 hours, of a man he doesn't even know. Believing himself innocent and set up by his enemies, he goes on the lam. Either he is a murderer-to-be or the Pre-cogs are wrong—which would call into question everything Anderton stands for as a crime fighter.

There are some extraordinary sequences in *Minority Report*, and they are almost always the ones in which Spielberg lets loose his genius for graphic movement. In one scene, Anderton jumps across lanes of magnetic-levitation cars that speed both horizontally and vertically through the automated cityscape. In the film's best set piece, he submerges himself in a bathtub while mechanical spiders try to identify him by scanning his retina. (The action is so astonishingly deft that the pop of a single air bubble caps the scene.) The futurist vision of a consumer society in *Minority Report*—which was written by Scott Frank and Jon Cohen and very loosely based on a longish and dullish 1956 Philip K. Dick story—is alarmingly plausible. By scanning our eyes, companies will track our whereabouts and personalize the hard sell as never before. Malls will be lined with talking billboards on a first-name basis with us. (This is the rare movie where the plethora of product placements actually serves a legitimate dramatic function.) And yet what's alarming to us may not be quite so scary to Spielberg the corporate-honcho visionary, who simply presents this stuff as a fact of (future) life. His attitude is a wary bemusement.

What really spooks him, as in *A.I.*, is that it may no longer be possible to be truly human in such a cyberfuture. Anderton, in addition to his Precrime problems, is also aggrieved by the unsolved kidnapping six years ago of his son. He compulsively plays back holographic home movies of his boy and has a drug habit. All this is meant to humanize Anderton for us, but Tom Cruise doesn't really have much inner life as an actor, and so the effect is muddled. Anderton is supposed to be running away from himself, from his demons, but that's not what comes across. He's running to get away. Cruise has become such a movie-star icon that we're supposed to gasp in awe whenever he gets down and dirty and messes with his iconography. In what amounted to a ghastly piece of reverse narcissism in *Vanilla Sky*, he spent half the movie sporting a surgically distended face. (It's as if he were saying, "Look how ugly I make myself and still you watch me.") In *Minority Report*, he's such a dynamo that he converts even the process of grieving into a form of aerobics. Cruise carries the movie, but I was relieved to turn to some of the other players, including Colin Farrell as Anderton's nemesis, and Samantha Morton as the most gifted of the Pre-cogs, for more evocative human shadings.

Spielberg is still in his Kubrick mode in *Minority Report*, which is to say that, even more than in *A.I.*, he has split himself off from the verve and emotional sympathy that characterize his best films. I respect his desire to challenge himself and go deeper and darker. It's just that most of what's dark about *Minority Report* is basically futuro film noir, and what's "deep" about it are the standard sci-fi tropes about the individual vs. society and what's real and what isn't, as well as the usual quasi-religious overtones about playing God. Ultimately, the film turns into a soporific anthem for the power to choose one's future, followed by a quick fadeout of family togetherness. Although he can't quite get himself to do it, Spielberg clearly wants to drop the sentimentality from his repertoire: That anthem strikes a hollow chord, and the family idealizations are one-note. *Minority Report* is, among other things, Spielberg's attempt to extirpate once and for all his inner E.T. Like Cruise, he desires to deface his own image, which is perhaps why this new movie specializes in shots of severed eyeballs—it's practically a motif. The most visually dynamic director of his generation wants to know what it's like to fly blind. That's what most repels him—and attracts him. He's virtuosic enough to keep *Minority Report* aloft, but he's not soaring.

AS MUCH AS I LIKE THE INVENTIVENESS AND throwaway humor of computer-animated movies, I would hate to see computers take over the field completely. Disney's **Lilo & Stitch**, which is animated in the traditional way, with watercolor backgrounds, is lovely, and funny, too. It owes a great deal to Japanese *anime*, but there's also a "Looney Tunes" friskiness to it that's distinctively homegrown. It's about a little Hawaiian girl and the yowling intergalactic creature she adopts. They're twin misbehavers, and they bond through their love of Elvis Presley favorites. Fortunately, "Blue Hawaii" is not one of them. . . . **Notorious C.H.O.** is a live filmed performance of Margaret Cho doing her stand-up act in Seattle. She sometimes falls into the same trap that Lenny Bruce fell into, playing the taboo-breaking emancipator, but for the most part she's blessedly bawdy. ■

Peter Rainer's reviews can be read at nymetro.com/archive/rainer.

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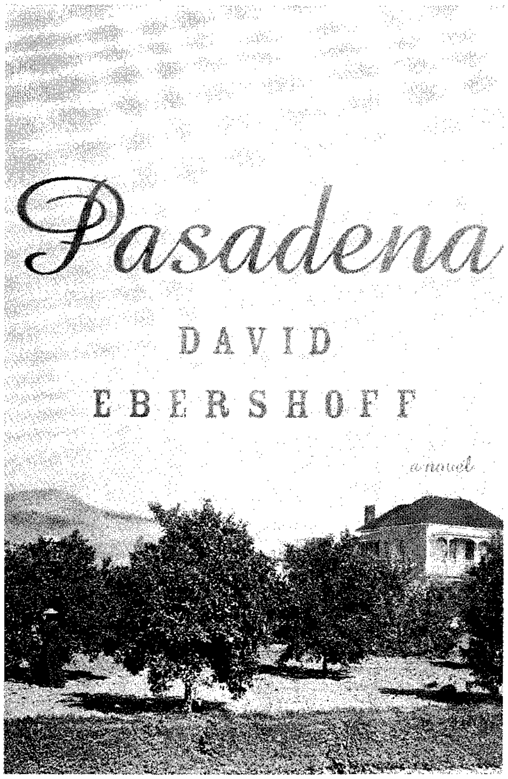
JOHN HOMANS

Going Coastal

Southern California has long been a proving ground for every new twist in the American experiment, which makes it an ideal setting for David Ebershoff's ambitious family saga.

DISCOVERING CALIFORNIA'S PAST is always a bit like finding a silent-film star living in semi-squalor next to a Santa Monica mini-mall. First you think, *How surprising to find her here.* Then you think, *Well, where else would she be?* Movies like *Sunset Boulevard* and *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* have explored this notion of Californian living obsolescence, but it's not specific to the film industry. Nowhere was the pace of twentieth-century change swifter than it was in Southern California. There are people alive now who remember the dusty, hardscrabble place of chaparral and arroyo it used to be, but in other ways, the historical distance seems unbridgeable.

Linda Stamp, the heroine of David Ebershoff's new novel, **Pasadena**, was born in 1903, which would make her 99 today. But *Pasadena* is in many ways a nineteenth-century novel (self-consciously, too: Each chapter begins with a quotation from Emily Brontë), a big, passionate, engrossing story about people whose way of life we can no longer quite comprehend.



Ebershoff has re-created a menagerie of species to walk through this Jurassic landscape. There's the gnomelike immigrant tinsmith Dieter Stumpf; his children, Sieglinde and Siegmund, the near-incestuous prince and princess of Stumpf's farm on the Pacific, called Condor's Nest; the highly intelligent, coldly heartless real-estate developer Blackwood; Captain Willis Poore, the timid, wispily handsome orange baron, proprietor of Rancho Pasadena; and taciturn Bruder, an archetypal American—intelligent, ethical, lucky beyond measure—who's the book's thwarted hero. They're historical specimens, but Ebershoff gives them life and more—they flash and glow with a mythic sheen, ready for their close-ups.

Pasadena
By David Ebershoff.
Random House; 485 pages; $24.95.

The core of Ebershoff's story is the doomed romance between Bruder and Sieglinde. Dieter encounters Bruder during World War I and brings him to live at his onion farm on the coast. When Bruder arrives, Sieglinde Stumpf, later Americanized to Linda Stamp, is a wild creature, an ocean girl, scrambling down the bluff to swim with sharks and seals, reveling in her natural power. In the Brontë-Austen tradition, Bruder loves her for her intelligence and energy as well as her dark beauty. They're soul mates, created for each other—and Ebershoff tortures them by putting them in proximity, getting them all in a lather, then painfully prying them apart. Time after time, they mortgage their future for some worldly purpose, and lose, then begin again.

Pasadena is obsessed with fate—itself a historical relic—and with what one has to sell, whether ranch, or body, or soul, to survive in a changing world. There's a sense of relentlessness, cruel gears grinding into place. Everyone's concealing some time-bomb secret bargain or flaw, and Ebershoff detonates them with Hollywood-style regularity.

In a Sensurround pursuit of vivid image and strong sensation, Ebershoff leaves no stone unturned, no stain unseen, no smell unsniffed. The book's perspective flashes in and out from the sweep of history to drops of sweat, inducing occasional vertigo. He also charts the phenomenal diversity of early-twentieth-century American capitalism, when a thousand colorful hucksters bloomed, before the giant, dull, well-organized ones came along and wiped them out. And he shows us the rise of the coming world of empty comfort: the onslaught of all those prim hedonists in their tennis skirts, driving the new freeways. One night, his heroine, by now an orange baron's wife, rides by a store where "footlights shone on a display of its endless electrical wares: Telechron clocks, plug-in waffle irons, coffee urns, casserole dishes, hot plates, Hoover uprights, lamps with skin shades, painted with scenes of hummingbirds, massaging pads, torchères and silver milk warmers. The store was so modern and brightly lit that it, and all of California Street, felt to Linda like another world."

Linda and Bruder, though, aren't built for comfort, even if Linda aspires to it. And finally, the book collapses into one transaction—fittingly, a real-estate transaction.

The orange baron liked to call Linda "my girl of the Wild West." " 'I pulled her off the frontier,' he would proclaim, shuddering at the thought of what California had once been and comforting himself by . . . what it was on its way to becoming."

It's not a subtle thought. But what happened in Southern California was not a subtle thing. ■

More book reviews can be read online at nymetro.com/archive/books

THEATER JOHN SIMON

The Substance of Ire

Even such distinguished actors as Rosemary Harris and Michael Learned can't bring Albee's cranky deathwatch, *All Over*, to life. But *Endpapers* niftily nails the world of book publishing.

EDWARD ALBEE'S **All Over** CONSISTS of family and friends waiting in a bed-sitting room for a famous man, lying behind a screen, to progress from dying to death. The sole action is talk, going either backward into reminiscence or sideways into digression. Since none of the generically labeled characters (the Wife, the Mistress, the Best Friend, etc.) earns our involvement, their badinage—the Doctor's recall of his days as a prison physician, the Mistress's recollections of her dad's and grandpa's senility or of her teenage boyfriend's penis, the Wife's memories of a home and garden in Paris, etc., etc.—has little emotional resonance.

The digressions register even less. The characters don't so much speak as speechify, in arias out of second-rate literature. If they do speak, it is largely to be bitchy, superior, bloody-minded (detailed accounts of a car crash and Chinese torture), or occasionally obscene. By way of pseudo-action, we get doors slammed, faces slapped, barely motivated hysterics, communal laughing fits, and gratuitous crying jags—e.g., the Son's tearful ode to his father's bathroom.

There is the usual Albee semantic one-upmanship (you can't *be* dead because *being* predicates life), pseudo-poeticizing (one putatively lyrical phrase is repeated eight times), and arrogance down to the stage directions, which prescribe the tiniest stage movements, word emphases, and costume details. Is this a play or a ritual? It makes Emily Mann's staging and much of the acting hard to assess, although Rosemary Harris and Michael Learned are always watchable. I blame the Roundabout for exhuming a play that in 1971–72 flopped in both New York and London. Must we have *All Over* all over again?

All Over
Revival of the Edward Albee play, staged by Emily Mann and starring Rosemary Harris and Michael Learned.

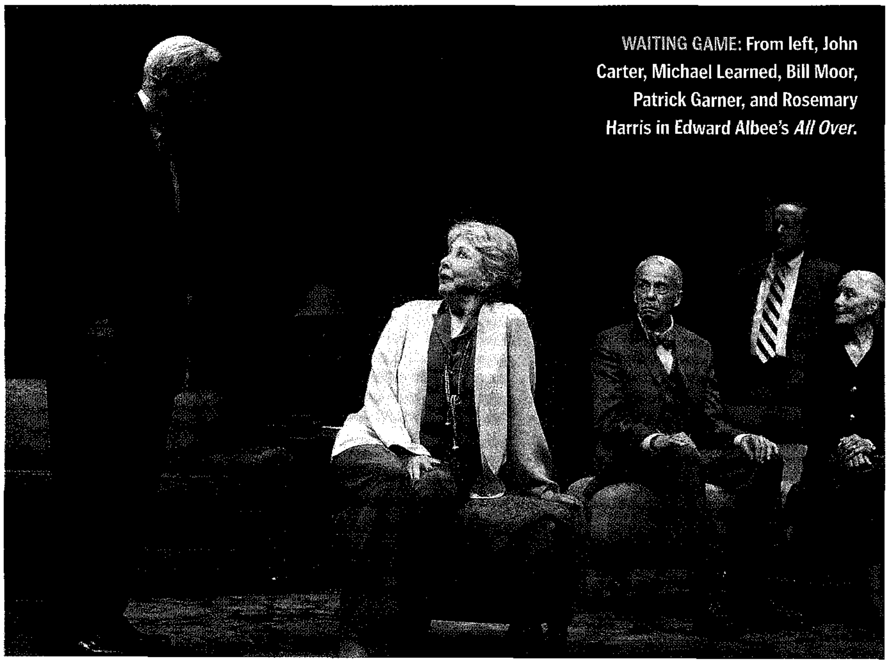
Endpapers
New play by Thomas McCormack, directed by Pamela Berlin.

Maria Stuart
The play by Schiller, staged by Ingmar Bergman. (Closed.)
See Theater listings for details.

IF KAUFMAN AND HART HAD UNDERTAKEN A comedy about the publishing business, they might have written **Endpapers** by Thomas McCormack. I say "might" because McCormack also has an underlying seriousness with which K&H would not have bothered. McCormack, now 70, began as a playwright but was deflected into publishing, to become editor, chairman, and CEO at St. Martin's Press, where he spent a quarter-century before quitting to write plays. If all turn out as good as *Endpapers*, we can only wish McCormack long life and hold our breath.

Endpapers is a breathlessly fast, funny, and thoughtful comedy by a man who knows his subject as thoroughly as his craft. The publishing types include the crusty old owner, now dying; his spunky daughter and reluctant successor; an unscrupulous, unintellectual, but shrewd editor; and another editor, a former philosophy prof, dedicated but a tad unworldly. Also sundry others orbiting around them, including two fancy, hilariously caricatured authors. But the publishing folk are for real, and their contest for the control of a classy, privately owned, but sinking publishing house is acutely observed and engrossingly portrayed.

The play is as good at characterization as at repartee; keeps you amused, guessing, and often surprised; and emerges almost profound in its empathy for the paradoxes of human nature. Covering similar ground as Jon Robin Baitz's *The Substance of Fire*, *Endpapers* is somewhat inferior to Baitz's first act, and rather better than his second. In no sense, however, does it duplicate Baitz or, in its total impact, fall short of him. It is directed with savvy and savor by Pamela Berlin, cannily designed by Neil Patel, and enacted by a cast headed by Bruce McCarty and Tim Hopper, all eleven of whom contribute importantly and indelibly.



WAITING GAME: From left, John Carter, Michael Learned, Bill Moor, Patrick Garner, and Rosemary Harris in Edward Albee's *All Over*.

CONSIDERING THE LIBERTIES FRIEDRICH Schiller took with history in his **Maria**

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOAN MARCUS.

Stuart (1800), it was perhaps all right for Ingmar Bergman, the director, to make free with Schiller. The playwright wrote Goethe about his problems—having to "weather the poetic struggle with the historical material, and expend effort to secure for the imagination freedom from history." So his Mary Stuart became a radiant 25-year-old who had not wasted away in twenty years' captivity, and Elizabeth an attractive thirtysomething, not especially virginal.

Taking his cue from this, Bergman had the Royal Dramatic Theatre of Sweden eroticize the proceedings. Thus his Elizabeth gropes Mortimer's crotch and mounts Leicester with unlaced bodice. Thus Mary romps barelegged in the park, and, on the way to the block, leaps on Leicester, her legs around his waist, to implant a farewell kiss. Even Elizabeth may be barefoot in the throne room, and whichever lady has a scene, her rival lurks hauntingly somewhere onstage.

There are other liberties. Mortimer does not stab himself, but lets his enemies do the dirty work. And, of course, the long play gets judicious pruning. It would be nice, though, if when a blue sky is being talked about, the designers didn't give us a vermilion one. No matter: When you have two such leading ladies as the prodigally feminine Pernilla August as Mary and the chiseledly chryselephantine Lena Endre as Elizabeth, you already have it made. Now add Börje Ahlstedt's Machiavellian Burleigh, Stefan Larsson's dashingly headlong Mortimer, and the noble Gunnel Lindblom's devoted nurse, and forthwith a few footling weaknesses are forgiven.

Göran Wassberg's majestic set, Charles Koroly's neatly stylized costumes, and Daniel Börtz's sparing but well-judged music complement Bergman's alternatingly austere and impassioned staging. What splendid directorial touches: Mary breaking the chain of her crucifix as she ardently tears it from her soon-to-be-severed neck; Elizabeth, in the end, coquettishly loosening her hair as she vainly awaits the fleeing Leicester. Michael Feingold provided fluent simultaneous translation, though he might have avoided two grammatical errors in one line: "On matters like *this*, others cannot give advice *nor* consolation." ■

John Simon's reviews can be read at nymetro.com/archive/simon.

Site Unseen

Ground zero demands visionary planning for all of lower Manhattan, yet for the Port Authority, it's business as usual.

THINKING INSIDE THE BOX: Beyer Blinder Belle's West 63rd Street apartment tower.

Ground Zero
The commission of a master plan for the World Trade Center site.

IT IS ONLY A MATTER OF DAYS UNTIL a proposed master plan for ground zero is unveiled by the firm Beyer Blinder Belle, but despite the importance of this huge assignment, no one is waiting with bated breath for the outcome. For in choosing Beyer, the Port Authority and the Lower Manhattan Development Corporation all but signaled their intention to erect a Provincial Trade Center where the Twin Towers once stood. In late May, drawing from a severely limited pool of mostly New York applicants, the two agencies chose Beyer, an all–New York, business-as-usual firm, for the task of imagining how the site should be used. The Port Authority had briefly run ads soliciting proposals only in the New York *Times* and the Newark *Star Ledger* (and a few local foreign-language newspapers), effectively excluding talent from the rest of the country, not to mention the rest of the world. Applicants had just nine working days to complete the onerous task of assembling a complex team with experience either in major mixed-use complexes or urban-planning and transportation projects exceeding $100 million. The winner then had just over a month to render as many as six alternative plans that would suggest a framework for fitting together all the parts—aboveground and below, private and public—of this massive project.

Any architectural team that had New York's Parsons Brinckerhoff engineering firm onboard enjoyed the inside track, since that company has done a tremendous amount of the kind of infrastructural work now deemed essential to ground zero's redevelopment. The Port Authority is basically a bi-state transportation agency, and infrastructure—a lot of it—has effectively emerged as the tail wagging the WTC II. Not architecture. Not vision—or at least not a vision that is likely to extend beyond Beyer's historically limited thinking. All of which will be an afterthought in this unnecessarily frantic process, which appears to be linked more to George Pataki's re-election campaign than to any desire to create a worthy successor to the World Trade Center.

Just two days before the announcement, at a revealing panel held by Creative Cities (an international nonprofit organization specializing in the urban environment), Port

PHOTOGRAPH BY SEAN HEMMERLE.

Authority executive Anthony Cracchiolo lamely said that the tight schedule required a team with New York experience "to hit the ground running." The Lower Manhattan Development Corporation's vice-president for planning, Alexander Garvin, who boasted in a New York *Times* profile that he is a "certified provincial," confirmed the self-assessment when he offended the foreign delegations by asserting that ground zero is a New York problem best left to New Yorkers.

So much for the global lessons of September 11. The world architecture community, which is familiar with due building process, sees this opaque, exclusionary scenario and is left appalled. Beyer Blinder Belle—which did a commendable job restoring Grand Central—has shown little of its own design initiative in up-from-the-ground projects (as evidenced by the mundane residential tower it recently designed for the West 63rd Street YMCA), and it has had only a few weeks to get brilliant. If the Port Authority and LMDC are expecting master-plan proposals by early July, they can't be expecting much.

Hopes for what the site might become have already been diminished by talk of restoring the old street grid, a covert way of slanting the overall plan toward the feel-good urbanism and milk-chocolate architecture of Battery Park City. Garvin—who recently told *Yale* magazine, "I don't care whether something is modernist or neo-traditional. The question is, does it work?"—weighted his vote heavily toward Beyer Blinder Belle, whose work is inclined to a historical rather than a contemporary sensibility. Garvin may like to quote Daniel Burnham about making no small plans because "they have no magic to stir men's blood," but so far, only medium-size plans are on the table.

For all the soothing tautologies about the New Yorkness of New York, no one at PA/LMDC seems to be thinking about reinterpreting the site's vertical layers, opening the underground to the sky in a sort of reverse, top-to-bottom high-rise that would connect rather than isolate the elements of ground zero. That kind of imaginative thinking could extend the site throughout lower Manhattan to the Harbor, a ready-made public asset even more glorious than Central Park. The other pieces of this intriguing puzzle would include Governors Island, the Brooklyn Waterfront, Red Hook, a waterside Guggenheim, the Second Avenue subway, and even Garvin's own brilliant plan for an East River Olympics—all issues the Department of City Planning, now awkwardly sidelined in the process, could coordinate with the Port Authority and LMDC.

THE WAY TO MOVE THE PROCESS FORWARD with ideas rather than just deadlines is to ask the highly capable Beyer Blinder Belle to do the due diligence and then prepare a program documenting how much residential, commercial, recreational, cultural, and memorial space should be in the mix. That would provide the framework for a master plan, to be developed in an invited competition held over the summer. Only twenty architects locally, nationally, and internationally are really capable of dealing with a project of this scale and import, and the results could yield a mother lode of ideas while stimulating the public discussions New Yorkers, and all Americans, deserve.

It could easily be done: Just uncouple the civil-engineering CV from the architectural qualifications, invite twenty firms (including Beyer Blinder Belle), and give them the information, public comments, a reasonable fee, and two months' time. Then exhibit the proposals in Grand Central, spark discussion, and expand the jury with independent world-class experts. The leadership that's now necessary is *design* leadership, and the politicized bureaucratic process should let this happen in an open forum rather than a protectionist one that smells of provincial back-scratching. We need to imagine what the city can become, and work toward not an election but a vision.

The master plan, the basis of what will come, represents an emotionally charged issue. The memory of September 11 will never go away, and elevated expectations will always be the measure of what we finally erect. The city that built Central Park, Grand Central, and, yes, the Twin Towers must invent a contemporary equivalent, and that prospect cannot now be discerned in the cards. If we can't look to Governor Pataki for the political support for what is right, then our senators, armed with federal money, should spend some political capital and step up to the plate. This is no time for New York to be ordinary. ■

Joseph Giovannini's reviews can be read at nymetro.com/archive/giovannini.

IN BRIEF

Television | John Leonard

• **Driven: Kid Rock** (JULY 2; 9 TO 10 P.M.; VH1) follows young Robert Ritchie from Michigan suburbanite to superstar bad-ass, with girlfriend, old D.J. clips, and concert footage. To be followed Tuesdays by 'N Sync, Celine Dion, Motley Crue, Weird Al, Christina Aguilera, and Notorious B.I.G.

• **Boomtown** (JULY 2; 10 TO 11 P.M.; CHANNEL 13), a Bryan Gunnar Cole film on *P.O.V.*, visits the reservation of the Suquamish nation, where the economy depends more on the sale of Fourth of July fireworks than it does on the local salmon run. If you are looking for irony, the Suquamish got there before you.

• **Bruce Lee: A Warrior's Journey** (JULY 2; 8 to 9:30 P.M.; AMC) tells his story, part feet and part philosophy, from a childhood in Chinese films to his never-completed last film, *Game of Death*, of which we see a remarkable 33 minutes of choreographed mayhem. Did you know that Lee created the *Kung Fu* television series but wasn't allowed to star in it himself?

• **Great Projects—The Building of America** (July 3, 10, 17, and 24; 10 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) lets Stacy Keach tell us the not-always-edifying stories of how, for instance, America got electrified from lower Manhattan to rural Tennessee, who made money on the George Washington Bridge, and who should have gone to jail because of Boston's elevated Central Artery.

• **Rediscovering George Washington** (JULY 4; 9:30 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13), is Richard Brookhiser's take on the Founding Father who seems least to have needed therapy, with an emphasis on the virtues that got him power and those that let him walk away from it. While it's fun to see high-school baseball pitchers try to throw a stone across the Rappahannock, Brookhiser himself, as passionately disputatious as a David Attenborough, keeps us interested.

• **Pyramids, Mummies and Tombs** (JULY 7; 8 to 11 P.M.; TLC), with the tirelessly peripatetic and opinionated Dr. Bob Brier, actually finds pyramids to talk about off the track he usually beats in Egypt—all the way to Java, China, Iraq, Honduras, and Peru, with time out for human sacrifice.

• **Endgame in Ireland** (JULY 7 AND 14; 9 TO 11 P.M.; Channel 13) begins with the IRA hunger strikers in the Maze prison in 1981 and doesn't stop until after Sinn Fein and the Ulster Unionists have stared at each other across a conference table on Good Friday 1998. Watch it and weep. ■

RESTAURANTS ADAM PLATT

Ritz Crackler

Combining Greenmarket produce with Continental flair, Atelier is shooting off sparks at the new Ritz hotel on Central Park South.

IN PREPARATION FOR MY ASSAULT ON **Atelier**, the restaurant in the new Ritz-Carlton hotel on Central Park South, I called my uncle Frank, the family gastronome and a longtime devotee of the original Ritz, down on 46th Street. Uncle Frank pointed out that this was the city's third iteration of the Ritz (the first disappeared in 1951, the second—also on Central Park South—closed in 1998), so comparing the first establishment to the most recent one was a little like comparing the venerable old Gotham Book Mart to, say, the city's newest Barnes & Noble. Vichyssoise had been invented at the original Ritz, and he remembered first sampling it as a child, sitting on a stack of telephone books. The dining room was austere and unchanged over the years, and so were the waiters, who instead of getting fired just got pushed farther toward the back of the room. "It was an odd kind of ballet in the old days," said Uncle Frank, a little wistfully. "I don't think it's a ballet anymore."

CULINARY ARTS: The dining room of Atelier.

Possibly not, but on the evening of one of my first visits to Atelier, the L.A. Lakers were staying at the Ritz. Autograph seekers were gathered on the sidewalks and numerous limousines idled outside the hotel door, one, I'd like to imagine, for each member of the team. Atelier sits around a crooked corner of the lobby, in a long, curtained room decorated in soft tones of blond wood and sea-foam green. The bar between the restaurant and the lobby is manned by Norman Bukofzer, who performed similar duties at the Ritz's second incarnation. When I asked if things felt different than before, he said no, not really. "The Ritz is still the Ritz," Norman replied. "What can I say?"

Atelier
50 Central Park South
(212-521-6125).

There's nothing overly ritzy about the summer menu. As composed by Gabriel Kreuther, formerly the chef de cuisine at Jean Georges, it's a mingling of fresh Greenmarket sensibilities and fancy Continental technique. Imagine my surprise, after a winter spent mainlining treacly foie gras dishes, when two nicely seared slabs of duck liver arrived resting on a healthful thatch of pea shoots, in a lightly refreshing, aromatic basil jus. The chilled green-tomato soup with peekytoe crab was a little bland, and my squeamish father-in-law thought the chunks of rabbit in his rabbit terrine (flavored with Riesling, in a jellied herb coulis) tasted a bit too much like chicken. But everyone at the table enjoyed an inventive appetizer of plump roasted langoustines laid over fresh watercress and a single poached egg, and the tuna-and-diver-scallop tartare had a cool, tangy flavor, thanks to a leavening of lemon zest and Osetra caviar.

Among the seafood entrées at Atelier, my favorite was the steamed loup de mer, which was sliced into soft, pillowy fillets and doused with a sweet sauce made of mustard and pink grapefruit juice. The chicken en cocotte was cooked to a steamy tandoori tenderness and served in a goat-yogurt emulsion. On the lunchtime menu, the grilled poussin (with a pile of spring vegetables and a slathering of mustard sauce) is cooked to crispy perfection. Uncle Frank would have probably enjoyed the rich crab risotto, although the roasted lobster I also sampled at lunch was a little mushy. If you're angling toward red meat, order the sweetly gamy Muscovy duck, or the lamb, which is encased in a pepper crust.

All sorts of frilly amuse-bouches and palate-cleansing intermezzos accompany these dishes, and if you're looking for elaborate wines, I counted more than 150 bottles on the list that cost $300 or more. There's a respectable cheese tray for dessert, and two varieties of soufflé (banana-pecan and citrus Grand Marnier) served in little cast-iron pots. Other desserts include a decent apple-and-blueberry crumble, a strangely satisfying chocolate fondant made with Rice Krispies and peanut-butter ice cream, and an elaborate citrus coupe, served in a tall martini glass with a little tuile, set like a sail, on its top. Choose just one, or do what we food critics sometimes do, and gobble them all down in a frenzied lather. After all, the Ritz is still the Ritz. ■

Atelier, lunch, Monday through Saturday, noon to 2 P.M.; dinner, Sunday through Thursday, 5:30 to 10 P.M., Friday and Saturday, till 11 P.M. Prix fixe $68. All major credit cards.

Sign up! Get our restaurant review early by e-mail at nymetro.com/signup.
Adam Platt's reviews can be read at nymetro.com/archive/restaurants.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY KENNETH CHEN.

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NEW YORK Happenings

PROMOTIONS•SPECIAL EVENTS

op Left: Albert Trummer and the staff of Town. Top Right: Friends from Italy joined Fendi's Elizabeth Lachi (at left). Above Left: odd English of Olives, Aureole's Charlie Palmer and NEW YORK Culinary Editor Gillian Duffy. Above right: At the Mercedes display utside Bridgewaters, Lisa Cantania, Jeff Frankel, Doreen Frankel, Ed Feldman, Alan Feldman, Ralph Fisher, and Cindy Fisher.

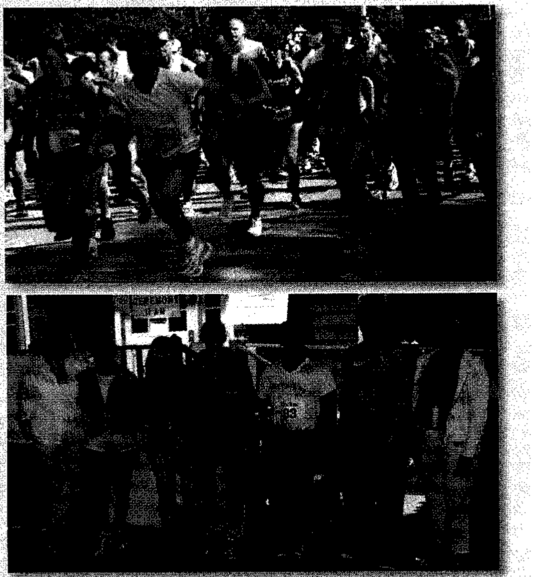
Taste of NEW YORK

ver 600 restaurant fans got a taste of the best new trends on the culinary scene at Taste f NEW YORK. The May 7 event took place at Bridgewaters, where guests sampled food from 40 estaurants. Sponsored by Absolut, Cayman Islands, de Gustibus at Macy's, Givenchy pour omme, Jet Blue, Mercedes-Benz, and the Regent Wall Street, the evening supported City Harvest.

Above Left: Shoppers take a break to pose for the camera. Above Right: Agency Sacks' Julie Fisher (third from left), Marc Geller (center), and Steffanie Gillstrap (second from right) relax with friends. Left: Matteo Marsilli, Benetton USA Communications/Advertising Manager and Anissa Nouhi, Benetton USA Fashion Public Relations Manager join the models in Benetton's live window display.

Benetton Wine Tasting

NEW YORK Magazine and United Colors of Benetton celebrated the opening of Benetton's new Chelsea megastore. An expert from Bottega Vinaia Wines introduced the crowd to a selection of Italian reds and whites. Guests discovered Benetton's colorful new looks for summer. Shoppers entered for a chance to win prizes provided compliments of Chow Bar, Maximus Spa Salon and The Beast Speed Boat Ride.



Top: Front-runners pull ahead of the pack. Above: Montauk Sofa's Tania Armstrong-Kratt; Linda Shapiro, Potatohampton Minithon Race Coordinator; Rose Jewelers' Jan Rose; winner Barbara Gubbins; winner Ike Groff; and Lenox Hill Hospital's Kristin DeGroat and Michelle Gerstle.

Hamptons Kick-Off

On Saturday, May 25, over 350 Hamptonites got the summer off to a running start at the 10th annual Dan's Papers Potatohampton Minithon. Presented by NEW YORK Magazine, the event raised funds for the National Multiple Sclerosis Society. The top male and female runner each won a down-filled sofa chair from co-sponsor Montauk Sofa. Co-sponsor Lenox Hill Hospital distributed first aid kits tailored for runners.

DOLCE & GABBANA
Light Blue

Dolce & Gabbana Light Blue

Make a splash this summer with Dolce&Gabbana Light Blue. During the week of July 6th, receive a luscious Dolce&Gabbana Beach Towel as your gift with any purchase of $55 or more from the Dolce&Gabbana Light Blue fragrance collection. This fabulous gift is available exclusively at all Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide. (Quantities are limited. While supplies last.)

Plan a Trip to Miami

Miami's beaches, sidewalk cafes, shopping, nightclubs, and sixty sports, cultural, fashion and arts events mean there's always something going on—from Memorial Day to Labor Day. Call 1-888-76-MIAMI for all of our great Tropicool Festival Season events or visit YouShouldBeHere.com.

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cue

Movies

Edited by Ben Kaplan

NEWTHISWEEK

Group
Nine very different women meet in a series of group-therapy sessions, recorded simultaneously by six cameras, projected in six separate boxes on the screen. Fascinating film improves on Mike Figgis's *Time Code* but sometimes seems too impatient for its own good, especially when director Marilyn Freeman cuts the conversations short and runs humdrum musical interludes instead. (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) • Opens 7/5.

Like Mike
Youngsta rapper Lil' Bow Wow makes his big-screen debut as a wide-eyed 14-year-old who gets crazy ups when he dons a pair of magic sneakers, turning him into a basketball star. Mindless fluff could easily be an NBA commercial, complete with player cameos. But it also has a sense of humor, which helps. Co-starring Morris Chestnut. (1 hr. 33 mins.; PG) • Opens 7/3.

Men in Black 2
See Rainer, page 44. (2 hrs. 7 mins.; PG-13) • Opens 7/3.

Me Without You
Two best friends (Michelle Williams and Anna Friel) living in England over three decades cope with the confusions of adolescence, followed by the frustrations of adulthood, while musical styles and the culture at large transform around them. Lovingly stylized, atmospheric, and hypnotic film features a genuinely star-making performance by *Dawson's Creek* regular Williams. Co-starring Kyle MacLachlan. (1 hr. 47 mins.; NR) • Opens 7/5.

Notorious C.H.O.
See Rainer, page 44. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) • Opens 7/3.

The Powerpuff Girls Movie
Feature based on the immensely popular (but still somehow cultish) Cartoon Network series shows how the titular trio of mini-superheroes were created, and then sends them into battle with a villainous race of hyper-intelligent apes. By-the-numbers animated film brings little new to the table, but it will definitely appeal to the show's many fans. (See box.) (1 hr. 27 mins.; PG) • Opens 7/3.

Read My Lips
A frustrated, near-deaf secretary (Emmanuelle Devos) and her new assistant, a greasy ex-con (Vincent Cassel), decide to take revenge on the world. Moody love story disguised as a thriller is technically impressive—filmed with an elegant immediacy and a soundtrack that reflects the lead character's physical state—but ultimately too cold to really keep its audience involved. In French, with English subtitles. (See box.) (1 hr. 55 mins.; NR) • Opens 7/5.

SIX FEET UNDER: Torbjörn Fahlström in *Songs From the Second Floor*.

Songs From the Second Floor
Unnervingly hilarious series of surreal vignettes occurring one evening in an unspecified city. A devoted office clerk is humiliated, a magician almost saws a man in half, a hapless furniture-store owner tries to set fire to his business. None of it makes sense, but that doesn't seem to matter in director Roy Andersson's oblique, unsettling worldview. In Swedish, with English subtitles. (1 hr. 38 mins.; NR) • Opens 7/3.

REVIEWS BY BILGE EBIRI

Now Playing

★ About a Boy
Chris and Paul Weitz, the co-directors of *American Pie*, offer up a surprisingly nuanced and sophisticated comedy starring Hugh Grant, in his best work to date, as an independently wealthy slacker who learns how to care for others when a fatherless 12-year-old boy (Nicholas Hoult) enters his life. (Rainer; 5/20/02) (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) • 7; 15; 17; 18; 28; 30; 43; 60; 67.

Bad Company
Anthony Hopkins and Chris Rock are teamed in this Jerry Bruckheimer–produced comedy–action movie about the CIA and nuclear terrorists. The odd-couple pairing doesn't work: Rock is buzzing in his own orbit while Hopkins is dutifully collecting his paycheck. (Rainer; 6/10/02) (1 hr. 57 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 7; 15; 16; 17; 18; 21; 41; 43; 44; 46; 53; 58; 61; 63; 66; 68; 70; 71; 72; 73; 75.

The Believer
Sundance prize winner about a young Jewish man (Ryan Gosling) who becomes a neo-Nazi skinhead. Starts off promisingly, but then goes awry with an unnecessary terrorism plotline. Gosling, however, is a sight to behold; his fury, whether coiled or vented, holds the film together. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) • 3.

Bobby G. Can't Swim
Gritty look at a *really* small-time drug dealer (writer-director John-Luke Montias) as he plans one big final score and copes with a girlfriend who wants to go clean. The film's energy is admirable, but the episodic plot, along with some hammy performances, bring it down. (1 hr. 25 mins.; R) • 8.

The Bourne Identity
Doug Liman directed this okay thriller adapted from the Robert Ludlum bestseller about a CIA spy-assassin, played by Matt Damon. Some of the thrills are intelligently presented but much of it is still familiar. (Rainer; 6/24/02) (1 hr. 53 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 7; 15; 16; 17; 30; 31; 38; 40; 44; 45; 46; 53; 54; 56; 58; 61; 63; 64; 66; 71; 72; 73; 74; 75; 77.

The Cat's Meow
Director Peter Bogdanovich vividly reimagines the fateful 1924 celebrity cruise aboard news tycoon William Randolph Hearst's yacht. Strangely ambling at times, but the film is uplifted thanks to Eddie Izzard, Kirsten Dunst, and Cary Elwes's terrific ensemble work. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) • 67.

★ CQ
This debut feature from Roman Coppola is an ambitious escapade about an American in 1969 Paris, played by Jeremy Davies. He's a film editor on a schlock sci-fi film who is also trying to document his own life ciné-ma-vérité style. It's not a complete success, but Coppola captures the divided consciousness of sixties auteurs. (Rainer; 6/3/02) (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) • 3.

Changing Lanes
Pulpy and preposterous, but enjoyable. Ben Affleck and Samuel Jackson collide their cars on the FDR and then engage in a dangerously escalating game of shot-for-shot. (Rainer; 4/22/02) (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) • 26; 51.

★ Cinema Paradiso
Giuseppe Tornatore's 1990 Oscar winner about a boy's coming of age in a small-town movie house in Italy gets the director's-cut treatment. Fans may cherish the added footage, but the narrative sprawl may leave others longing for the original's efficiency. Co-starring Philippe Noiret and Marco Leonardi. (2 hrs. 56 mins.; R) • 3; 27.

The Cockettes
Doting documentary about the San Francisco hippie-drag-queen musical troupe, who wowed audiences with their sexual charisma in the late sixties and seventies. The camp factor will appeal to many, obviously, but in showing some of the members today, the film also manages to be a fascinating look at the ravages of time. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) • 8.

The Dangerous Lives of Altar Boys
Intriguing little growing-up story about Catholic-school pranksters discovering first love, contending with a vindictive nun (Jodie Foster), and planning one final practical joke. Ambitious film intercuts between live action and animated fantasy sequences, but the stylization grows wearisome after a while, despite some fine performances. Co-starring Kieran Culkin and Emile Hirsch. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) • 6; 13; 18; 65; 77.

Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood
Callie Khouri's frantic slapstick weepie features a gaggle of spirited actresses—including Sandra Bullock, Ellen Burstyn, Maggie Smith, Shirley Knight, and Fionnula Flanagan—carrying on like superannuated Scarlett O'Haras. Set in Louisiana, it's a southern-fried ode to female friendship and mothers and daughters, and the yakety-yak quotient is off the charts. (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 11; 13; 17; 19; 33; 43; 50; 54; 67; 72; 74; 75.

★ Dogtown and Z-Boys
An energetic, elegiac documentary about the influential crew of teens in early-seventies California who turned skateboarding into today's fashionable, free-wheeling, daredevil sport. Narrated by Sean Penn. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG-13) • 3.

★ Elling
This good-natured Scandinavian comedy about two former psychiatric patients—one sheltered, the other sex-obsessed—learning the ways of the world avoids the schmaltzy histrionics usually found on these shores. Plus it's warm, insightful, and hilarious. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) • 3.

★ The Emperor's New Clothes
Winning romantic comedy has Napoleon (Ian Holm) returning to France disguised as a peasant, falling in

Ground Rules

These synopses, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer. Stars (★) denote releases that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element. **NOTE: Each review is followed by numbers indicating theaters where the film is playing; a key to theaters begins on page 55.**

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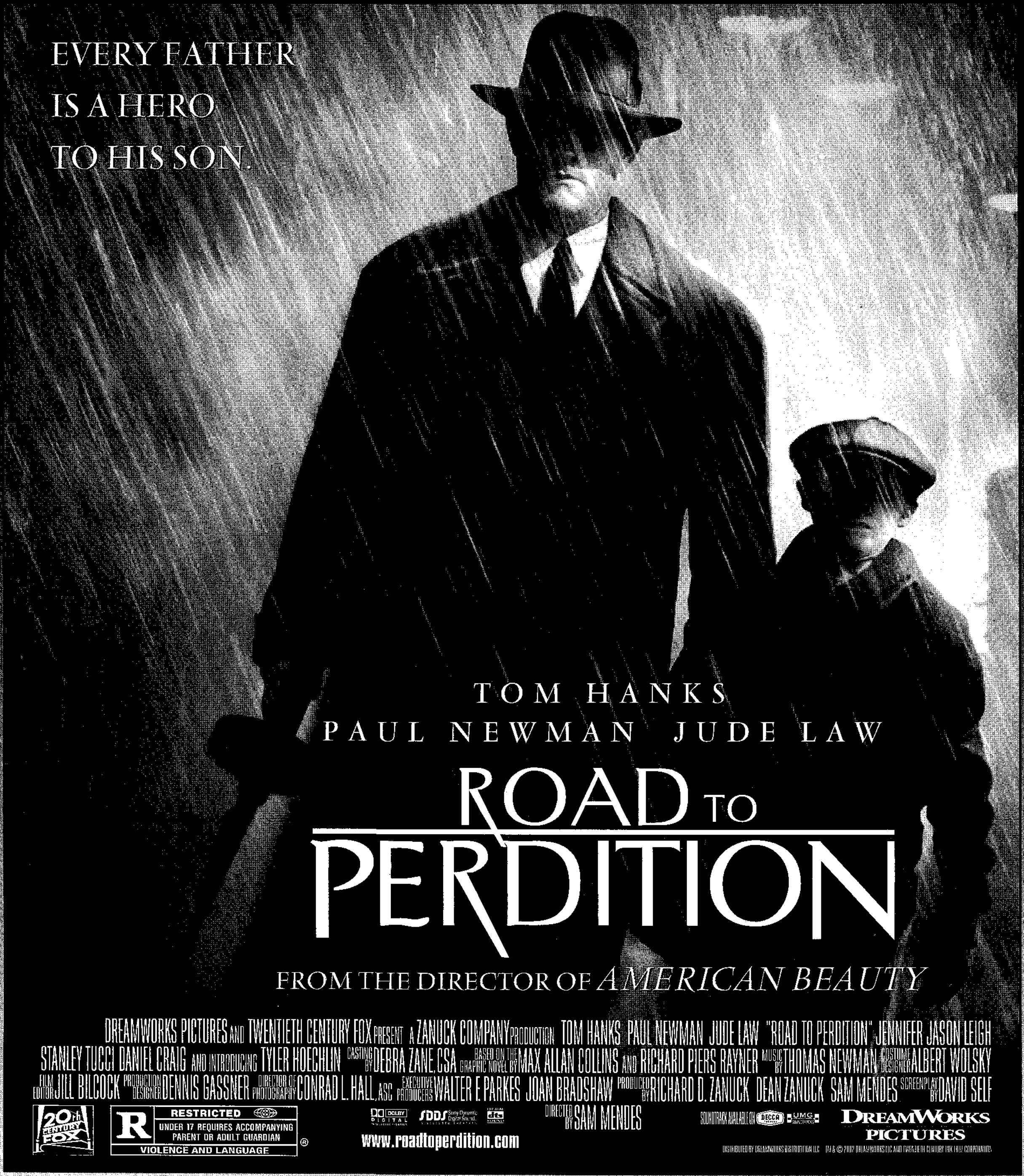
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OPENS NATIONWIDE FRIDAY JULY 12

love, and discovering the joys of being a common man. It sounds cloying, but Holm has the right blend of wide-eyed awkwardness and cocky assurance to pull it off. (1 hr. 47 mins.; PG) • 3; 18.

Enigma
A dry, occasionally smart drama about British code-breakers during WWII. (Rainer; 2/29/02) (1 hr. 59 mins.; PG-13) • 3.

Enough
Jennifer Lopez stars in this preposterous cross between *Sleeping With the Enemy* and *Death Wish*. (Rainer; 6/3/02) (1 hr. 55 mins.; PG-13) • 18; 44; 46; 53; 58; 63; 66; 71; 72; 75.

★ The Fast Runner
A nearly three-hour Inuit movie, directed by Zacharias Kunuk, based on an ancient legend and shot in the Canadian Arctic. Heavy going, but it has at least one sequence—a naked man fleeing his attackers over spring sea ice—that is terrifyingly beautiful. (Rainer; 6/5/02) (2 hrs. 52 mins.; NR) • 6; 39; 48.

Harvard Man
Writer-director James (*Black and White*) Toback takes his sex, drugs, and improvisational filmmaking to Harvard, where Adrian Grenier plays a basketball player making time with the daughter (Sarah Michelle Gellar) of a Mafia don. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) • 4.

Hey Arnold! The Movie
Popular Nickleodeon children's show gets the big-screen treatment, as big-headed, optimistic Arnold and pals try to keep their tight-knit neighborhood from being razed to make way for a giant shopping mall. Choppy storytelling and lackluster animation make it strictly for the kids. How the hell did this get a PG rating? (1 hr. 25 mins.; PG) • 1; 7; 15; 16; 17; 33; 40; 41; 42; 44; 45; 46; 49; 50; 52; 53; 54; 55; 56; 58; 59; 61; 63; 64; 66; 68; 70; 73; 74; 77.

The Importance of Being Earnest
The cast, which includes Judi Dench, Rupert Everett, Colin Firth, Reese Witherspoon, and Tom Wilkinson, is excellent, but Oliver Parker's movie of Oscar Wilde's great comedy is too broadly directed, with jarring chase scenes through the streets of London and other misguided attempts to "open things up." (Rainer; 5/27/02) (1 hr. 34 mins.; PG) • 2; 13; 16; 18; 20; 43; 60; 65; 77.

Insomnia
Chris Nolan's follow-up to *Memento* is about an L.A. cop, played by Al Pacino, who, along with his partner, investigates a murder in a small Alaska town and becomes implicated in the corruption. Robin Williams plays the murder suspect, and it's good to see him at least attempting to be the un-*Patch Adams*. The trick here is that the sun never sets, and the glare becomes a spotlight on all the nefarious activity. Pacino is fine, and the Alaska setting is novel, but most of the time it's a standard police procedural. (Rainer; 5/20/02) (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) • 1; 7; 15; 16; 17; 21; 24; 28; 43; 50; 54; 61; 63; 64; 65; 67; 74; 75; 77.

Juwanna Man
A banned NBA bad boy (Miguel Núñez) disguises himself to play for a woman's basketball team. Directed by Jessie Vaughan; with Tommy Davidson and Vivica A. Fox. (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 7; 14; 16; 17; 21; 24; 33; 41; 43; 44; 45; 46; 53; 55; 58; 62; 63; 64; 70; 77.

★ Kissing Jessica Stein
Entertainingly sitcomish New York romance about two women who meet through the personals: One is mostly gay, the other essentially straight. (Rainer; 3/25/02) (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) • 9.

★ Late Marriage
A marvelous Israeli film from writer-director Dover Kosashvili about a bachelor who has a forbidden affair with a slightly older Moroccan divorcée. The extended bedroom scene between them, which takes up almost a third of the movie, is one of the most languidly realistic sex scenes ever filmed. (Rainer; 5/27/02) (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) • 4; 39; 65.

★ Lilo & Stitch
See Rainer, page 44. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG) • 1; 11; 16; 17; 19; 24; 28; 40; 41; 42; 44; 45; 46; 49; 50; 52; 53; 54; 56; 57; 58; 59; 61; 63; 64; 66; 68; 73; 74; 76; 77.

Lovely & Amazing
Three very different sisters—a former homecoming queen (Catherine Keener), a wide-eyed actress (Emily Mortimer), and an adopted African-American 8-year-old (Raven Goodwin)—have to deal with one another's problems when Mom (Brenda Blethyn) goes for a hospital stay. Episodic, uneven tale features good performances, but little dramatic weight. (1 hr. 29 mins.; R) • 2; 18; 19; 47.

★ Minority Report
See Rainer, page 44. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 11; 12; 13; 28; 29; 36; 37; 44; 46; 53; 56; 58; 59; 61; 62; 63; 64; 66; 73; 74; 76; 77.

Money Buys Happiness
A bickering couple inherit a piano after a friend commits suicide, which they then spend a day pushing 50 blocks to their house. Odd romantic comedy from Seattle filmmaker Gregg Lachow defines "quirky," but it's not nearly as funny, iconoclastic, or insightful as it wants to be. (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) • 10.

★ Monsoon Wedding
Mira Nair's giddy movie about the preparations for an arranged marriage in New Delhi is an entertaining pastiche of Bombay movie-musical nuttiness and *Father of the Bride*. (Rainer; 3/4/02) (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) • 6; 30.

Mr. Deeds
Adam Sandler stars in this wan, loosely reworked updating of Frank Capra's *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*. He plays a happy-as-a-clam pizza-store owner from New Hampshire who inherits billions and remains the same sweet guy while all the New York baddies plot to do him in. Ultimately the little people become the big people. Winona Ryder and John Turturro, in a funny turn as a Spanish butler, co-star. (Rainer; 6/17/02) (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 11; 13; 16; 17; 24; 25; 30; 33; 37; 41; 43; 44; 45; 46; 50; 53; 54; 57; 58; 59; 61; 63; 64; 66; 69; 73; 74; 76; 77.

My Big Fat Greek Wedding
Innocuous comedy about the thirtysomething Toula, who is getting too old to marry, at least by her Greek family's standards. When a decidedly un-Greek Mr. Right (John Corbett) enters her life, things get even worse. (1 hr. 59 mins.; PG) • 3; 12; 18; 30; 40; 50; 64; 65; 77.

★ The Mystic Masseur
Ismail Merchant directed this enjoyable adaptation of V. S. Naipaul's novel about the Indian community in forties Trinidad. Aasif Mandvi, as the village healer who becomes a British puppet, is excellent, as is the great Om Puri as the healer's father-in-law. (Rainer; 5/13/02) (1 hr. 57 mins.; PG) • 9.

★ Nine Queens
The Argentine writer-director Fabian Bielinski has a fine, straightforward storytelling gift, and his movie about two con men (Gaston Pauls and Ricardo Darin) pulling off a half-million-dollar scam is consistently compelling. It also has a social context—the corruption of modern Argentina—that helps lift it beyond pulp. (Rainer; 4/29/02) (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) • 26.

★ Not Nude Through: A Portrait of Rudy Burkhardt
Documentary about the life and work of Swiss-born painter, photographer, and filmmaker Burkhardt integrates his work with interviews of those in his circle, as well as the artist's own thoughts on the soundtrack. Haunting little film, shot over the course of more than a decade, feels like a

Opening

Girls on Film

"I think about what happened when I was a kid, and then how I would've dealt with it if I had superpowers," says Craig McCracken, 31, father of Bubbles, Buttercup, and Blossom (pictured), the animated kindergarten crime-fighting unit who make their big-screen debut in **The Powerpuff Girls Movie**. "The core of our story is something any kid can relate to: You do something wrong and are afraid to get caught. What's great about these kids, though, is they don't just break a lamp—they obliterate a whole city." McCracken began his series about three sweet, scientifically engineered superheroes as his second-year project at California Institute of the Arts, and based his enterprise on a simple premise: Wouldn't it be neat to have cute little girls who could kick major ass? "I was 20 years old and thought it'd be fun," McCracken (who is daughterless) says. "I called them the Whoop-Ass Girls, and mixed elements of *Speed Racer, Godzilla*, and live-action *Batman*." (Clips from his first shows are now playing at the Museum of Television and Radio.) In 1998, the *Powerpuff Girls* series premiered on the Cartoon Network; it's been nominated for an Emmy every year since. ("Every time, we've lost to *The Simpsons*," McCracken says.) In the middle of 2000, the Cartoon Network approached McCracken about writing and directing its first feature film, and dealt him an $11 million budget—way more to handle than his customary $200,000 per episode. However, "I was still never tempted to make a Disney film with celebrity voices and an Elton John soundtrack," he says. "When I started, I thought college kids might swap tapes on eBay. I never imagined any of this." Opens July 3. B.K.

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF THE CARTOON NETWORK.

time capsule of the avant-garde in its heyday. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) • 10.

★ The Piano Teacher
Michael Haneke's movie—about a Viennese piano instructor (Isabelle Huppert) in a prestigious conservatory whose lust for an adoring student (Benoît Magimel) turns into a sadomasochistic folie à deux—is not a likable film, but Haneke has a genuine gift for cauterizing experience onscreen. (Rainer; 4/8/02) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; NR) • 4.

Pumpkin
Co-directors Adam Larson Broder and Anthony Abrams's satire of college life stars Christina Ricci as a self-obsessed sorority girl who has an unexpected relationship with a handicapped boy (Hank Harris). With Brenda Blethyn. (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) • 2; 43.

Scooby-Doo
Everything you worried it might be: unflinchingly weird, hopelessly pandering, and unintentionally terrifying. (1 hr. 23 mins.; PG) • 1; 11; 13; 16; 17; 33; 35; 41; 42; 43; 44; 45; 46; 49; 50; 52; 53; 56; 57; 58; 61; 62; 63; 64; 71; 72; 74; 75; 76; 77.

A Song for Martin
Billie August's film is about the uplifting marriage between an opera singer with Alzheimer's disease (Sven Wallter) and his loyal, determined wife (Viveka Seldahl). (1 hr. 53 mins.; PG-13) • 8; 39.

Songs From the Second Floor
Please see "New This Week." (1 hr. 38 mins.; NR) • 5.

★ Space Station
Marvelous 3-D effects are the highlights of this IMAX documentary about the building of the International Space Station. Only drawback: The comically intense Tom Cruise narration feels completely out of place. (1 hr. 8 mins.; NR) • 43.

Spider-Man
Sam Raimi's movie based on the Marvel superhero is fairly routine in its exploits and graphic design, but it has, in Tobey Maguire, a likable and sympathetic actor we at least can identify with. Kirsten Dunst plays the girl he's in love with, and Willem Dafoe is Spidey's archenemy, the Green Goblin. (Rainer; 5/4/02) (2 hrs. 1 min.; PG-13) • 1; 11; 14; 16; 17; 24; 34; 35; 41; 43; 44; 46; 51; 53; 57; 58; 61; 63; 64; 71; 72; 75; 77.

Spirit: Stallion of the Cimarron
Animated feature from DreamWorks about a wild mustang in the Old West. Dully accomplished, blending traditional with computer animation, it's inspirational enough to make you want to whinny. (Rainer; 5/27/02) (1 hr. 17 mins.; G) • 18; 44; 51; 65; 71; 72; 75.

★ Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones
Much better than the previous *Star Wars* installment, *The Phantom Menace*, though not up to the first two, *Star Wars* and *The Empire Strikes Back*. This new George Lucas episode is too somber by half, but there are a few sequences that are as exciting as anything in the series. (Rainer; 5/20/02) (2 hrs. 12 mins.; PG) • 1; 11; 12; 13; 18; 23; 31; 35; 38; 44; 51; 54; 59; 61; 72.

Sunshine State
A pokey intergenerational drama about two racially divided communities on Plantation Island in modern-day Florida. The usual Sayles mix of torpor and talent prevails here. Best in the cast are Edie Falco, playing the itchy, dissatisfied owner of a motel and coffee shop, and Mary Steenburgen, as a civic booster whose smile collapses every time she's not making nice. (Rainer; 6/24/02) (2 hrs. 21 mins.; PG-13) • 11; 39; 47; 48.

The Sum of All Fears
Ben Affleck plays Jack Ryan this time around in the latest Tom Clancy–derived thriller, directed by Phil Alden Robinson. It's an accomplished political melodrama but its subject—a nuclear bomb gets into the wrong hands—is too raw for contemporary audiences: the Hollywood high jinks seem pale. Morgan Freeman and Alan Bates co-star. (Rainer; 6/10/02) (2 hrs. 2 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 7; 15; 16; 17; 24; 32; 33; 41; 43; 44; 45; 46; 54; 58; 60; 61; 63; 64; 71; 74; 75; 76.

★ 13 Conversations About One Thing
A series of interlinked, nonlinear stories on the theme of happiness—how everybody wants it. Three of the four stories, which star John Turturro, Matthew McConaughey, and Clea DuVall, are so-so, but the one starring Alan Arkin as a poor soul who is enraged by the happiness of one of his co-workers, is marvelous, and Arkin has never been better. Directed and co-written by Jil Sprecher. (Rainer; 6/3/02) (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) • 6; 39; 47; 65.

Ultimate X: The Movie
This IMAX documentary, co-produced by ESPN, feels a bit too much like a commercial to really work, but just the wipeouts are worth the price of admission. (40 mins.; NR) • 43.

★ Undercover Brother
Uproarious send-up of blaxploitation flicks and spy thrillers is a zany cross between *Austin Powers* and *Shaft*. Eddie Griffin is a hapless, but nearly invincible, agent fighting a secret organization of whites that has kept blacks down throughout the years. Some of the funniest race-based humor in years manages to be both cutting and inoffensive. Co-starring Chris Kattan. (1 hr. 59 mins.; PG-13) • 11; 24; 40; 41; 44; 45; 46; 53; 61; 63; 71; 72; 75.

Unfaithful
Adrian Lyne's glossy, depthless adultery drama stars Richard Gere, in a deliberately sexless performance that effectively cancels out his appeal, and Diane Lane as his roving wife. (Rainer; 5/13/02) (2 hrs. 17 mins.; R) • 3; 18; 51; 53; 72; 75.

★ War Photographer
Swiss documentarian Christian Frei offers up a remarkable portrait of a remarkable man—James Nachtwey, who has photographed the globe's worst hot spots for 25 years. It's a stirring tribute to the righteousness and artistry of someone who, despite having seen more suffering and ruination than anybody should have to see in a dozen lifetimes, still believes in the power of photography to evoke humanity and combat war. (Rainer; 6/24/02) (1 hr. 19 mins.; NR) • 5.

Windtalkers
Nicolas Cage gives a grim, determined performance as a WWII Marine in the battle of Saipan who is entrusted with guarding a Navajo code talker (Adam Beach) in this mediocre John Woo movie that wastes a good true-to-life subject—how the Navajos used their language to communicate an unbreakable code and help win the war. (Rainer; 6/17/02) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) • 1; 11; 14; 16; 17; 40; 44; 46; 53; 58; 59; 61; 63; 75; 77.

★ Y Tu Mamá También
Alfonso Cuarón's road movie is the funniest and freshest sex comedy of its kind since Bertrand Blier's *Going Places*. Two teenage Mexican boys, played marvelously well by Gael García Bernal and Diego Luna, set out for the beach with the disaffected wife of a cousin of theirs, played by Maribel Verdú as a mixture of slut and angel of mercy. (Rainer; 3/18/02) (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) • 6; 18; 39.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

1. Battery Park City Cinema
102 North End Ave. (212-945-3418) • Bad Company; The Bourne Identity; Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Insomnia; Juwanna Man; Lilo & Stitch; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; Scooby-Doo; Spider-Man; Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones; The Sum of all Fears; Windtalkers

2. CC Angelika Film Center
18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) • Dahmer; The Importance of Being Earnest; Lovely & Amazing; Pumpkin

3. CC Village East
189 Second Ave. (212-529-6799) • The Believer; CQ; Cinema Paradiso; Dogtown and Z-Boys; Elling; The Emperor's New Clothes; Enigma; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Unfaithful

4. Cinema Village
22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) • Harvard Man; Late Marriage; The Piano Teacher

5. Film Forum
209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) • Songs From the Second Floor; War Photographer (See also"Museums, Societies, Etc.")

6. Landmark Sunshine Cinema
143 E. Houston St. (212-358-7709) • The Dangerous Lives of Altar Boys; The Fast Runner; Monsoon Wedding; 13 Conversations About One Thing; Y Tu Mamá También

7. Loews Village
66 Third Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#952) • About a Boy; Bad Company; The Bourne Identity; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Insomnia; Juwanna Man; The Sum of all Fears

8. Quad Cinema
34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) • A Song for Martin; Bobby G. Can't Swim; The Cockettes

9. The Screening Room
54 Varick St. (212-334-2100) • Kissing Jessica Stein; The Mystic Masseur

10. Two Boots Pioneer Theater
155 E. 3rd St. (212-212-254-3300) • Money Buys Happiness; Not Nude Through: A Portrait of Rudy Burkhardt (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

11. UA Union Square
13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) • Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood; Lilo & Stitch; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; Scooby-Doo; Spider-Man; Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones; Sunshine State; Undercover Brother; Windtalkers

14th–41st Streets

12. CC Murray Hill Cinemas
160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) • Minority Report; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones

13. Clearview's Chelsea
260 W. 23rd St. (212-777-FILM#597) • The Dangerous Lives of Altar Boys; Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood; The

Spotlight

Thought Crime

"French film, I think, has already explored realism," says **Jacques Audiard** in explaining the fantastical elements of *Read My Lips*, his noirish homage to Leonard Kastle's *The Honeymoon Killers*. "I wanted my film to begin in a believable environment, then take off to the impossible and unexplained." Vincent Cassel and Emmanuelle Devos (pictured) play the film's unlikely Bonnie and Clyde (a nearly deaf secretary and an explosive ex-con) whose chicaneries escalate from blackmail to murder. To hear Audiard—whose father, Michel, was a screenwriter and director during the French New Wave—tell it, however, "it's purely and simply a story of love. The girl isn't so pretty, and the guy's a thief, but they both have an appetite for revenge. I think all audiences—my father's, American, the French—can appreciate that." Opens July 5 at the Paris Theater.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SEDIF/CINE B.

Importance of Being Earnest; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; Scooby-Doo; Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones

14. Clearview's Chelsea West
333 W. 23rd St. (212-777-FILM#614) • Juwanna Man; Spider-Man; Windtalkers

15. Loews 19th St. East
890 Broadway, at 19th St. (212-50-LOEWS#858) • About a Boy; Bad Company; The Bourne Identity; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Insomnia; The Sum of all Fears

16. Loews 34th St. Theatre
312 W. 34th St. (212-244-8850) • Bad Company; The Bourne Identity; Hey Arnold! The Movie; The Importance of Being Earnest; Insomnia; Juwanna Man; Lilo & Stitch; Mr. Deeds; Scooby-Doo; Spider-Man; The Sum of All Fears; Windtalkers

17. Loews Kips Bay Theatre
550 Second Ave., at 32nd St. (212-50-LOEWS#558) • About a Boy; Bad Company; The Bourne Identity; Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Insomnia; Juwanna Man; Lilo & Stitch; Mr. Deeds; Scooby-Doo; Spider-Man; The Sum of all Fears; Windtalkers

42nd–60th Streets

18. AMC Empire 25 Theatres
234 W. 42nd St. (212-398-3939) • About a Boy; Bad Company; The Dangerous Lives of Altar Boys; The Emperor's New Clothes; Enough; The Importance of Being Earnest; Lovely & Amazing; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Spirit: Stallion of the Cimarron; Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones; Unfaithful; Y Tu Mamá También

19. CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3
1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) • Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood; Lilo & Stitch; Lovely & Amazing

20. CC Eastside Playhouse
919 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (212-755-3020) • The Importance of Being Earnest

21. CC Sutton
205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) • Bad Company; Insomnia; Juwanna Man

22. Clearview's 59th Street East
239 E. 59th St. (212-777-FILM#615) • Hey Arnold! The Movie; Windtalkers

23. Clearview's Ziegfeld
141 W. 54th St. (212-777-FILM#602) • Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones

24. Loews 42nd Street E Walk
42nd St. at Eighth Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#572) • Insomnia; Juwanna Man; Lilo & Stitch; Mr. Deeds; Spider-Man; The Sum of all Fears; Undercover Brother

25. Loews Astor Plaza
44th St. at Eighth Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#699) • Mr. Deeds

26. Loews State
1540 Broadway, nr. 45th St. (212-50-LOEWS#901) • Changing Lanes; Nine Queens; The Rookie

27. Paris Theatre
4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) • Cinema Paradiso

61st Street and Above, East Side

28. CC 86th St. East
210 E. 86th St. (212-777-FILM#763) • About a Boy; Insomnia; Lilo & Stitch; Minority Report

29. Clearview's Beekman
1254 Second Ave., nr. 65th St. (212-777-FILM#606) • Minority Report

30. Clearview's First & 62nd St.
400 E. 62nd St. (212-777-FILM#957) • About a Boy; The Bourne Identity; Monsoon Wedding; Mr. Deeds; My Big Fat Greek Wedding

31. Clearview's Park and 86th St.
125 E. 86th St. (212-777-FILM#604) • The Bourne Identity; Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones

32. Loews 72nd St. East
1230 Third Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-50-LOEWS#704) • The Sum of all Fears

33. Loews Orpheum 7
1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (212-50-LOEWS#964) • Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Juwanna Man; Mr. Deeds; Scooby-Doo; The Sum of all Fears

34. UA East
1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) • Spider-Man

35. UA Gemini
1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) • Scooby-Doo; Spider-Man; Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones

61st Street and Above, West Side

36. Clearview's 62nd and Broadway
1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (212-777-FILM#864) • Minority Report

37. Clearview's Metro Cinema
2626 Broadway, nr. 99th St. (212-777-FILM#609) • Minority Report; Mr. Deeds

38. Clearview's Olympia
2770 Broadway, nr. 106th St. (212-777-FILM#613) • The Bourne Identity; Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones

39. Lincoln Plaza Cinemas
30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway nr. 62nd St. (212-757-2280) • A Song for Martin; The Fast Runner; Late Marriage; Sunshine State; 13 Conversations About One Thing; Y Tu Mamá También

40. Loews 84th Street
2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (212-50-LOEWS#701) • The Bourne Identity; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Lilo & Stitch; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Undercover Brother; Windtalkers

41. Magic Johnson Harlem USA
300 W. 125th St. (212-665-8733) • Bad Company; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Juwanna Man; Lilo & Stitch; Mr. Deeds; Scooby-Doo; Spider-Man; The Sum of all Fears; Undercover Brother

42. Nova
3589 Broadway, nr. 147th St. (212-862-5728) • Hey Arnold! The Movie; Lilo & Stitch; Scooby-Doo

43. Sony Lincoln Square
1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (212-50-LOEWS#638) • About a Boy; Bad Company; Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood; The Importance of Being Earnest; Insomnia; Juwanna Man; Mr. Deeds; Pumpkin; Scooby-Doo; Space Station; Spider-Man; The Sum of all Fears; Ultimate X: The Movie

Bronx

44. Bay Plaza
2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (718-777-FILM#833) • Bad Company; The Bourne Identity; Enough; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Juwanna Man; Lilo & Stitch; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; Scooby-Doo; Spider-Man; Spirit: Stallion of the Cimarron; Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones; The Sum of all Fears; Undercover Brother; Windtalkers

45. Concourse Plaza
214 E. 161th St. (718-588-8800) • The Bourne Identity; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Juwanna Man; Lilo & Stitch; Mr. Deeds; Scooby-Doo; The Sum of all Fears; Undercover Brother

46. Whitestone
2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) • Bad Company; The Bourne Identity; Enough; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Juwanna Man; Lilo & Stitch; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; Scooby-Doo; Spider-Man; The Sum of all Fears; Undercover Brother; Windtalkers

Brooklyn

47. BAM Rose Cinemas
30 Lafayette Ave. (718-623-2770) • Lovely & Amazing; Sunshine State; 13 Conversations About One Thing (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

48. Brooklyn Heights Pavilion
70 Henry St. (718-369-0838) • The Fast Runner; Sunshine State

49. Canarsie
9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) • Hey Arnold! The Movie; Lilo & Stitch; Scooby-Doo

50. Cobble Hill Cinema
265 Court St. (718-596-9113) • Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Insomnia; Lilo & Stitch; Mr. Deeds; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Scooby-Doo

51. Court Street 12
106 Court St. (718-246-7469) • Changing Lanes; Spider-Man; Spirit: Stallion of the Cimarron; Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones; Unfaithful

52. Kent Triplex
Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) • Hey Arnold! The Movie; Lilo & Stitch; Scooby-Doo

53. Linden Boulevard Multiplex
Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) • Bad Company; The Bourne Identity; Enough; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Juwanna Man; Lilo & Stitch; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; Scooby-Doo; Spider-Man; Undercover Brother; Unfaithful; Windtalkers

54. Pavilion
188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) • The Bourne Identity; Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Insomnia; Lilo & Stitch; Mr. Deeds; Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones; The Sum of all Fears

55. Pavilion Flatbush
314 Flatbush Ave. (718-596-7070) • Hey Arnold! The Movie; Juwanna Man

56. Ridgewood
55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993) • The Bourne Identity; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Lilo & Stitch; Mi-

Retrospective

Heeere's Johnny!

Granted, it's no Lakers game, but the American Museum of the Moving Image is still hoping that its star—in town shooting *Anger Management* with Adam Sandler—might show for **The Nonconformist: Jack Nicholson on Film, 1970–1980.** The three-week series covers Nicholson's compelling performances from *Five Easy Pieces* to *The Shining*, and also includes Michelangelo Antonioni's rarely screened *The Passenger* (where Jack, pictured with Maria Schneider, plays a journalist who swaps identities with a dead co-worker); a new print of *Chinatown;* and both *Drive, He Said* and *Goin' South,* the two films Nicholson directed. Beginning July 6. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for listings.)

PHOTOGRAPH BY MGM.

nority Report; Scooby-Doo

57. UA Marboro
6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-232-4000) • Lilo & Stitch; Mr. Deeds; Scooby-Doo; Spider-Man

58. UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay
3907 Shore Pkwy., off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (718-615-1700) • Bad Company; The Bourne Identity; Enough; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Juwanna Man; Lilo & Stitch; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; Scooby-Doo; Spider-Man; The Sum of All Fears; Windtalkers

Queens

59. Centre Sunnyside
42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) • Hey Arnold! The Movie; Lilo & Stitch; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones; Windtalkers

60. Cinemart
106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) • About a Boy; The Importance of Being Earnest; The Sum of all Fears

61. College Point Multiplex
28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) • Bad Company; The Bourne Identity; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Insomnia; Lilo & Stitch; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; Scooby-Doo; Spider-Man; Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones; The Sum of all Fears; Undercover Brother; Windtalkers

62. Jackson Triplex
82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) • Juwanna Man; Minority Report; Scooby-Doo

63. Jamaica Multiplex Cinema
1 Jamaica Center, at Jamaica Ave. and Parsons Blvd. (718-291-9400) • Bad Company; The Bourne Identity; Enough; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Insomnia; Juwanna Man; Lilo & Stitch; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; Scooby-Doo; Spider-Man; The Sum of all Fears; Undercover Brother; Windtalkers

64. Kaufman Astoria Cinema
38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) • The Bourne Identity; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Insomnia; Juwanna Man; Lilo & Stitch; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Scooby-Doo; Spider-Man; The Sum of All Fears

65. Kew Gardens Cinemas
81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) • The Dangerous Lives of Altar Boys; The Importance of Being Earnest; Insomnia; Late Marriage; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Spirit: Stallion of the Cimarron; 13 Conversations About One Thing

66. Main Street Cinemas
72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) • Bad Company; The Bourne Identity; Enough; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Lilo & Stitch; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds

67. North Shore Towers
27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (718-229-7702) • About a Boy; The Cat's Meow; Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood; Insomnia

68. Plaza
103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) • Bad Company; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Lilo & Stitch

69. UA Brandon Cinema
70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) • Mr. Deeds

70. UA Crossbay
94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) • Bad Company; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Juwanna Man

71. UA Crossbay II
92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) • Bad Company; The Bourne Identity; Enough; Scooby-Doo; Spider-Man; Spirit: Stallion of the Cimarron; The Sum of All Fears; Undercover Brother

72. UA Midway
108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) • Bad Company; The Bourne Identity; Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood; Enough; Scooby-Doo; Spider-Man; Spirit: Stallion of the Cimarron; Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones; Undercover Brother; Unfaithful

73. UA Movieworld
242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) • Bad Company; The Bourne Identity; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Lilo & Stitch; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds

Staten Island

74. Atrium
680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) • The Bourne Identity; Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Insomnia; Lilo & Stitch; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; Scooby-Doo; The Sum of all Fears

75. Staten Island Stadium 16
2474 Forest Ave. (718-273-4200) • Bad Company; The Bourne Identity; Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood; Enough; Insomnia; Scooby-Doo; Spider-Man; Spirit: Stallion of the Cimarron; The Sum of All Fears; Undercover Brother; Unfaithful; Windtalkers

76. UA Hylan Plaza
107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) • Lilo & Stitch; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; Scooby-Doo; The Sum of All Fears

77. UA Movies at Staten Island
141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) • The Bourne Identity; The Dangerous Lives of Altar Boys; Hey Arnold! The Movie; The Importance of Being Earnest; Insomnia; Juwanna Man; Lilo & Stitch; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Scooby-Doo; Spider-Man; Windtalkers

Museums, Societies, Etc.

78. American Museum of Natural History
Central Park W. at 79th St. (212-769-5650); $7. • "Best of IMAX Film Festival." 7/3–7/10: *Grand Canyon: The Hidden Secrets* (1984); *To Fly!* (1976); *Shacketon's Antarctic Adventure* (2001); *Kilimanjaro: To the Roof of Africa* (2002).

79. American Museum of the Moving Image
36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077); $8.50. • "The Nonconformist: Jack Nicholson on Film, 1970–1980." 7/6: *Five Easy Pieces* (1970); *The King of Marvin Gardens* (1972). 7/7: *Five Easy Pieces* (1970); *Drive, He Said* (1971). 7/13: *Chinatown* (1974); *The Last Detail* (1973). 7/14: *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* (1975); *The Fortune* (1975).

80. BAM Rose Cinemas
30 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn (718-636-4100); $9. • "Village Voice: Best Undistributed Films." 7/6–7/7: *R-Xmas* (2001).

81. Bryant Park Summer Film Festival
Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (212-512-5700); free. • 7/8: *Lost Horizon* (1937). 7/15: *The Mummy* (1932). 7/22: *Young Frankenstein* (1974).

82. Film Forum
209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110); $9.75. • 7/3–7/4: *Three Women* (1977). 7/5–7/11: *Rocco and His Brothers* (1960).

83. Film Society of Lincoln Center
65 W. 65th St., plaza level (212-875-5600); $9. • "Everybody's Star: Jean Gabin." 7/1–7/3: *The Impostor* (1944); *Moontide* (1942). 7/4: *The Lower Depths* (1936); *Moontide* (1942). 7/5–7/6: *Daybreak* (1939); *The Human Beast* (1938). 7/7–7/8: *The Lower Depths* (1936); *Gueule D'Amour* (1937); *Le Plaisir* (1951). 7/9–7/10: *En Cas de Malheur* (1958); *La Marie du Port* (1938). 7/11: *Four Bags Full* (1956); *Zouzou* (1934).

86. Museum of Television & Radio
25 W. 52nd St. (212-621-6800); $6. • 7/3–7/14: "The Unseen *Cinderella* Rehearsal Tape." (1957). 7/3–7/12: "The Powerpuff Girls Marathon." (1998).

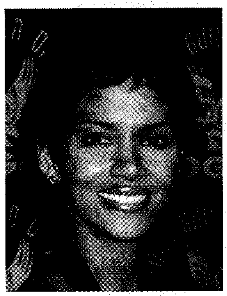
87. National Museum of the American Indian
1 Bowling Green (212-514-3737); free. • "Film for Kids." 7/1–7/14: *Navajo Moon* (1998); *On the Move* (1997); *Hopiit* (1984).

89. Symphony Space/The Leonard Nimoy Thalia
2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (212-864-5400); $9. • "Classic French Cinema." 7/6–7/7: *Orpheus* (1949); *Black Orpheus* (1959). 7/13–7/14: *Diabolique* (1955); *Eyes Without a Face* (1959).

90. The Raw Space Screening Room
531 W. 42nd St. (212-643-8304); $8. • 7/3–7/7: *A Soul Haunted by Painting* (1994); *Woman Human Demon* (1987).

91. Two Boots Pioneer Theater
155 E. 3rd St. (212-254-3300); $5. • "The Den of Crackpot TV." 7/8: *The Star Wars Holiday Special* (1978).

92. YWCA Cine-Club
610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (212-735-9717); $7. • "Cinema of the Shadows: The Hollywood Film Noir." 7/13–7/14: *Hangover Square* (1945).



DOCTOR EVIL Halle Berry, who's currently reprising her role as Storm in *X2*, is set to star in *Need* for Sony Pictures. The lachrymose Oscar winner will play a psychiatrist (and psycho) seeking revenge on one of her patients, who she discovers is having an affair with her husband. **Luis Mandoki** (*Angel Eyes*) will direct, with production scheduled for later this year.

LIAR, LIAR Greg Kinnear, who appeared earlier this year in *We Were Soldiers* with **Mel Gibson**, is in talks to star with **Hayden** "Anakin" **Christensen** in *Shattered Glass* for Lion's Gate. The film, based on a 1998 *Vanity Fair* article, recounts the true-life story of **Stephen Glass**, the wunderkind writer at *The New Republic* famously fired for fabricating sources and information in almost 30 stories. Kinnear would play *TNR* editor Charles Lane. Production starts this August; screenwriter **Billy Ray** directs.

SEDER IN THE CITY Filming on *The Tollbooth* kicks off this week in Manhattan, with *The Practice*'s **Marla Sokoloff** playing the lead. The film, which marks the directorial debut of NYU film grad **Debra Kirschner**, follows the difficulties faced by Sarabeth, a young Jewish painter new to the city, struggling to balance her life with the traditional values she's inherited. In addition to writing the script, Kirschner produces for Shakti Productions. The indie film has no distributor lined up as of yet.

TOP DOGS Rapper-gone-Broadway **Mos Def** has signed to star in the indie film *From the Outside Looking In*, which is set to start shooting next month in Brooklyn. The coming-of-age story also stars **Isaiah Washington** (*Get on the Bus, Romeo Must Die*) and **Wood Harris**. All three will appear as the neighborhood friends of a man, played by **Allen Payne** (*The Perfect Storm, New Jack City*), as he reflects on his childhood in the city. **Jerry LaMothe**, whose previous film, *Amour Infinity*, won awards at several black film festivals, directs for Tru-Factor Productions. SARA CARDACE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBIN PLATZER/TWIN IMAGES.

MORRIS *Continued from page 37*

Helen O'Hagan

You knew he cared about you if you had a nickname and if he gave you a hard time. And you would never open your mouth about something in a store with him because you'd own it. He was the most generous man. We were in Boston once in the Hermès store and I saw this Mackintosh coat and said it was divine. Next thing I knew, it was mine.

Fern Mallis, *executive director, 7th on 6th*

Early on at a CFDA board meeting, we were discussing new members who were late paying dues. One of the people who hadn't paid his dues was the young designer Christian Francis Roth. The next day, a check came from Bill Blass on his behalf. That kind of thing is lovely when it happens.

Craig Natiello

He was famous for giving $10 million to the New York Public Library. But he was quietly charitable, too. He would send flowers weekly to the Glenn Bernbaum wing for people with HIV and AIDS at New York Presbyterian Hospital. He did many other charitable things anonymously, too. He insisted on that.

Eleanor Lambert

He was always good-natured and thoughtful. When my husband died and I was terribly upset, he and Geraldine Stutz, the president of Henri Bendel, were my biggest support. He came around all the time to make sure I was all right.

Bernadine Morris

He did have some kind of a pseudo-British accent, although I can't really place it. It was an accent from the past and a total effect he wanted to create. Ralph Lauren is also a practitioner, but he isn't tall enough to pull it off. Michael Kors has got the right vision, but he's a Jewish boy from Long Island, not a Waspy boy from the Midwest.

Michael Kors

Five years ago, I told Bill the story of having my first set of Bill Blass sheets from when I was 14 years old, and how divine I thought they were. Blass, in his no-nonsense, unpretentious way, turned to me in his droll voice and said, "But they really *weren't* that fabulous, were they?"

Mary Tojay, *office assistant, 1982–2001*

He liked peanut-butter-and-mayo and sliced-stuffed-olive sandwiches. He used to say he preferred having my lunches in the office more than anywhere else, and that was a real compliment, considering he'd eaten all over the world.

Lynn Wyatt

I've gone antiquing with him in London. He could walk into a shop and zero in with laser-beam focus on the most outstanding piece. With all his fabulous taste, he had this throwaway chic that was both innate and learned. Not too much, but not too minimalist either. In Connecticut, we'd go for long walks with his dogs. He was the best company in the world. He was so well read that we never even mentioned clothes. There were just too many other things to talk about.

DESIGN FOR LIVING: Blass at his Connecticut estate, 1999.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERICA BERGER/CORBIS OUTLINE.

Samantha Boardman, *socialite*

I only met him once, a few years ago, and thought he was larger than life, with those blue eyes that seemed to flash when he liked something. But my sister Serena and I just loved his clothes. He used great fabrics that were the opposite of clingy. You felt really good in his clothes, because they had weight and structure and were really flattering. We wouldn't wear his suits, but we'd wear his things in bits and pieces with jeans. His stuff was just so cool and sculptural and timeless.

Fern Mallis

His final runway show was the year of Hurricane Floyd. That morning, the rain was torrential, the winds were getting strong, and all of his ladies were blowing in from everywhere. The mayor was putting out edicts for nonessential businesses to close. We were totally frayed, and Bill was totally calm. He told me it was fine to cancel the show. He was happy to just walk away from it, and he was so pleasant about it. You can imagine how hysterical some designers would be in that situation. We got through the show without incident. There were some minor leaks from the roof, but they looked like crystal in the runway lights. After the finale, he walked out, got a standing ovation, and then we closed down the tents for the day. The rest was nonessential business.

Louise Grunwald

When he went to Memorial Sloan-Kettering for his cancer and was told about the ramifications of his treatment, his doctors told him he was probably going to lose a tremendous amount of weight. He told them, "For God's sake, that's why I'm here." He lost 60 pounds.

Lars Nilsson, *creative director, Bill Blass*

He came to my first trunk shows at Saks in April 2001. A lot of the ladies he dressed have been coming in and talking and shopping. They know what they look good in and what they like to wear. Mr. Blass taught them that, I guess.

Louise Grunwald

They say about ambassadors that you don't like your predecessor or your successor. But he was happy to see his new designer succeed. Bill was kind-spirited.

Craig Natiello

The late Mildred Hilson, best friend of Mrs. Douglas MacArthur, once ordered a red crêpe gown with a portrait collar of tulle. She was about 90, and when she was trying on the sample, she said, "Bill, I hope you can get this dress delivered to me before I die." He said, "I can't guarantee it," and walked away laughing.

Yvonne Miller, *public-relations director and former house model for Bill Blass*

One day he needed $1,000 in cash. I said, "How do you want it?" He said in $50 bills. I asked, "Is that how you want all of it?" He said, "Is there anything less?" ■

Theater

Edited by Logan Hill

Broadway

Now Playing

Aida
Disney's epic musical about the love affair between a Nubian slave and a cute Egyptian prince, with music by Elton John and lyrics by Tim Rice. More important, the eye-popping sets and chichi costumes are designed by Bob Crowley. $25–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Palace Theatre, 1554 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-307-4747).

Beauty and the Beast
The family-friendly musical adaptation of Disney's film is no *Lion King*, but it's still entertaining kids by the busload. $25–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (212-307-4747).

★ Cabaret
This gritty revival of the Kander and Ebb musical won four Tonys in 1998 for its portrayal of the decadent world of Weimar-era Berlin cabaret. Now starring Polly Bergen, Rick Holmes, Jane Leeves, Hal Linden, John Stamos. $45–$95. Mon., Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 3/19/98. • Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Chicago
This delightfully raunchy musical tribute to tough women and the men they murder won six Tonys in 1996. The stylish production is choreographed by Ann Reinking and directed by Walter Bobbie. $20–$90. Mon., Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 11/14/96. • Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Contact
This sensational, Tony-blessed dance-theater work by John Weidman and Broadway's reigning director-choreographer, Susan Stroman, presents a triptych of inventive pieces, ranging from a naughty flirtation to a suicidal adman's frantic fantasy. Charlotte d'Amboise, Alan Campbell, and Colleen Dunn now star. $90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 9/1. • Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

Fortune's Fool
Alan Bates and Frank Langella star in Mike Poulton's new adaptation of the Turgenev comedy about a gentleman who, goaded by his ribald neighbor, shocks his community with an unexpected announcement. Arthur Penn (*Bonnie and Clyde*) directs. $55–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat at 2, Sun. at 3. • Music Box Theater, 239 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

★ 42nd Street
Come and meet those dancin' feet. This revival of the Al Dubin and Harry Warren musical about the proverbial chorus girl who gets her big break is snappily directed by Mark Bramble, with exuberant choreography by Randy Skinner, and features a top-notch cast: Michael Cumpsty, David Elder, Jonathan Freeman, and Mary Testa. $25–$95. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).

★ The Full Monty
A rambunctious yet heartfelt musical adaptation of the 1997 film about desperate, destitute men who have nothing to lose but their underwear. Music and lyrics by David Yazbek; book by Terrence McNally; directed by Jack O'Brien. $31–$86. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).

★ The Goat, or Who Is Sylvia?
Edward Albee's Tony-winning new drama follows a successful architect (Bill Pullman) who, at the pinnacle of his career, must confess to his wife (Mercedes Ruehl) and son the awful secret of his affair with, yes, a goat. $65–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • John Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

The Graduate
Kathleen Turner plays Mrs. Robinson in Terry Johnson's new stage adaptation of the 1967 film, opposite Josh Radnor and Alicia Silverstone. $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Into the Woods
Vanessa Williams stars in Stephen Sondheim's mythic musical, a shadowy journey through the fairy-tale forests of Cinderella, Little Red Riding Hood, and others. Music and lyrics by Sondheim; book and direction by James Lapine. $40–$95. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Broadhurst Theater, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Les Misérables
An audacious button-pusher with over-the-top songs like "Do You Hear the People Sing?" and "I Dreamed a Dream," producer Cameron Mackintosh's megahit, based on the Victor Hugo novel, still stands as the best of the big British commercial imports. $20–$90. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. • Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

★ The Lion King
Based on the popular Disney movie, this sublimely inventive production showcases some of the best experimental theater techniques of a generation, wrought with joyful mastery by experimental director extraordinaire Julie Taymor, and rewarded with a bouquet of Tonys in 1998. $30–$95. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 11/13/97. • New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).

Mamma Mia!
An unabashedly silly feel-good musical about a young bride-to-be and her single mom, scored with 22 shimmery disco tunes by Abba's Benny Andersson and Björn Ulvaeus. $55–$98.75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (212-563-5544).

The Man Who Had All the Luck
The first play by Arthur Miller to make it to Broadway, this 1944 drama about a seemingly blessed young Midwesterner stars Chris O'Donnell, Samantha Mathis, Mason Adams, James Rebhorn, and Sam Robards. Scott Ellis directs. $40–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. • American Airlines Theatre, 227 W. 42nd St. (212-719-1300).

★ Metamorphoses
A very welcome Broadway transfer, writer-director Mary Zimmerman's striking meditation on mutability was one of the fall's most surprising successes. Restlessly inventive but utterly visceral, Zimmerman and her company put a 27-foot-long pool of water to perfect use, stressing the elemental nature of Ovid's classic tales of Midas, Narcissus, and more. $30–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Circle in the Square Theatre, 1633 Broadway (212-239-6200).

Morning's at Seven
A strong veteran ensemble, including Elizabeth Franz, Buck Henry, Christopher Lloyd, Estelle Parsons, and Frances Sternhagen, plays a midwestern family coping with maturity in Paul Osborn's 1939 drama, directed by Daniel Sullivan. $40–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 7/28. • Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45 St. (212-239-6200).

Mostly Sondheim
Barbara Cook returns with her musical revue, which features the songs of Sondheim, Arlen & Harburg, Berlin, and others. Musical direction and arrangements by Wally Harper. $40–$60. Sun. and Mon. at 7:30. Through 8/26. (See box.) • Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

Onstage

Still Cooking

A true diva is *always* called for an encore. Thus **Barbara Cook** returns to the Beaumont for eighteen additional performances of *Mostly Sondheim*, her Tony-nominated one-woman show, which closed in February. Sensitively accompanied on piano by longtime pal Wally Harper, the 74-year-old soprano performs a selection of Stephen Sondheim songs—from *A Little Night Music*'s "Send in the Clowns" to the more recent "Loving You" from 1994's *Passion*—as well as several the composer says he wishes he'd written, including "The Trolley Song" and "You Can't Get a Man With a Gun." Cook devotees will happily note the inclusion of some of the singer's signature tunes, from her no-holds-barred rendition of "Ice Cream" from *She Loves Me* to her intimate, unmiked encore of Sondheim's "Anyone Can Whistle." Sunday and Monday nights, through August 25. (See "Broadway".)

Ground Rules Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Stars (★) indicate our editors' recommendations. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and in temporary quarters at Bowling Green Park Plaza; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MIKE MARTIN.

Onstage

Sheik Up Your Shakespeare

Pop singer Duncan Sheik is the latest in a long line of musicians—from Shakespeare contemporary Thomas Morley to Sir Arthur Sullivan—to be drawn to Shakespeare's **Twelfth Night**. "There's no proper score for it," explains Sheik, whose new interpretations of the play's four major songs, including "O Mistress Mine" and "The Wind and the Rain," are being performed in the current Shakespeare in the Park production (pictured, Jimmy Smits and Julia Stiles). "Through the ages, the music was done either well or badly, depending on who was writing it." Sheik composed the songs—as well as some incidental music, which he admits he's "still racing to finish"—not in the fantasy setting of Illyria but in the fantasy factory of Hollywood: While recording an album in L.A., "when no one was around, I would record versions of the *Twelfth Night* songs and send them to New York," he says. These tracks and a solo acoustic guitar now provide the backup for Michael Potts, who performs the songs as the clown Feste. Shakespeare is not Sheik's first lyricist: His last album, *Phantom Moon*, stems from his collaboration with playwright Steven Sater on the play *Umbrage*. The two have also created a musical version of Frank Wedekind's nineteenth-century German play *Spring's Awakening*, which will open at the Roundabout next spring. "That music's much more contemporary than the *Twelfth Night* music," says Sheik, who plans to continue working in the theater while recording pop songs. "Steven and I have also started working on a musical version of Hans Christian Andersen's *The Nightingale*," he says. "It's kind of, well, you know that horrible word they use in theater—family entertainment." (See "Off Broadway.") EMILY GITTER

★ Noises Off
Patti LuPone, Peter Gallagher, Richard Easton, and Faith Prince star in this lively revival of Michael Frayn's slapstick farce about a touring theatrical troupe. $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (212-307-4100).

★ Oklahoma!
Super-choreographer Susan Stroman and director Trevor Nunn bring their acclaimed revival of the Rodgers and Hammerstein classic Stateside. An award-winning smash in London, the production stars Patrick Wilson (*The Full Monty*) as Curly, Josefina Gabrielle as Laurey, and the terrific Shuler Hensley. $20–$90. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (212-307-4100).

The Phantom of the Opera
Andrew Lloyd Webber's campy version of the macabre tale, given an opulent spin by director Hal Prince. $20–$90. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. • Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Private Lives
This terrific, crisp revival of Noel Coward's crisp and cruel comedy stars Lindsay Duncan and Alan Rickman. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (212-307-4100).

★ The Producers
Max Bialystock and Leo Bloom produce the ultimate "surefire flop," *Springtime for Hitler*, in Mel Brooks's triumphant musical and Tony Award record-setter. Based on his Oscar-winning 1968 film, directed and choreographed with aplomb by Susan Stroman, this giddy romp remains the hottest ticket in town, even though Brad Oscar and Steven Weber have replaced stars Lane and Broderick. $30–$100. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Proof
Jennifer Jason Leigh plays a chronically depressed young woman whose father, a famous mathematician, recently lost his mind and then his life. When a graduate student (the exceptional Josh Hamilton) finds a groundbreaking proof among her father's papers, Catherine is jolted out of her near-catatonic state and into the confusing world around her. Justly rewarded with a Pulitzer and several Tonys, David Auburn's *Proof* is a virtuoso piece of writing. Daniel Sullivan's direction is impeccable. $24–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Rent
The late Jonathan Larson's hauntingly scored, Pulitzer-winning reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as lived by a gaggle of East Village hipsters at the peak of grunge and the AIDS epidemic. $35–$80. Mon., Tues., Thurs. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 4/29/96. • Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100).

The Tale of the Allergist's Wife
In this shticky Manhattan comedy by downtown "gender illusionist" and camp playwright Charles Busch, Richard Kind and Rhea Perlman play a hyper allergist and his frazzled self-improving wife, whose worlds are upended by the arrival of a globetrotting debutante (Marilu Henner). $30–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Thoroughly Modern Millie
Based on the 1967 film about a Jazz Age flapper, this new musical, with book by Richard Morris and Dick Scanlan, music by Jeanne Tesori, and lyrics by Dick Scanlan, tracks Millie Dillmount (Sutton Foster) through the streets of New York. $55–$95. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway at 45th St., (212-307-4100).

★ Topdog/Underdog
Reprising the titanic performance he delivered last summer, Jeffrey Wright stars with Mos Def in the Broadway transfer of the Pulitzer-winning Suzan-Lori Parks (*In the Blood*, *Venus*) drama. $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. • Ambassador Theatre, 215 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).

Urinetown
A downtown hit, this weird musical, with book and lyrics by Greg Kotis and music and lyrics by Mark Hollman, is now a Broadway smash. The plot? In a corrupt city beset by a disaster of apocalyptic proportions, water is worth its weight in gold, and pedestrians are forced to comply with a pay-per-pee system. $75–$85. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. • Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

All Over
Edward Albee's stellar year continues with this revival of his 1971 drama about a dying man who is confronted by his wife and mistress. The cast features Rosemary Harris, Michael Learned, John Carter, Myra Carter, Patrick Garner, and Pamela Nyberg. Emily Mann directs. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. In previews for a 7/27 opening. • Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (212-777-4900).

Comedy of Errors
The Aquila Theatre Company, always rambunctious, returns with a madcap *Errors* set in a "twenties Turkish cartoon dream." Peter Meineck directs. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 7/11 opening. (See box.) • East 13th St. Theater, 136 E. 13th St. (212-239-6200).

Harlem Song
George C. Wolfe's new musical at the Apollo Theatre traces the music and culture of Harlem from the twenties to the present, re-creating moments like Ella Fitzgerald's winning performance at Amateur Night at the Apollo and the celebration in the streets of Harlem following heavyweight Joe Louis's victory over Max Schmeling. The revue features both classic songs and dances and entirely new ones. $20–$55. Sat. at 8, Sun. and Mon. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 5, Sun. at 3. Opens 7/6. • Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. (212-307-7171).

Play Yourself
Craig Lucas directs a new drama by Harry Kondoleon about a washed-up Hollywood bad-girl, presented by the New York Theatre Workshop. In previews for a 7/10 opening. Through 8/4. • Century Center, 111 E. 15th St. (212-239-6200).

The Playboy of the Western World
An all-Irish production of J. M. Synge's 1907 comedy about a man whose wild tale of his father's murder earns him the adoration of his neighbors, until his father appears, in the flesh, to expose him. Charlotte Moore directs. $35–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 7/2 opening. Through 8/18. • Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (212-727-2737).

Now Playing

Becoming Bernarda
Oscar Colón's new drama elaborates on the life of the title character in Federico García Lorca's *The House of Bernarda Alba*. $40. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 6:30, Sat. and Sun. at 2. • Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (212-354-1293).

★ Blue Man Group: Tubes
Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, tourists, haters and lovers of performance art. $55–$65. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. at 4, 7, and 10, Sun. at 2, 5, and 8. • Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).

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PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAL DANIEL.

Capitol Steps: When Bush Comes to Shove
Beltway puns and shtick, delivered by the Capitol Steps troupe. $50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Through 8/31. • John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

★ *De La Guarda*
A raucous show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. $20–$50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Fri. at 10:30, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. • Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).

The Donkey Show
A wild, loose disco-musical adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with even looser morals. Cable sex icon Robin Byrd hosts on Wednesdays. $39. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. • El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).

Endpapers
A new drama about the office politics of an independent publishing house, by Thomas McCormack, the former CEO of St. Martin's Press. $45–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (212-239-6200).

Fool for Love
Sam Shepard's drama about two former lovers who reunite at a run-down hotel at the edge of the Mojave Desert. $35. Mon.–Sat. at 8. Through 7/27. • 29th Street Rep Theatre, 212 W. 29th St.(212-206-1515).

Forbidden Broadway 20th Anniversary Celebration
Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof of musicals past and present, which takes swipes at productions like *The Producers* and *The Full Monty*. $49.50–$55. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. • Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

Free to Be . . . You and Me
The Drama Dept. ropes in Robert Ari, Debbie Gravitte, Keith Nobbs, and Daphne Rubin-Vega for a loving thirtieth-anniversary production of the Marlo Thomas and Friends album. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. • Greenwich House Theatre, 27 Barrow St. (212-239-6200).

★ House and Garden
Alan Ayckbourn's latest plays have a wonderful gimmick—and London critics swear it works: Two plays, one in the house, one in the garden, unfold simultaneously, as actors shuttle between the two stages. John Tillinger directs. $60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. • MTC Stages 1 and 2 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change
They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. A musical revue about heterosexual love. $49.50–$60. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. • Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

Love, Janis
An enjoyable new bio-musical based on *Love, Janis* by Joplin's sister Laura and performed by a trio of actresses. $45–$100. Mon, Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. • Village Theater, 158 Bleecker St. (212-307-4100).

Menopause the Musical
A parody set in Bloomingdale's. $48.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. • Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (212-239-6200).

Naked Boys Singing
Just like a regular musical revue, but without pants. $35–$50. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, and Sun. at 3 and 7. • Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-239-6200).

The Prince and the Pauper
A new musical based on the Twain novel, with music and lyrics by Neil Berg, additional lyrics by Bernie Garzia, and book by Garzia and Ray Roderick. $40–$55. Mon., Wed., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Tues. at 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. • Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Puppetry of the Penis
An oddly innocent lesson in "the ancient Australian art of genital origami." $29.90–$39.90. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 9:30, Sun. at 7. • John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

Reno: Rebel Without a Pause
Reno transfers her successful solo show, one that was intended to be a vehicle for her rants but quickly be-

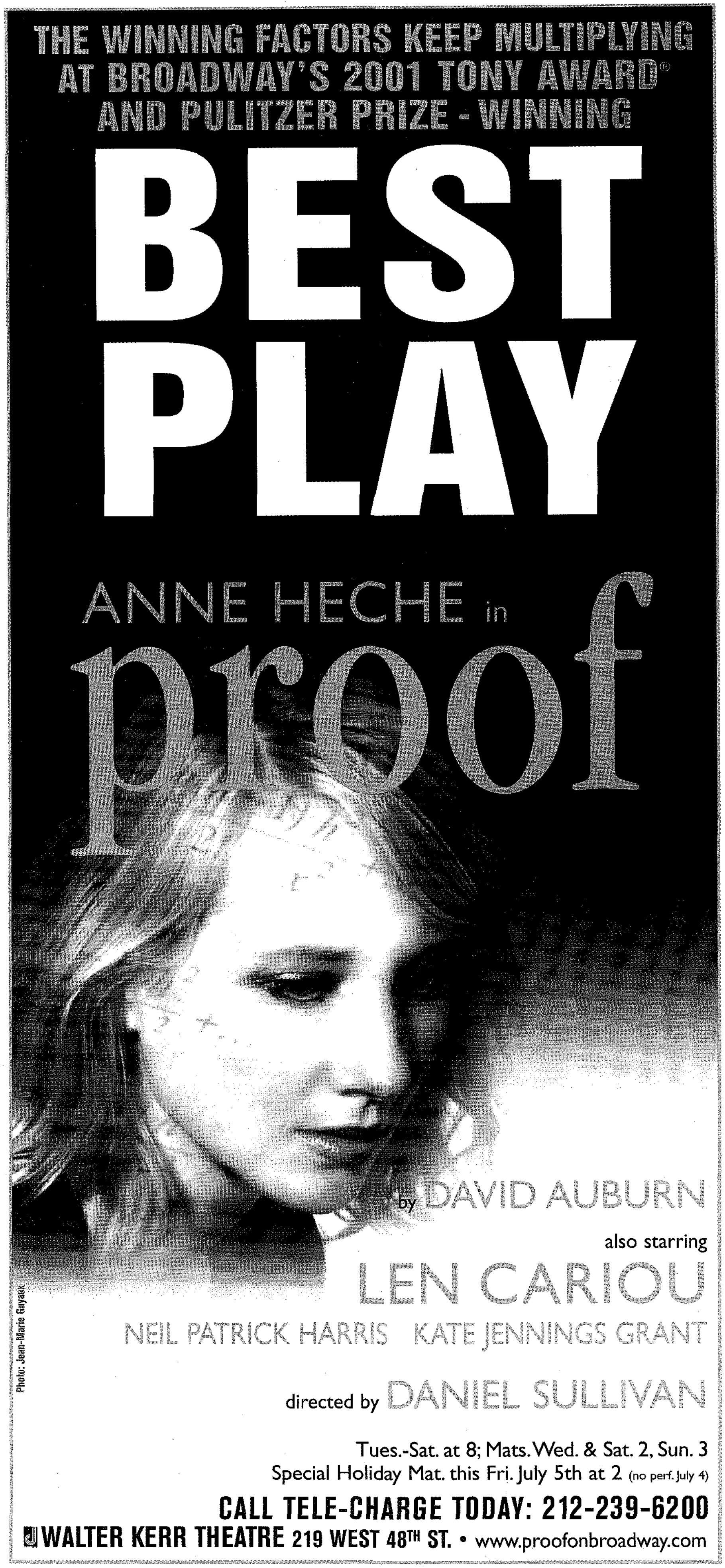
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Photo: Jean-Marie Guyaux

came one of the first theatrical performances to incorporate a response to September 11. $45. Mon., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. • Lion Theatre at Theatre Row, 410 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200)

★ Ricky Jay: On the Stem
Sleight-of-hand master, author, self-publisher, and actor, Ricky Jay is something of a phenomenon. His 1994 show, *Ricky Jay and His 52 Assistants*, sold out almost instantly, and his new one threatens to do the same. As usual, admirer David Mamet directs. $65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 7, Sun. at 3. Through 7/14. • Second Stage Theatre, 307 W. 43rd St. (212-246-4422).

Shoppers Carried by Escalators Into the Flames
A dark comedy by the fierce writer Denis Johnson (*Jesus' Son, The Name of the World*) about a California family, a yammering television set, and a hyper chihuahua. The cast features Off Broadway standouts like Betty Miller, Will Patton, and James Urbaniak. David Levine directs. $45–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. at 3. • Dimson Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (212-239-6200).

Smelling a Rat
The New Group stages Mike Leigh's comic drama about a pest-extermination magnate who returns from a well-deserved vacation to find an array of lovers coupling in his penthouse. Featuring Brian O'Byrne, Terence Rigby, Cara Seymour, Eddie Kaye Thomas, and Michelle Williams. $32–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 7/14. • Samuel Beckett, 410 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).

Stomp
A boisterous riot of found-object percussion. $35–$60. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. • Orpheum, 126 Second Ave. (212-477-2477).

Thunder Knocking on the Door
A new blues musical, with book by Keith Glover and music and lyrics by blues star Keb' Mo', Anderson Edwards, and Glover, tracks an Alabama family as the fateful stranger Marvell Thunder rolls into town and challenges the young girl Glory to a high-stakes "cuttin' contest." Tony winners Leslie Uggams (*Hallelujah, Baby!*) and Chuck Cooper (*The Life*) star. $45–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Minetta Lane Theater, 18 Minetta Lane (212-307-4100).

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding
A wedding and reception, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and, with more than 4,000 performances, it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $75–$80. Thurs.–Sun. at 7, Sun. at 2. • St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St., and Vinnie Black's Coliseum, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

Twelfth Night
No, Meryl Streep's not back, but the the Joseph Papp Public Theater/New York Shakespeare Festival has rounded up another crowd of stars. Zach Braff, Kristen Johnson, Christopher Lloyd, Kathryn Meisle, Oliver Platt, Jimmy Smits, and Julia Stiles will star in the Bard's dark comedy. Brian Kulick directs. Free. Tues.–Sun. at 8, 7/22 and 7/29 at 8. No performances 7/24 and 8/1. Through 8/11. • Delacorte Theater, Central Park (212-539-8750).

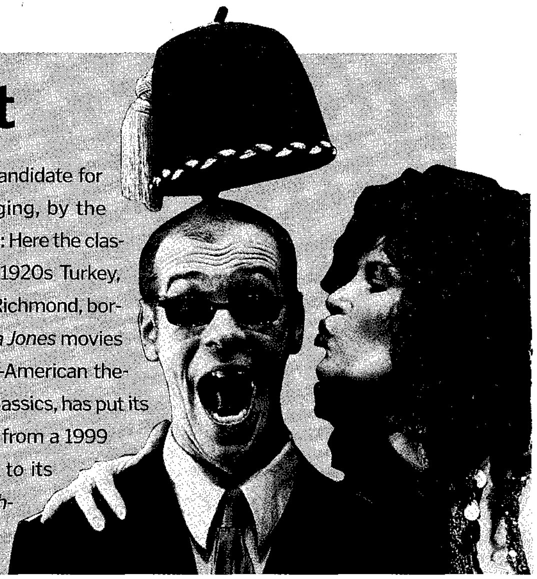
21 Dog Years: Doing Time @ Amazon.com
Mike Daisey's Fringe hit—a comic look back at the dot-com era—returns. $45. Mon., Wed., and Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 9, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3. • Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (212-239-6200).

Underneath the Lintel
In Glen Berger's well-paced drama, a librarian begins a peculiar investigation after discovering a returned book that is 123 years overdue. $40. Tues.–Thurs. and Sat. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. and Sun. at 3. • SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (212-239-6200).

Previews

Turkish Delight

The Comedy of Errors is a perennial candidate for experimentation, and this latest staging, by the Aquila Theatre Company, is no exception: Here the classic story of mistaken identity is set in 1920s Turkey, and the production, directed by Robert Richmond, borrows stylistic elements from the *Indiana Jones* movies and Tintin comics. The half-British-half-American theater company, which specializes in the classics, has put its moves on a number of canonical texts, from a 1999 Lincoln Center production of the *Iliad* to its *Avengers*-themed *Much Ado About Nothing* last year. In previews for a July 11 opening. (See "Off Broadway.")



★ The Vagina Monologues
Eve Ensler's oral history of a body part stitches together testimony from women from all over the world, from those who have experienced terrible abuse to those who have invented cute nicknames for this play's namesake. Originally a one-woman show, it's now performed by a rotating trio of actresses. Through 7/7: Hope Clarke, Melissa Leo, and Mackenzie Philips. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. • Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

Vienna: Lusthaus (Revisited)
Conceived and directed by Martha Clarke, with text by Charles L. Mee and music by Richard Peaslee, this multimedia performance, originally staged in 1986, evokes the artistic spirit of Vienna a the turn of the century. $50–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 8/11. • New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (212-239-6200).

Off-Off Broadway

Alexandra's Web
Pulse Ensemble stages H. Richard Silver's drama about a woman who confronts the man who may have raped her as a teenager. $18. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5. • Pulse, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-695-1596).

American Dreams: Plays About NY and the Immigrant Experience
An annual summer reading series, presented by the Immigrants' Theatre Project and the Lower East Side Tenement Museum. Free. Call for schedule. Through 8/1. • Tenement Theatre, 97 Orchard St. (212-431-0233).

As You Like It
The Gorilla Repertory Theatre, now in its tenth summer of free performances in public spaces, presents the Shakespeare comedy in Central Park and Battery Park. Lauren Edgar directs. Free. Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5. 7/5–7/28. Call for schedule and locations. • (212-330-8086).

The Bomb
The International Wow Company revives its 30-person production about love and nuclear weapons. Josh Fox directs. $20–$35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. Through 7/14. • Flaboyan Theatre, 107 Suffolk St. (866-468-7619).

Cooper Savage
Emerging Artist Theatre stages Bash Halow's southern gothic about a Virginia family. $20. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 7/6. • West End Theatre at the Church of SPSA, 263 W. 86th St. (866-468-7619).

Distribution of Empathy
Karen Finley's latest solo show tackles the fallout of 9/11. $15. Tues. at 9. • Cutting Room, 19 W. 24th St. (212-691-1900).

Fully Committed
One time only, the Vineyard Theatre presents a performance in the park of its 1999 hit comedy by Becky

Opening

Assembly Lines

It's independent theater for Independence Day: **Ice Factory '02**, the Soho Think Tank's ninth annual festival of new work by emerging international artists, begins at the Ohio Theatre, appropriately, on July 4. The festival (so named because it "mass-produces cool theater in the hot summer") opens with Robert Lyons' *No Meat, No Irony* (pictured, Michael Frederick and Babo Harrison), a comedy about a high-stakes interview between a business writer and the CEO of a vegetarian-friendly Website. On the Fourth, the drama spills over to the theater's outdoor lot, where audience members can grab a bite at a barbecue after the show. (In keeping with the subject matter, veggie burgers are on the house, but it's BYOM—bring your own meat.) Other highlights of the summer include the Flying Machine's *Utopians*, a tragicomic clown play set in a post-apocalyptic world; and the globalization drama *Death of Nations*, by International WOW. (See "Off-Off Broadway.")

PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY BRECKHEIMER.

Mode about life in a four-star Manhattan restaurant. Mark Setlock reprises his starring role, playing every member of the restaurant's staff in this one-man show. Free. 7/9 at 6:30. • Madison Square Park, Madison Ave. at 23rd st. (212-353-0303).

Grandmotherfucker
A solo show by Pat Candaras, an Irish-Catholic Brooknyite with little grandkids and a big chip on her shoulder. $10. Two-drink minimum. Call for schedule. Through 8/14. • Don't Tell Mama, 343 W. 46th St. (212-757-0788).

★ The Guys
Amy Irving and Tom Wopat star in first-time playwright Anne Nelson's surprisingly powerful two-person drama about a fire captain who asks a journalist to help him write eulogies for his fallen men. $55. Tues.–Fri. at 7. • The Flea, 41 White St. (212-206-1515).

Ice Factory '02
The Soho Think Tank presents its tenth annual summer festival of new work by emerging downtown artists. The season begins, appropriately, on Independence Day, with the premiere of Robert Lyons's *No Meat, No Irony*, a comedy about a high-stakes interview between a business journalist and the CEO of a vegetarian Website. A barbecue (with veggie burgers) accompanies the performance. $10–$15. Wed.–Sat. at 7. 7/4–8/17. (See box.) • Ohio Theater, 66 Wooster St. (212-966-4844).

Jack Kerouac: Last Call
Tom O'Neil's new drama about the last night of the writer's life. $10–$15. Thurs.–Sun. at 7. Through 7/12. • 13th Street Repertory, 50 W. 13th St. (866-468-7619).

The Last Carburetor
Susan O'Connor plays the disgruntled daughter of a midwestern family in this revival of Leon Chase's drama. $15. Mon.–Wed. at 8. Through 7/17. • Access Theatre, 380 Broadway (212-330-9380).

Leonce & Lena
German playwright Georg Buchner was 19 years old in 1836, when he wrote this obsessive love story, here directed by Lenard Petit and performed with a score by Aussie band Dead Can Dance. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 7/4 for a 7/11 opening. • Connelly Theatre, 220 E. 4th St. (212-625-9848).

Midtown International Theatre Festival
Now in its third year, this summer festival dedicated to Off-Off Broadway talent opens with *Heroes*, a new comedy by Jonathan Brady. $12–$15. Call for schedule. 7/8–8/4. • Raw Space, 529 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).

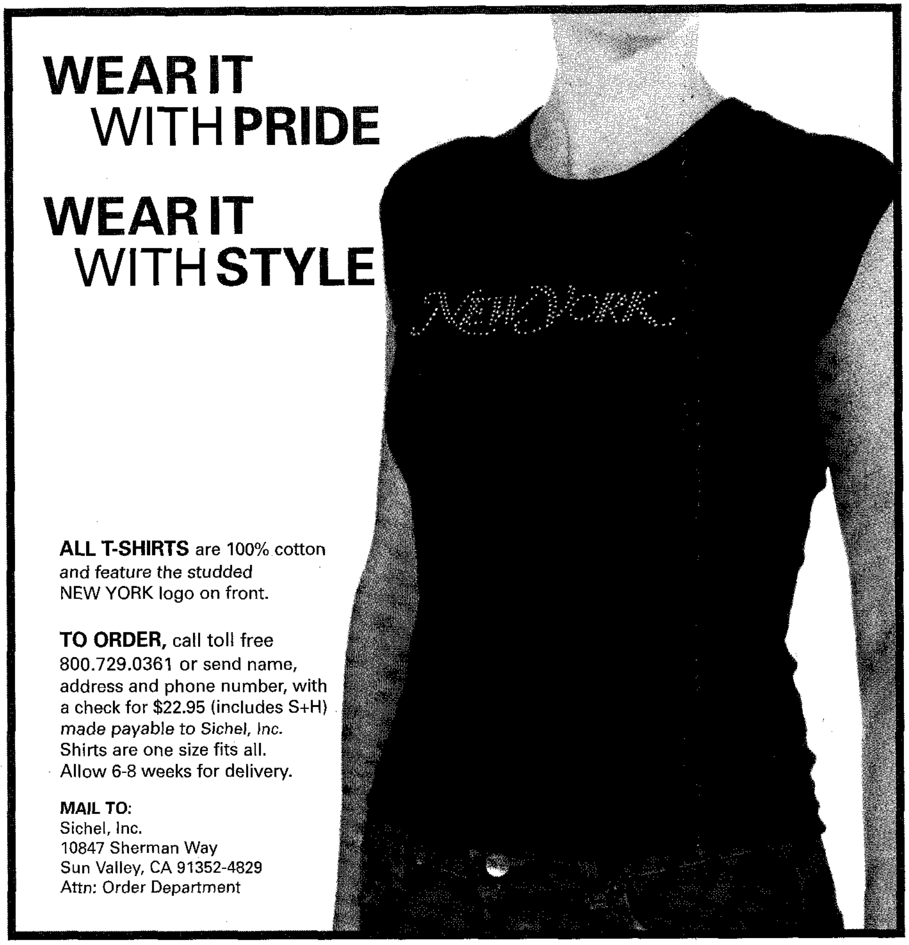
★ Monday Night Magic
Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture flailing assistants with swords, steal your watch, yank rabbits from hats, etc., all in an intimate setting. $29.50–$32.50. Mon. at 8. • McGinn/Cazale Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-615-6432).

Mono
An inventive, interactive play set in a barlike environment, with a sock puppet. $10–$15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. • Surf Reality, 172 Allen St. (212-358-3447).

New Mondays
A songwriter's showcase, in which three composers debut new works each night. Participants include Jason Robert Brown, Michael John LaChuisa, Stephen Schwartz, others. $12. Two-drink minimum. Mon. at 7. Through 7/15. • Duplex, 61 Christopher St. (212-255-5438).

Red Death
Clubbed Thumb kicks off its summer series with an odd contemporary take on Poe's *The Masque of the Red Death*. $15. Fri.–Sun. at 8. • Ohio Theater, 66 Wooster St. (212-802-8007).

Two Small Bodies
Indie Theatre Company's revival of Neal Bell's drama about a police detective investigating the disappearance of two children who finds himself increasingly attracted to the children's mother, a possible murderer. Scott Darby directs. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2, 7/4 at 6. Through 7/13. • Sande Shurin Theatre, 311 W. 43rd. St, (212-206-1515).



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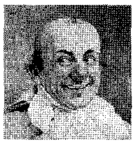

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cue

Art

Edited by Edith Newhall

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

★ John James Audubon and Robert Havell Jr.
Sixty-one artist's proofs from Audubon's four-volume *The Birds of America* that were passed down through the family of Audubon's engraver, Robert Havell Jr., who contributed landscape and floral backgrounds to the prints; through 7/12. • Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (212-535-8810).

★ John Graham
Paintings and drawings dating from the forties to the fifties, by the Russian-born American artist whose circle of artist friends included Stuart Davis, Willem de Kooning, and Arshile Gorky, among others; through 7/31. • York, 21 E. 65th St. (212-772-9155).

★ Middleton Manigault
A traveling survey organized with the Columbus Museum of Art, of paintings, etchings, ceramics, and wood sculptures by a previously neglected American modernist (1887–1922), including *The Clown*, a work he exhibited at the 1913 Armory Show; through 7/19. • Taggart, 48 E. 73rd St. (212-628-4000).

★ Scott Teplin
Ink-and-watercolor drawings of fantastical architectural interiors; through 7/13. (See box.) • Baumgold, 74 E. 79th St. (212-861-7338).

57th Street Area

Timothy Blum/Joanne Carson
Large figurative sculptures/Painted wall sculptures. Through 7/19. • Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (212-397-6780).

Audrey Flack
Plein-air watercolors and drawings of fishing boats off the coast of Montauk; through 7/26. • Bernarducci Meisel, 37 W. 57th St. (212-593-3757).

Philip Guston
Prints from the eighties in the artist's late, cartoony style; through 7/13. • Sheehan, 20 W. 57th St. (212-489-3331).

★ Joan Mitchell
Pastel drawings, paintings, and limited-edition books made in collaboration with poets, among them John Ashbery, J. J. Mitchell, and James Schuyler; through 7/26. • De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (212-262-5050).

Alfonso Ossorio/Clifford Odets
Brilliantly colored paintings and mixed-media assemblages on shaped panels—works the Philippino-born artist labeled "congregations"—dating from 1936 to 1990/Humorous and occasionally disturbing "naïve" paintings created during the forties and fifties by the American playwright and inspired by the works of Matisse, Picasso, Magritte, and Klee. Through 8/2. • Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. (212-247-0082).

★ Pablo Picasso
The first full-scale retrospective of works inherited by Marina Picasso, the granddaughter of Picasso and his first wife, Olga Kokhlova, including paintings, sculptures, drawings, unique ceramics, and prints made between 1898 and 1973; through 7/26. • Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (212-755-7288).

Soho and Tribeca

Asymptote
MSCAPES, an installation of Iris prints and plasma-screen virtual objects by the architectural firm whose projects have included, among others, the Guggenheim Virtual Museum and the Virtual Trading Floor for the New York Stock Exchange; through 7/12. • Visionaire, 11 Mercer St. (212-274-8959).

Bo Bartlett
Large-scale paintings that imbue scenes from everyday life with symbolic meaning; through 7/15. • P•P•O•W, 476 Broome St. (212-941-8642).

Olaf Bruening
An installation of video, sculpture, light, and sound that borrows its imagery from advertising and the entertainment industry; through 8/17. • Swiss Institute, 495 Broadway (212-925-2035).

★ Simon Frost
Ethereal ink and graphite drawings; through 7/27. • Blum, 99 Wooster St. (212-343-0441).

★ Gillian Jagger
Casts of a dead pregnant doe found by the sculptor on a neighbor's farm; through 7/26. • Kind, 136 Greene St. (212-925-1200).

Minaliza1000
A site-specific installation of a suspended curved matrix of string that incorporates video and sound components triggered by visitors' movements, by a Korean-American artist; through 7/19. • Fung, 537 Broadway (212-334-6242).

★ Joan Mitchell
An exhibition focusing on the small-scale paintings of the Abstract Expressionist whose work is currently the subject of a Whitney retrospective (see "Museums"); through 8/16. • Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (212-941-0012).

Jan Vercruysse
Camera obscura photographs of famous performers paired with images of strange doppelgängers; through 7/27. • Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (212-925-4338).

Chelsea

Karen Finley
Paintings of beds that reveal their owners' quirks; through 7/26. • Liebman Magnan, 552 W. 24th St. (212-255-3225).

Joe Fyfe
Abstract paintings; through 7/12. • Grimm, 505 W. 28th St. (212-564-7662).

Andrew Grassie
Meticulously rendered egg-tempera paintings of American sculptures from the seventies; through 8/20. • Morris, 465 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2752).

★ Keith Haring
Paintings on large, grommet-hung tarpaulins that the artist began making in the early eighties and depict such imagery as his "Radiant Baby," patterns, and portraits; through 8/10. • Van de Weghe, 521 W. 23rd St. (212-929-6633).

Naofumi Maruyama
Paintings of children in luminous monochrome expanses; through 7/26. • Erben, 16 W. 20th St. (212-645-8701).

★ Joan Mitchell
Ten major paintings by the Abstract Expressionist whose work is currently the subject of a Whitney retrospective (see "Museums"); through 8/16. • Cheim & Read, 547 W. 25th St. (212-242-7727).

★ Bruce Nauman
A DVD video installation, *Mapping the Studio II with color shift, flip, flop & flip/flop (Fat Chance John Cage)*, filmed with an infrared video camera in the artist's studio over a period of several months in 2000 and capturing remnants of past works, works in progress, and studio detritus as interrupted by the activities of mice, bugs, and a cat; through 7/27. • Sperone Westwater, 415 W. 13th St. (212-999-7337).

★ Lara Schnitger
Sculpture installations of fabric, foam, wood, and plastic that suggest artificial forests; through 8/2. • Kern, 532 W. 20th St. (212-367-9663).

★ Richard Sharpe Shaver
Paintings, annotated photographs of rocks, manuscripts, and handmade books by an artist (1907–1975) who believed he had discovered the lost alphabet of Atlantis; through 7/26. • Burgin, 243 W. 18th St. (212-462-2668).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Graham
"Summer in the Garden," garden sculpture from America's golden age of garden statuary and paintings of garden-related subjects by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, among them MacMonnies, Burchfield, Pene du Bois, Hassam, Thaxter; through 8/31. • 1014 Madison Ave. (212-535-5767).

★ Knoedler
"Coming to Light," paintings by Avery, Gottlieb, and Rothko that were made during their summers in Provincetown between 1957 and 1961; through 8/15. • 19 E. 70th St. (212-794-0550).

57th Street Area

Ameringer Howard Yohe
"Summer in the City: High in the 60s," paintings by

In Print

Sublime Studios

There's no trace of Francis Bacon-style mess in Bob Colacello's **Studios by the Sea: Artists of Long Island's East End** (Abrams; $49.95). Instead, *Vanity Fair* photographer Jonathan Becker had to make do with the pristine Hamptons working spaces of April Gornik, Larry Rivers, Julian Schnabel, David Salle, and Robert Wilson, among others (pictured, artist William Rayner's view of the Atlantic from his desk). But who said artists shouldn't live well?

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN BECKER.

Photography

Tour d'Italia

As any fan of Vittorio De Sica's 1948 neo-realist masterpiece *The Bicycle Thief* knows, the bike was not simply a means of transportation in postwar Italy but a symbol of hope and redemption as well. Its ubiquitous presence made it a natural subject for Italian photographers, too. For **The Bicycle**, Keith de Lellis Gallery has gathered poetic—and often unabashedly romantic—images of *la bicicletta* by more than 25 Italian photographers, including Ferruccio Crovatto (pictured, *Ambiente di Laguna*, 1958), Federico Garolla, Nino Migliori, Mario Perotti, Luciano de Stasio, and Vittorio Ronconi. (Through August 16; see "Photography.")

Caro, Frankenthaler, Louis, Noland, Olitski, others; through 9/14. • 20 W. 57th St. (212-445-0051).

Artemis • Greenberg Van Doren
"Linger," painting, photography, sculpture, and video with summer and nature-related themes, by Andoe, Bartlett, Katz, Lichtenstein, Rockburne, Rhoades, others; through 7/26. • 730 Fifth Ave. (212-445-0444).

AXA
"Testimony: Vernacular Art of the African-American South, Selections From the Collection of Ronald and June Shelp," works by Thornton Dial Sr., Mary T. Smith, Henry Speller, James "Son" Thomas, and others; through 7/13. • 787 Seventh Ave. (212-554-4818), Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 12–5.

DCMoore
"Boundless/Silence, States of Infinity," works exploring space and consciousness, by Beck, Brancusi, Fulton, Jensen, Michals, Reichek, Sugimoto, others; through 7/26. • 724 Fifth Ave. (212-247-2111).

★ Perlow
"A Family Affair," paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by members of the Avery, Ernst, Kahn, Pollock, Rockwell, and Wyeth families; through 7/25. • 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-7171).

★ Zabriskie
Recent works by Bremer, Kipper, Vallila; through 7/12. • 41 E. 57th St. (212-752-1223).

Soho and Tribeca

Art in General
"Now Serving: From General Submissions to Gallery 6." Works in a variety of mediums by twelve emerging artists chosen by Art in General's 2002 advisory panel; through 7/13. • 79 Walker St. (212-219-0473).

★ Exit Art
"Show People: Downtown Directors and the Play of Time," an exhibition exploring the directorial work of Abdoh, Bogart, Foreman, Monk, Schumann, and Wilson through individual installations; through 8/17. • 548 Broadway (212-966-7745).

Chelsea

Feature
Paintings by Kirkland and St. John, drawings by De Los Angeles, and sculpture by Ericksen and Wray; through 7/5. • 530 W. 25th St. (212-675-7772).

Feigen
Drawings by Cantor, Crumb, and Tom of Finland, and photography by Annie Sprinkle; through 7/27. • 535 W. 20th St. (212-929-0500).

★ Gladstone
"American Standard: (Para) Normality and Everyday Life," a show organized by Gregory Crewdson of works by artists who combine realism and theatricality, among them Bechtle, Celmins, Currin, Fischl, Gallace, Sherman, Shore, Sugimoto; through 8/16. • Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. (212-206-9300).

Golden
"Bootleg Identity," works by Cordova, Dupont, Kalymnios, Craig-Martin, and others that explore identity as revealed in the culture of our belongings; through 7/26. • 526 W. 26th St. (212-727-8304).

Harris
Works by alumni of the New York Studio School; through 7/13. • 529 W. 20th St. (212-463-9666).

Lelong
"Goddess," feminist artists of the seventies exhibited with works by a younger generation to explore past and present truths of the female experience, by Cox, Edelson, Mendieta, Moffatt, Schneemann, Spere, Wilke, others; through 7/26. • 528 W. 26th St. (212-315-0470).

Metro Pictures
Installations by Lawler and Miller, video projection by Simmons; through 9/14. • 519 W. 24th St. (212-206-7100).

★ Postmasters
"Joy and Revolution," works in various media examining the effects of new technologies on information and entertainment cultures, by Feingold, Hoberman, Lucas, Wisniewski; through 7/13. • 459 W. 19th St. (212-727-3323).

Ricco/Maresca
"A Bird Show," birds rendered in a variety of mediums, by Dial, Finster, Hinds Bidaut, Levitt, Martone, Witkin, others; through 8/16. • 529 W. 20th St. (212-627-4819).

303 Gallery
"Sunday Afternoon," works by C. Crumb, Floyer, Nauman, Feldman, others; through 7/19. • 525 W. 22nd St. (212-255-1121).

★ White Columns
"Night Vision," works by artists influenced by technologies developed by the military, government intelligence agencies, and NASA, among them Crandall, Draeger, Garnett, Hurwitz, Klima, Nechvatal; through 7/20. • 320 W. 13th St. (212-924-4212).

Other

★ Dorksy Gallery Curatorial Programs
"Prescient Then and Now: The Resonance of Support/Surface." An exhibition curated by Saul Ostrow of works by seven French artists—among them Louis Cane, Daniel Dezeuze, and Jean-Pierre Pincemin—who were members of "Support/Surface," a group of abstractionists that existed from 1966 to 1974, and by twelve younger French and American artists working in a similar spirit, among them Polly Apfelbaum, Stephen Dean, Dominique Figarella, and James Hyde; through 7/3. • 11-03 45th Ave., Long Island City (718-937-6317), Wed.–Sun. 11–6.

Scandinavia House
Seventy-six Scandinavian maps and sea charts dating from as early as 1482, from the collection of William B. and Inger G. Ginsberg; through 8/16. • 58 Park Ave. (212-879-9779).

Photography

★ Borden
"Office Space," photographs of work spaces by Barney, Baltz, Friedlander, Maul, Skogland, Sherman, Sultan, others; through 7/26. • 560 Broadway (212-431-0166).

★ De Lellis
Twentieth-century Italian photographs depicting the bicycle, by Placido Barbieri, Luigi Cavagna, Nino Migliori, Mario Righetti, others; through 8/16. (See box.) • 47 E. 68th St. (212-327-1482).

★ Eric Fischl
Dye-transfer photographs of sun-seekers in Saint-Tropez, taken by the painter between 1982 and 1988 as studies for paintings; through 7/31. • Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (212-397-0669).

★ Ron Galella
Black-and-white photographs of celebrities taken between 1960 and 1965; through 8/2. • Kasmin, 293 Tenth Ave. (212-563-4474).

Greenberg
"Where Is Elvis? (The Man and His Reflection)," photographs of and about Elvis Presley by Eggleston, Lyons, LaChapelle, Withers, others; through 8/3. • 120 Wooster St. (212-224-0010).

★ Milton Greene
Vintage images of Marilyn Monroe, Audrey Hepburn, Marlene Dietrich, Frank Sinatra, and other Hollywood icons, on exhibition for the first time; through 7/26. • Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (212-517-3766).

Karen Halverson
Color photographs of the Colorado River and other American waterways; through 7/6. • Klotz/Sirmon, 511 W. 25th St. (212-741-4764), Wed.–Sat. 11–6.

★ International Center of Photography
"Manual: Two Worlds, the Collaboration of Ed Hill and Suzanne Bloom." The first survey of the team's 27-year career, including photographs, digital animations, interactive CD-ROM works, and video displays; through 9/1. • "George Tice: Urban Landscapes." A retrospective of the photographer's images of urban and suburban New Jersey landscapes; through 9/1. • "Dust to DNA: Kevin Clarke and Mikey Flowers 9/11." Collaborative photographs documenting the collapse of the World Trade Center; through 9/1. • 1133 Sixth Ave. (212-857-0045), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $9, $6 students and seniors.

★ Klagsbrun
"Interior/Exterior," photographs of architectural spaces of all kinds, by Fletcher, Graham, Höfer, Nauman, Perlman, Pilson, Wallace; through 7/19. • 526 W. 26th St. (212-243-3335).

Russ Meyer
Photographs of buxom women by the 80-year-old pi-

Ground Rules During summer, galleries are generally open Monday through Friday, from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6. Stars (★) indicate our editors' recommendations.

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF KEITH DE LELLIS GALLERY.

oneer of the sexploitation film; through 7/27. • Feigen, 535 W. 20th St. (212-929-0500).

★ Morthland
An exhibition celebrating the publication of Lyle Rexer's new book, *Photography's Antiquarian Avant-Garde—The New Wave in Old Processes* (Abrams), featuring works by Carey, Close, Estrabrook, Hinds Bidaut, Mann, Spagnoli, others; through 8/10. • Morthland, 511 W. 25th St. (212-242-7767).

Sebastião Salgado
Photographs documenting the ravages of polio on children and the efforts of organizations to deliver polio vaccine to some of the most conflict-ridden places in the world; through 8/16. • Aperture's Burden Gallery, 20 E. 23rd St. (212-505-5555).

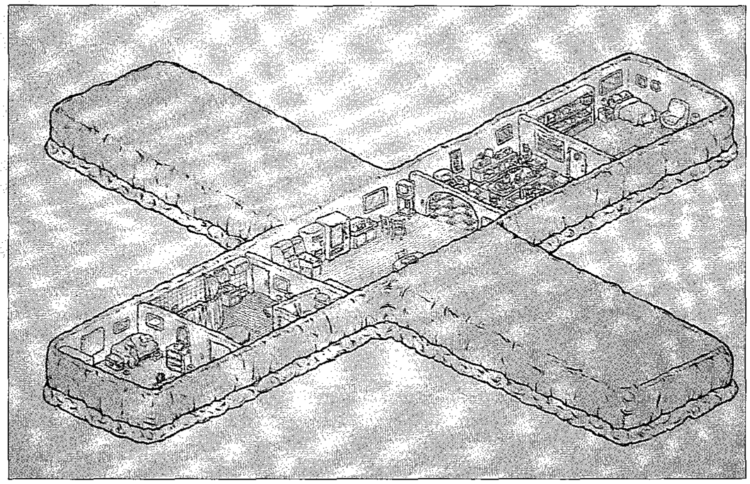
★ Larry Silver
Photographs of suburban Southern Connecticut taken over the past 30 years; through 7/27. • Silverstein, 504 W. 22nd St. (212-627-3930).

Stevenson
"Bugs, Weeds, and Zoobabies," images of flora and fauna by Broadfoot, DeCosse, O'Neill; through 8/10. • 338 W. 23rd St. (212-352-0070).

Talent

Please Don't Eat the Buildings

One never knows, of course, but it seems unlikely that Frank Gehry will be taking cues from **Scott Teplin** anytime soon. For one thing, the 29-year-old veteran of P.S.1's "Greater New York," who is currently having his first solo New York show at Adam Baumgold Gallery, envisions roofless houses carved out of butter (pictured, *Butter House (X),* 2002) and doughnuts. For another, his ink-and-watercolor renderings of domestic structures feature odd scale shifts, highly improbable juxtapositions of furniture, and, in one, a medieval torture chamber conveniently located downstairs from the kitchen. Teplin's whimsical design sense is similarly apparent in his installation of 100 small drawings of objects—a half-stick of butter, a bed, a hot tub, and a nipple—writhing, floating, oozing, and all tied up. (Through July 13; see "Galleries: Solos.")



PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF ADAM BAUMGOLD GALLERY.

★ George Tice
Black-and-white photographs of scenes in Paterson, New Jersey, some of which were shown in his retrospective at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in 1972, and recent images of Paterson; through 8/2. • Meyerowitz, 580 Broadway (212-625-3434), Wed.-Sat. 11-6.

★ Jerry Uelsmann/Maggie Taylor
Lyrical, often humorous photographs that explore the subconscious by two photographers who use completely different techniques and are also husband and wife; through 8/16. • 20 W. 57th St. (212-397-3930).

Museums

American Craft Museum
★ "Changing Hands: Art Without Reservation." Works in a variety of mediums by 100 established and emerging Native American artists from the Southwest; through 9/8. • "Zero Karats: Jewelry From the Donna Schneier Collection." A collection of jewelry fashioned from nonprecious stones and metals that was donated to the museum by Donna Schneier; through 9/8. • 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535), daily 10-6, Thurs. 10-8 (pay what you wish 6-8); $7.50, $4 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History
"Baseball As America." A study of how the sport reflects our culture, with more than hundreds of artifacts borrowed from the Hall of Fame; through 8/18. • Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); daily 10-5:45 (on Fri., Rose Center is open to 8:45 for weekly jazz concerts); $10 suggested contribution, $7.50 students and seniors, $6 children.

Asia Society and Museum
"Banaras: The Luminous City." Nineteenth-century and contemporary photographs of the Indian city; through 8/18. • "Through Afghan Eyes: A Culture in Conflict, 1987–1992." Images by Afghan photographers and cameramen documenting the closing years of Soviet rule and the gradual collapse of civil society in Afghanistan, drawn from the archives of the Afghan Media Resource Center in Peshawar, Pakistan; through 8/11. • 725 Park Ave. (212-288-6400), Tues.-Sun. 11-6 (Fri. 11-9, free admission 6-9); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Brooklyn Museum of Art
"Star Wars: The Magic of Myth." Original artwork, props, models, costumes, and characters used to create the *Star Wars* trilogy, as well as objects from *Star Wars: Episode I—The Phantom Menace*; through 7/7. • 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000), Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. 11-6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Sat. of every month), Sun. 11-6; $6, $3 students and seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution
★ "Skin: Surface, Substance + Design." A survey of developments in skin technology as seen through examples of recently designed furniture, decorative objects, fashion, and other products; through 9/15. • ★ "Russel Wright: Creating American Lifestyle." A retrospective of the American designer's work, including examples of his dinnerware, furniture, appliances, textiles, and interiors; through 9/15. • 2 E. 91st St. (212-849-8300), Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 12-5, Tues. 10-9 (5-9, free admission); $8, $3 students and seniors.

Dahesh Museum of Art
★ "Fire & Ice: Treasures From the Photographic Collection of Frederic Church at Olana." Works by such renowned nineteenth-century photographers as Désiré Charnay, John Moran, Eadweard Muybridge, and Carleton Watkins that were collected by the American landscape painter (1826–1900) and are on loan from Olana, his estate near Hudson, New York, now a historic site; through 8/26. • 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (212-759-0606), Tues.-Sat. 11-6; free.

Drawing Center
★ "Ellsworth Kelly, *Tablet 1948–1973.*" One hundred eighty-eight panels that were created by the artist from hundreds of smaller works, such as collages, sketches, and drawings, and served as preliminary concepts for large-scale paintings and sculptures; through 7/24. • "Sarah Oppenheimer: Hallway." An installation transforming the Drawing Center's Drawing Room at 40 Wooster Street into a hallway whose dimensions she will alter during the course of the exhibition; through 7/7. • 35 Wooster St. (212-219-2166), Tues.-Fri. 10-6, Sat. 11-6; donation suggested.

Frick Collection
★ "Greuze the Draftsman." The first exhibition devoted exclusively to the drawings of the eighteenth-century French painter and draftsman (1725–1805), featuring works on loan from numerous American and European museums; through 8/4. • "Marton Carlin's Mechanical Table." A mechanical writing table attributed to Martin Carlin, a German cabinetmaker who worked in Paris and created furniture for Madame du Barry, the daughters of Louis XV, and others; through 8/18. • 1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.-Sat. 10-6 (Fri. to 8:45), Sun. 1-6; $10, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery
★ "Priceless Children: American Photographs 1890–1925/Child Labor and the Pictorialist Ideal." Vintage black-and-white images of working-class children by F. Holland Day, Gertrude Käsebier, Edward Steichen, Edward Weston, Clarence White, and other pictorialist photographers; through 7/13. • 100 Washington Square East (212-998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11-6, Wed. 11-8, Sat. 11-5; $2.50 suggested donation.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum
★ "Moving Pictures." Photographs and video works from the seventies to the present, drawn primarily from the museum's collection, by Marina Abramovic, Vito Acconci, Stan Douglas, Andreas Gursky, Bruce Nauman, and others; through 1/12/03. • "Connecting Museums." The first of a series of exhibitions marking the museum's alliance with the State Hermitage Museum and the Kunsthistorisches Museum, in which each museum will have concurrent exhibitions of a signature artwork from each museum's collection; here, in New York, the Guggenheim will show its Manet, *Before the Mirror* (1876), the Hermitage's Rembrandt, *Portrait of Baertje Martens* (circa 1640), and the Kunsthistorisches's Velázquez, *Infanta Margarita Teresa in a Pink Gown* (1654); through 10/20. • 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500), Sun.-Wed. 9-6, Fri. and Sat. 9-8 (Fri. 6-8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $8 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum
★ "New York: Capital of Photography." Color and black-and-white photographs of the city taken over the past century by 60 photographers, among them Abbott, Bourke-White, DeCarava, Evans, Klein, Levitt, Marks, Parks, Plachy, Winogrand; through 9/2. • 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200), Mon., Tues., Wed. 11-5:45; Thurs. 11-8 (Thurs. after 5, pay what you wish), Fri. 11-3, Sun. 10-5:45; $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art
★ "Thomas Eakins." The first major exhibition of work by the Philadelphia artist (1844–1916) since 1982, including paintings, watercolors, photographs, and sculptures on loan from museums and private collections; through 9/15. • ★ "Gauguin in New York Collections: The Lure of the Exotic." Paintings, sculptures, drawings, ceramics, and prints from all periods

of the artist's career, drawn from public and private collections in New York State and including more than 50 works from the museum's own holdings; through 10/20. • "The Age of Impressionism: European Painting From the Ordrupgaard Collection, Copenhagen." Eighty paintings that Danish insurance magnate Wilhelm Hansen (1868–1936) bequeathed to the Danish government, by Edgar Degas, Paul Gauguin, Claude Monet, Camille Pissaro, and others; through 9/8. • ★ "Adrian: American Glamour." Examples of fashion work and costume designs for MGM by the American designer (1903–1959) who dressed Greta Garbo, Katharine Hepburn, Norma Shearer, and others; through 8/18. • "New York, New York: Photographs From the Collection." Images of New York City from the era of the daguerreotype to the seventies; through 8/25. • "As It Happened: Photographs From the Gilman Paper Company Collection." Photographs of events large and small that took place during the second half of the nineteenth century and the first half of the twentieth, from an intimate séance to the scaling of Mont Blanc; through 8/25. • "Oldenburg and van Bruggen on the Roof." Large-scale sculptures by the husband-and-wife team, Claes Oldenburg and Coosje van Bruggen, displayed on the museum's Iris and B. Gerald Cantor Roof Garden; through 11/1. • ★ "Splendid Isolation: Art of Easter Island." The first American exhibition devoted to the Polynesian art of Easter Island, featuring objects dating from the thirteenth to the nineteenth centuries; through 8/4. • "Klee's Best." A selection of the artist's paintings from the Berggruen Klee Collection, including watercolors he created in Tunisia in 1914 that were instrumental in his path toward abstraction; through 9/8. • 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:30, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $10 contribution, $5 students and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $10, $5 students and seniors.

MoMA QNS

★ "Tempo." Works by 45 artists from Africa, the Americas, Asia, and Europe who address distinct experiences of time, among them Matthew Barney, Martin Creed, Douglas Gordon, Roni Horn, Cildo Meireles, Steven Pippin, and Kim Sooja; through 9/9. • "AUTObodies: speed, sport, transport." A selection of automobiles from the museum's collection, among them Pininfarina's *Cisitalia 202 GT* (1946) and the Jaguar *E-Type Roadster* (1963); through 9/16. • "A Walk Through Astoria and Other Places in Queens: Photographs by Rudy Burckhardt." Two unpublished albums of photographs taken in Queens by the Swiss-born photographer, filmmaker, and painter; through 11/4. • "Projects 76: Francis Alÿs"; through 10/30. • 33rd St. at Queens Blvd., Long Island City (212-708-9400), Thurs.–Mon. 10–5 (Fri. to 7:45); $12, $8.50 students and seniors.

Morgan Library

★ "David to Cézanne: Nineteenth-Century French Drawings." Over 100 drawings by David, Delacroix, Ingres, Prud'hon, Seurat, and other nineteenth-century French artists, from the Morgan's holdings and private collections; through 9/8. • "A Love Affair: Drawings by Al Hirschfeld"; through 9/8. • 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10:30–8, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. 12–6; $8, $6 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio

★ "Frida Kahlo, Diego Rivera, and Twentieth-Century Mexican Art: The Jacques and Natasha Gelman Collection." A nationally touring exhibition of Mexican modernist art from the collection of the late cinematic mogul and his wife, including works by Carrington, Kahlo, Orozco, Rivera, Siqueiros, others; through 9/8. • 1230 Fifth Ave. (212-831-7272), Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $7, $3 students and seniors (free admission Thurs. from 5–9).

Museum for African Art

"Bamana: The Art of Existence in Mali." Sculptures, headdresses, masks, puppets, and other objects made by the Bamana people of Mali; through 7/28. • 593 Broadway (212-966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. noon–6; $5, $2.50 students, seniors, and children.

Museum of Jewish Heritage

"Lives Remembered: A *Shtetl* Through a Photographer's Eye." Sixty photographs of a pre–World War II *shtetl* that were taken by Zalman Kaplan, a Polish photographer in the Polish town of Szczuczyn; through 8/30. • 18 First Place, Battery Park City (212-968-1800), Sun.–Wed 10–5:45, Thurs. 10–8, Fri. and the eve of Jewish holidays 10–3; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York

★ "Richard Rodgers' Broadway." A centennial celebration of the legendary composer's birth, featuring photographs, sheet music, personal items, and ephemera from the museum's Theater Collection; through 1/5/03. • ★ "The Last Days of Penn Station: Photographs by Aaron Rose." The first exhibition of a group of photographs chronicling the destruction of Penn Station that were shot between 1963 and 1966 and only recently printed; through 10/6. ★ "Highlights of Manhattan: The Drawings of E. H. Suydam." Graphite drawings of New York City in the twenties by the American illustrator (1885–1940), all of which were made to illustrate the 1927 travel book *Highlights of Manhattan*; through 9/15. • 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology

★ "Herman Landshoff: Photographs." The first full-scale retrospective of work by the German photographer (1905–1986), featuring fashion photography, portraits of famous photographers, and still lifes dating from the forties and fifties; through 7/27. • Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (212-217-7642), Tues.–Fri. noon–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

★ National Academy of Design

"The Artist's Eye: Jane Freilicher as Curator." Works that the painter Jane Freilicher selected from the Academy's permanent collection, by Isabel Bishop, Thomas Eakins, Paul Georges, R. B. Kitaj, and others; • 1083 Fifth Ave. (212-369-4880), Wed., Thurs. noon–5, Fri. 10–6, Sat. and Sun. 10–5; $4.50–$8; students and seniors.

★ Neue Galerie

"New Worlds: German and Austrian Art, 1890–1940." Paintings and drawings by Austrian artists, among them Gustav Klimt, Oskar Kokoschka, and Egon Schiele, and by artists associated with the German movements Brücke, Blaue Reiter, Neue Sachlichkeit, and Bauhaus; through 9/1. • 1048 Fifth Ave. (212-628-6200), Fri. 11–9, Sat., Sun., Mon. 11–6; $10, $7 students and seniors.

New Museum of Contemporary Art

★ "Out of Site." Fictional architectural spaces in a variety of media by sixteen emerging artists, among them Cannon Hudson, Patrick Meagher, Julie Mehretu, and Adam Ross; through 10/13. • "Lee Bul." An interactive installation, *Live Forever*, that consists of a video projection and three karaoke booths that visitors are invited to enter one at a time for a solo performance; through 7/7. • 583 Broadway (212-219-1222), Tue.–Sun. noon–6, Thurs. noon–8 ($3 admission Thurs. 6–8); $6, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New-York Historical Society

"Me, Myself & Infrastructure: Private Lives and Public Works in America." A commemoration of the 150th anniversary of the American Society of Civil Engineers through installations resembling everyday locations designed by the creative team of Chicken & Egg Public Projects, Inc., and Boym Partners, Inc.; through 9/15. • ★ "The Tumultuous Fifties: A View From the New York *Times* Photo Archives." An exhibition of photographs dating from 1896 through the eighties culled from the New York *Times* pictures archives; through 8/14. • ★ "Building on the Flatiron: The Centenary of a New York Icon (1902–2002)." Photographs, drawings, paintings, prints, souvenirs, and ephemera from the society's collection relating to one of New York's oldest and most unusual skyscrapers; through 9/1. • ★ "The Games We Played: American Board and Table Games From the Liman Collection." More than 150 examples of board games dating from the end of the Civil War through the first decade of the twentieth century; through 1/5/03. • "Missing: Streetscape of a City in Mourning." Photographs of memorials and shrines that sprang up around the city after September 11; recordings of oral histories of survivors of the disaster, and a space for visitors to sit and reflect on their lives today; through 7/7. • ★ "Ralph Fasanella's America." A retrospective of paintings by the folk artist and labor activist (1914–1997), a second-generation Italian American who was born New York City; through 7/14. • 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center

★ "Mexico City: An Exhibition About the Exchange Rates of Bodies and Values." A survey of work by contemporary artists working in Mexico City, among them Eduardo Abaroa, Carlos Amorales, Miguel Calderón, Gabriel Orozco, and Daniela Rossell; through 9/29. • ★ "Heart of Gold." Projects on the theme of capitalism by Eleanor Antin, Katrin Asbury, Hope Ginsburg, Anissa Mack, Noah Sheldon, and Peter Walsh; through 9/29. • "Magnus von Plessen: Recent Paintings." Small paintings based on found photographs and the artist's own snapshots; through 9/29. • 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation.

Queens Museum of Art

"Rom of Ridgewood." Photographs of gypsy communities in Queens by Yale Strom; through 7/7. • "In the Flow: Artists From the Living Museum." Works by artists who have worked at the Living Museum, a 40,000-square-foot art studio and gallery that provides space and support for the mentally ill and is part of the Creedmoor Psychiatric Center in Queens Village; through 7/7. • "Designing the Future: The Queens Museum of Art and the New York City Building." An exhibition chronicling the history and architecture of the New York City Building, from its inception in 1939, when it served as the city's official pavilion at the World's Fair, through the founding of the Queens Museum of Art in 1972, plus design concepts for enlarging the museum, by five finalists who entered an open competition; through 7/7. • New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Tues.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. noon–5; $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

Smithsonian National Museum of the American Indian

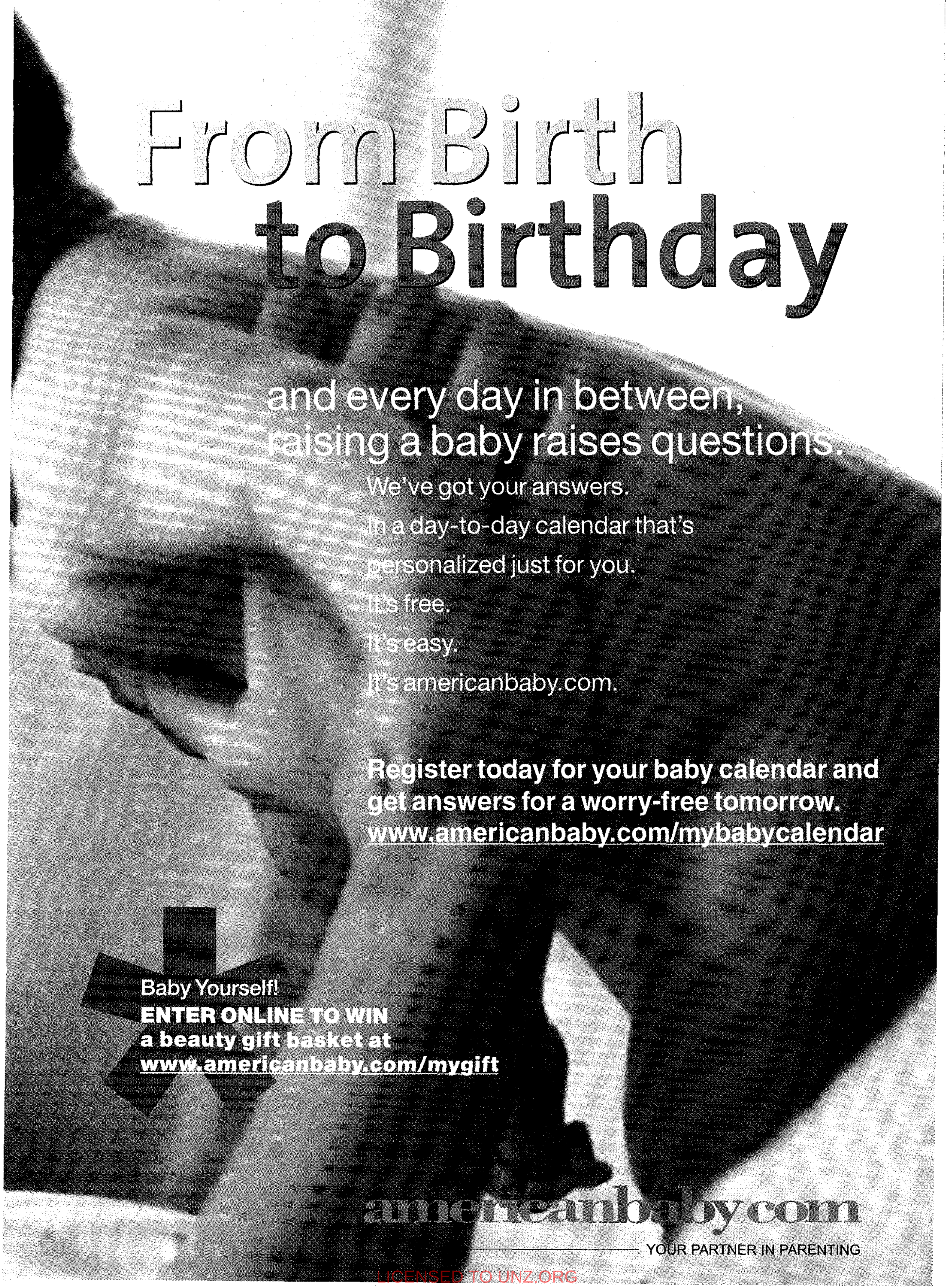
"Booming Out: Mohawk Ironworkers Build New York." Photographs taken over the past 100 years showing Mohawk ironworkers involved in the construction of the Empire State Building, the George Washington Bridge, Rockefeller Center, and other New York landmarks; through 10/15. • ★ "Spirit Capture: Native Americans and the Photographic Image." Approximately 200 photographs of and by Native Americans, from Frank A. Rinehart's historic images of Geronimo to images of the massacre at Wounded Knee in 1890; through 9/1. • 1 Bowling Green (212-514-3712), 10–5 daily, Thurs. 10–8; free.

Whitney Museum of American Art

★ "The Paintings of Joan Mitchell." The first retrospective of the Abstract Expressionist's paintings since her death in 1992; through 9/29 • ★ "Visions From America: Photographs From the Collection of the Whitney Museum of American Art, 1940–2001." More than 150 works dating from 1940 to the present, by Vito Acconci, Diane Arbus, Nancy Burson, Roy DeCarava, William Eggleston, Robert Mapplethorpe, Catherine Opie, Lucas Samaras, and others; through 9/22. • ★ "Oldenburg–Van Bruggen Drawings in the Whitney Museum of American Art." Works on paper by Claes Oldenburg from the past 40 years, including drawings made with his wife and partner, Coosje van Bruggen; through 9/15. • "Jack Goldstein: Films and Performance"; through 9/22. • 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues.–Thurs., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Fri. 1–9 (pay what you wish every Fri. 6–9); $10, $8 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris

★ "Five by Five: Contemporary Artists on Contemporary Art." Recent works by Reed Anderson, Rina Banerjee, Susan Graham, Ryan Humphrey, and Larry Krone shown alongside works from the Whitney's permanent collection by Mike Kelley, Donald Lipski, Charles Ray, Tom Sachs, and Chris Wool; through 7/5. • 120 Park Ave. (917-663-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.



From Birth to Birthday

and every day in between, raising a baby raises questions.

We've got your answers.

In a day-to-day calendar that's personalized just for you.

It's free.

It's easy.

It's americanbaby.com.

Register today for your baby calendar and get answers for a worry-free tomorrow.
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Baby Yourself!
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cue

Restaurants

Edited by Robin Raisfeld
& Rob Patronite

Ground Rules These listings are a selective guide to the city's restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. Stars (★) indicate our critics' recommendations. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive; (M) = moderate; (I) = inexpensive. Restaurants listed accept all major credit cards, except where noted; ($) = cash only; "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted card.

New and Noteworthy

★ Alias Restaurant
The owners of 71 Clinton Fresh Food and aKa Cafe have tripled their presence on the block with this casually sophisticated bistro. It's closer to 71 in food and mood, and offers top-notch service, a quirky wine list, and an equally inventive menu featuring dishes like skate fish cakes, a chicken-fried portobello, a flawless hanger steak, and, in tribute to a fading Lower East Side industry, a pickle-plate appetizer. • 76 Clinton St. (212-505-5011). (M)

Black Duck
Named for a rum-running boat and owned by a hotel-and-cruise-ship company, this tavernesque restaurant at the Park South Hotel understandably goes overboard on seafood dishes like lobster martini, porcini-and-herb-crusted salmon in pastry, and sushi-style sesame-seared tuna. The "black duck" is pepper-crusted magret cooked with the proprietary house rum. • 122 E. 28th St. (212-204-5240). (M)

★ Blue Fin
How can you tell you're in a W hotel? The striking design; the Rande Gerber bar; and the upscale restaurant, like this stylish seafood house at the W Times Square. It's smart. It's handsome. Fiercely noisy with jazz to boot. Chef Paul Sale scores with splendid goat-cheese-and-beet salad, a superior crab cake with celery-root salad, and a silken, often luminous way with fish, plus sushi to match any vowel-ending raw-fish bar in town. • 1567 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-918-1400). (M–E)

Blue Smoke
Danny Meyer, sultan of sophisticated dining, has transformed the former 27 Standard into a much more rough-hewn establishment with a woody barroom full of high-backed booths, a skylit dining room, recession-friendly prices, and, most significant, a pair of Missouri-made pit smokers. The menu goes whole hog, from pulled pork and hot links to baby-back and spare ribs. Meyer clearly plumbed his St. Louis childhood for specialties like toasted ravioli and Fitz's root beer. • 116 E. 27th St. (212-447-7733). (M)

Butter
It's not easy being plump in this vast yawning space full of whisper-thin beauties with shoulders bared and the odd mix of urban louts and aging Lotharios who swim in their wake. Chef Keith Harry (ex-Chanterelle) has more than enough ideas, some quite good: raw hamachi, crisp and spicy black sea bass, and a slightly stingy ration of rare ostrich, in particular. Feast your eyes on a 3-D photo of a forest at one end, the soaring arches above, and witty little illuminated nooks. • 415 Lafayette St. (212-253-2828). (M–E)

Café Lebowitz
Brian McNally's Nolita take on the *fin de siècle* Viennese *kaffeehaus* is more French than Austrian, and more McNally than either. Which is to say, it possesses a crew of impossibly slim belly-baring gamines; a star-studded clientele that included, at one recent brunch, a bespectacled Robert De Niro; and a crowd-pleasing bistro menu of burgers, croques monsieur, and steak-frites, not to mention the spectacular graham-cracker-crusted "Lebowitz cheesecake," named, like the café, in honor of humorist Fran. • 14 Spring St (212-219-2399). (I–M)

★ craftbar
With only three daily entrées—one fish, one meat, and one pasta—craftbar might be Tom Colicchio and chef Marco Canora's laid-back answer to those still anxiety-stricken by Craft's hands-on menu. But before you get around to Tuesday's braised pork belly, Friday's fried flounder, or Saturday's bucatini with sardines, you'll have to navigate a mouthwatering minefield of Italian-accented appetizers and snacks including risotto balls, salumi, and expertly pressed sandwiches. • 47 E. 19th St. (212-780-0880). (M)

Django
France is the latest culinary destination for the folks who brought us Calle Ocho, Rain, and Union Pacific; they've named their new 250-seat restaurant for the guitarist Django Reinhardt, and endeavored to warm up a midtown office building lobby with tapestry carpets, strands of beads, and a 30-foot antique mirror. To further the Francophile illusion, they've padded the menu with classics from escargots to steak au poivre, and snagged a pastry chef from Jean Georges. • 480 Lexington Ave., at 46th St. (212-871-6600). (M–E)

Fiamma
This ultrasleek Soho triplex equipped with two bars and a glass elevator shuttling between them is Stephen Hanson's bid for Soho stardom. He's enlisted chef Michael White, a veteran of high-profile kitchens in Chicago and Emilia-Romagna, to mastermind a multiregional modern Italian menu of dishes like pan-roasted sea scallops with crispy artichokes, garganelli with prosciutto ragù, and sheep's-milk-ricotta beignets. • 206 Spring St. (212-653-0100). (E)

Hope & Anchor
A neighborhood place catering to neighborhood people is how Hope & Anchor's owners Dianna and Kenneth Munz (who also own Carroll Gardens's Panino'teca 275) and their partner Gary Rego want you to think of their new Red Hook restaurant. That means classic diner fare, a full bar, and breakfast anytime. But cauliflower ravioli with capers or cod in tomato with chickpeas and chorizo point up a commitment to something more. • 347 Van Brunt St., Brooklyn (718-237-0276). (M)

Jimmy's Downtown
I'm betting that the low, lean, and sexy intimacy of Jimmy Rodriguez's sequel to Jimmy's Uptown and Jimmy's Bronx Café will lure grown-ups on the prowl to this unlikely eastern shoal of 57th Street. Slither through the all-white, candlelit lounge and settle into a booth out back where servers lyricize over yuca-crusted scallops, a huge juicy pork chop, and luscious grilled sturgeon on creamy avocado mash. And don't leave without indulging in lush coconut flan. • 400 E. 57th St. (212-486-6400). (E)

Kai
Downstairs is the Ito En tea shop; upstairs, an elegant restaurant serving food inspired by *kaiseki*, the Japanese meal served after a tea ceremony. And some of the dishes on the four-level prix fixe dinner menus ($55 to $110) are flavored with the key ingredient, including salt-crusted black cod with tea leaves and dill, and green-tea noodles with tofu. Lunch is offered à la carte. • 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (212-988-7277). (E)

Noche
This Latin-themed nightclub and restaurant was inspired by a popular weekly dance party at the late, lamented Windows on the World, and its design evokes a pre-Castro club with acres of mosaic tile, stained-

Happening

Clambake Kid

PHOTOGRAPH BY DEBORAH ORY.

There's no summertime feast more gloriously American than a clambake. That's why Jonathan Waxman, avatar of ingredient-driven American cuisine and chef-partner of the distinctly seasonal **Washington Park**, is celebrating Independence Day with a full-blown urban clambake at his restaurant this Thursday. Of course, Waxman won't be gathering driftwood or digging a fire pit on lower Fifth Avenue, those pesky environmental codes being what they are. But to get in the spirit, the staff will swap their boldly checked—but not very beachy—Thomas Pink shirts for polos and shorts, while Waxman will muster up an à la carte menu of seaweed-steamed Maine lobster, grilled corn with red-chili butter, cherrystone clams, and his signature JW fried chicken, plus a few twists like Montauk-bluefin-tuna steak, Texas-style barbecue ribs, and a dessert menu as unabashedly all-American as a Grucci fireworks display. (24 Fifth Avenue; 212-529-4400.)

glass panels, a domed ceiling that changes color, and roving mojito carts. Chef Ramiro Jimenez, late of Chicama, has up his sleeve a Pan-Latino panoply of tamales, enchiladas, seviches, and platters of roast suckling pig and Brazilian barbecued chicken. • 1604 Broadway, at 49th St. (212-541-7070). (M)

Olica

The sleek space that was formerly L'Actuel has reopened with a rejiggered menu and a new design incorporating sheer fabrics, earth tones, and light fixtures made from New Mexican twigs. Happily, L'Actuel's tart flambée is still available in all its bacony glory, and so are some signature dishes from the owners' first restaurant, the late Destinée, which closed after a fire. • 145 E. 50th St. (212-583-0001). (M-E)

Plantain Café

This bare-bones cafeteria-style restaurant has some surprising names attached to it: Former Chicama and Pipa chef de cuisine Raymond Mohan rustles up a steam-table full of greatest-hits Caribbean and Latin specialties including jerk chicken, roti sandwiches, roast suckling pig, mofongo, and unusual breakfast items like a porridge made with plantain flour. Giovanni Campos, a former floor manager at Chicama, works the front of the house, such as it is. • 20 W. 38th St. (212-869-8601). (I)

Supper

Supper is polpettone kingpin Frank Prisinzano's attempt to do for northern-Italian cooking what he's done for southern at his perpetually packed Frank and Lil' Frankie's. The crowded, convivial space is decked out with wooden communal tables, a bustling open kitchen, and floral-pattern plates that evoke Sunday supper at Grandma's house. The real attraction, though, is what's on those plates: an herby minestrone Genovese, perfectly thin veal Milanese, a luscious chocolate-hazelnut custard pudding, a daily risotto, and bollito misto on weekends. • 156 2nd St. (212-477-7600). (I-M)

Object of Desire

Cold Comfort

I taste. I shiver. I sit up straighter. My invisible antennae are trembling. I taste again. This cassata gelato with its confetti of glazed fruit and a collar of syrupy slices of confited orange is not merely seriously great ice cream. I try the nocciola, the coffee, the boldly tart ricotta—what can I say? With his stubborn devotion to old-world ways, **Bussola**'s Gino Cammarata churns out classic gelato—lush, creamy, seductive, with pure essences of vanilla, hazelnut, espresso. Buy a cone or cup or even a pint in the annex next door, or settle at a table in the bar area to celebrate *la dolce vita*. Linger for espresso or a glass of prosecco and gelati-filled cannoli or the cocoa-dusted "porcini" or a dish of Sicilian pistachio. Definitely worth a detour if you're dining or bar-hopping nearby, or emerging from Off Broadway theater. (65 Fourth Avenue; 212-254-1940.)

GAEL GREENE

THAT bar

You've heard of all-day breakfast—why not all-night brunch? It's the first venture from a pair of restaurant publicists who hope to lure Boerum Hill's young gay population with cocktails and brunch, served nightly—not that there's anything wrong with that. Besides eggs Benedict, stuffed pancakes, and challah French toast, the kitchen specializes in comfort food like burgers and grilled cheese. • 116 Smith St., near Dean St., Brooklyn (718-260-8900). (I-M)

★ Théo

The vanilla-and-caramel décor is cool but not chilly. Sound levels are buoyant but bearable. The appealing menu—call it international comfort food—doesn't rely on steak-frites to render it affordable. Waiters who are cute enough to intimidate newspaper critics don't forget you. And no velvet rope. Theo is startling because it is so deliberately of the angst-free moment, a hip hangout that instigates no anxiety. • 325 Spring St. (212-414-1344). (M)

★ Washington Park

Not since Dolly Levi descended the steps of the Harmonia Gardens has a return to a restaurant been so boisterously chronicled. The reason there is cause for high-kicking and strutting is that rather than bring us back down memory lane, eighties icon Jonathan Waxman reveals that his passion for market produce like dragon beans and ramps and his breezy touch in dropping them in pastas and alongside juicy duck confit is as vital as ever. • 24 Fifth Ave. (212-529-4400). (M-E)

Zutto Sushi & Sake Bar

A cult favorite in Tribeca, where Nobu steals most of the spotlight, this veteran source for stellar sushi spawns its second Greenwich Village branch, this time with a garden. In addition to the classic lineup of teriyaki, negimaki, tempura, and yaki udon, there's the offbeat raw-fish roster, including the Vampire roll (papaya, tuna, and caviar). • 174 Bleecker St. (212-598-4884). (M)

Manhattan

Lower New York

★ Aquagrill

Ever since we tasted chef-owner Jeremy Marshall's inspired falafel-crusted salmon, a naked pink fillet has been tough to swallow. But despite the high level of cooking, an offbeat and well-priced wine list, and unexpected grace notes like a welcoming *amuse-bouche* and complementary petits fours, it's still a rollicking neighborhood spot, where you can park yourself at the lively bar and watch the dexterous oyster shucker in action. • 210 Spring St. (212-274-0505). (M-E)

★ Chanterelle

The Waltucks, Karen and David, have specific ideas about how to make an evening unforgettable. The walls are without art. No music. Chairs are huge; plates are, too. The goal is to get you to concentrate solely on who you are with and what you are eating—the stunning juxtapositions of David's quail and star anise, lamb with cumin crust, crabs in ginger, and strawberry millefeuille with elderflower sorbet. • 2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (212-966-6960). (E)

Delmonico's

Eat with the Big Boys at this sprawling, beautifully restored New York City icon. Start the feast the way Diamond Jim would have, with oysters Rockefeller and clams Casino, and end it with baked Alaska; in between there's lobster Newburg, rack of lamb, and, of course, the classic Delmonico's steak. And don't forget your jacket—or your wallet. • 56 Beaver St. (212-509-1144). (E)

★ The Harrison

With its long, bustling bar, commodious beamy interior, and friendly neighborhood vibe, the Red Cat's Jimmy Bradley and Danny Abrams's new hot spot feels like it's been part of the local landscape for years. There are all sorts of dining options—you can spend a week snarfing the spicy fries—but we like the big dishes best: the crispy chicken served on a fat mattress of scallion mashed potatoes, calf's liver smothered in a sweet sherry sauce, and the house shell steak drizzled with crisps of pancetta. • 355 Greenwich St. (212-274-9310). (M)

★ The Natural Restaurant

There isn't a seafood restaurant in New York with fresher produce than Natural, nor is there anyone around who can fry a fish as greaselessly. Whether it's fragrant fried rice, razor-thin pork chops, lean beef with scallions and oyster mushrooms, or dense and gulp-worthy soups, each dish reminds you that the sludge in the white cardboard container called takeout was never what anybody really wanted, just what we got used to. • 88 Allen St. (212-966-1321). (I-M)

★ Omen

The most singularly uncommon Japanese meal you can clear your senses with is to be found at this rustic home to Kyoto-style country cooking. The food looks coarse—little bowls with mackerel and daikon radish, or a quail egg oozing over a chunk of toro—and the first swallow is likely to be eerie and sharp. But the aftertaste provokes instantaneous acceptance followed by a craving for more. • 113 Thompson St. (212-925-8923). (M-E) AE only

★ Peasant

Peasant is exactly right. From its stunningly backlit brick-walled kitchen that features only open-fire cooking to its incredibly appealing Tuscan menu, chef-owner Frank De Carlo has reason to bust his buttons every night, and you have reason to undo a couple of yours. And thanks to the recent soundproofing, you no longer need to shout to get your share of impeccably al dente pastas, and meltingly tender osso buco. • 194 Elizabeth St. (212-965-9511). (M)

Steamers Landing

Catch a glorious sunset and check out the bustling Battery Park to-and-fro at this casual American seafood restaurant with a 200-seat outdoor terrace alongside the Hudson River. The kitchen's fresh seafood preparations—crab cakes, mussels, and chilled lobster cocktail, plus an eclectic mix of international crowd-pleasers—compete with the view. • Hudson River nr. Liberty St. (212-432-1451). (M)

Find a restaurant. Search hundreds of listings by cuisine, price range, and location.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KENNETH CHEN.

Below 14th Street, East

★ Gnocco Caffe
Co-owner Pierluigi Palazzo named this café after the traditional Modenese snack of crispy, puffy fried dough, usually served with prosciutto di Parma. But just to complicate matters, the gently priced menu also offers two versions of gnocchetti (an entirely different, equally delicious thing), plus well-dressed, unusually fresh salads and an unassuming pork tenderloin lavished with Parmesan shavings and an aged-balsamic emulsion. • 337 E. 10th St. (212-677-1913). (I) ($)

★ Gotham Bar & Grill
What began with an unfocused menu of Americana in a raucous eighties-style grand café has mellowed over two decades into a trusted classic with Alfred Portale relentlessly pursuing perfection in the kitchen. Settle into a cocoon of confident service—informal but informed, friendly but unintrusive. Then, depending on the season and the market, rediscover Portale's discipline in a lush truffle-oil-perfumed risotto with caramelized sweet turnips, duck confit, and savoy cabbage. Or in a rustic and garlicky white-bean soup with floats of rabbit confit and wilted greens. Or in seared yellowfin propped alongside pappardelle rolled around caponata in which each vegetable is like a jewel. • 12 E. 12th St. (212-620-4020). (E)

★ Il Posto Accanto
This is where the same harried crew behind the popular Il Bagatto come to unwind. Literally "the place next door," Il Posto Accanto is their homey, low-key tribute to Italian wines. Nearly 100 are sold by the bottle, the half-carafe, and the quarter-carafe, which measures about a glass and a half—enough to accompany a cheese plate, a panino, or a rustic crock pot of warm vegetables drizzled with truffle oil. • 190 E. 2nd St. (212-228-3562). (I-M)

★ Jewel Bako
The façade of this tiny East Village jewel box of a restaurant references those forbidding midtown restaurant-cum-clubs with Japanese-only clientele, but the welcome from owner Jack Lamb and his wife, Grace, couldn't be warmer. The snug 24-seat dining room is clad in dramatic bamboo arches that lead back to the six-seat sushi bar, where the sushi chef reigns over a piscatory realm of rarities like Japanese spotted sardines and ark-shell clams. • 239 E. 5th St. (212-979-1012). (M–E)

Le Souk
On a rapidly gentrifying Alphabet City block, two Egyptian brothers have carved out their own North African niche and accessorized it with Moroccan tile, glowing lanterns, and a weatherproofed garden. A Moroccan chef oversees a menu of assorted tajines and couscous, and meze like grilled octopus. Linger long enough to smoke a hookah and admire the belly dancer. • 47 Ave. B (212-777-5454). (I–M)

Osso Buco
Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. • 88 University Pl. (212-645-4525). Also, 1662 Third Ave., at 93rd St. (426-5422). (M)

Below 14th Street, West

Alfama
The family-reunion feel of the welcome you receive when you set foot inside this cozy corner of Portugal in the Village sets the mood. And chef Carmen Santos, a onetime fado singer, seals the deal with authentic dishes like a luscious seafood mariscada, codfish soufflé, and an oddly delicious shellfish bread pudding with tiger prawns. Bonus points for an interesting Portuguese wine list and live fado music on Wednesdays. • 551 Hudson St. (212-645-2500). (M–E)

★ Blue Hill
Despite some culinary trendiness (to wit: a delicious asparagus soup with Parmesan froth), the atmosphere couldn't be more congenial. The room is pretty, too, comfortable and sophisticated, and the three-sided limestone bar accommodates diners and drinkers alike. • 75 Washington Pl. (212-539-1776). (M–E)

Burrito Loco
The house burrito comes with three sauces and a choice of beef, pork, or chicken. There's a rendition stuffed with roasted lamb and lots of vegetarian options. And even though it could probably survive just by serving the hordes of marauding college students nachos and tacos, the festive cantina keeps things interesting with cactus salad and shrimp seviche. • 166 W. 4th St. (212-675-1977). (I–M)

★ Chow Bar
Chef-partner Peter Klein cooked at China Grill and El Teddy's before settling in the West Village, where he's turning out addictive honey-plum-glazed spareribs, Sichuan steak-frites, and Shanghai lobster noodles. Potent house cocktails fuel a lively crowd, which seems delighted to have found such a fun, quasi-exotic neighborhood place. • 230 W. 4th St. (212-633-2212). (M)

★ Lupa
We love this down-home Roman trattoria and not just for Mario Batali's celebration of odd animal parts and Italian delicatessen, or for partner Joe Bastianich's bid to bring depth and finesse to a casual Village joint's wine service. We like the mood, the food, and the gentle prices, but so do legions of tuned-in New Yorkers. It's almost as tough a sanctum to crack as its pricier sibling, Babbo. • 170 Thompson St. (212-982-5089). (M)

★ Pastis
Keith McNally's Pastis looks more like a grander Lucky Strike than a repro of the visually faultless Balthazar, but not only does the slight downshifting make perfect sense; considering the tallowy neighborhood, it also renders the new place less imposing. Service is breezier, the crowd more genially noisy, and the only thing disappointing is that you don't live closer. • 9 Ninth Ave. (212-929-4844). (M)

Tio Pepe
Can't decide between Mexican and Spanish? This Greenwich Village kitchen has been doling out both for over three decades, and to judge by the liquor supply, the bar's been stocking a new brand of tequila every year. That sort of variety contributes to the general merriment, as do a heaping paella Valenciana and bicultural tapas like garlic shrimp and nachos, which many seem to enjoy in the skylit garden room. • 168 W. 4th St. (212-242-9338). (I–M)

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

★ Artisanal
If cheese is a religion, this is its bustling, Balthazar-gone-midtown house of worship. After an olfactory assault at the door, where you're hit with the pungent aroma of Muenster, Taleggio, and 200 other varieties aging gracefully in the boutique cheese cave, indulge in full-fromage festivities from appetizer (raclette pizza) to dessert (a splendid tarte Tatin with a cheese-infused crust.) If you manage to resist a dozen different fondues, there's a full menu of bistro classics like braised lamb shank, boudin blanc, and cassoulet. • 2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (212-725-8585). (M–E)

Bambou
A hint of the tropics on 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like crab cakes with avocado and molasses or eggplant soup with coconut and curry amid a relaxing, palm-fronded bar and dining room. • 243 E. 14th St. (212-358-0012). (M)

Candela
These vast premises have been decorated with mission-style furniture, iron sconces, and what seems like a thousand votive candles. Chef Joseph Macri's New American menu features signature dishes like the Candela seafood platter, miso-glazed black cod, and Asian barbecued pork chop. The Sunday brunch costs $10.95, prix fixe. • 116 E. 16th St. (212-254-1600). (M)

★ Craft
Tom Colicchio is a chef with a mission, two jobs, and what must be a crackerjack support team. When he's not supervising the three-star kitchen at Gramercy Tavern, he's reducing cooking (or elevating it, depending on your point of view) to its most basic elements, a tactic that works only when the ingredients are of the highest possible quality, procured from small family farms and artisanal producers. At his first solo venture, literally around the corner from Gramercy and similarly elegant, he and his chef de cuisine, Marco Canora, collaborate on a high-concept menu that focuses almost obsessively on raw materials. • 43 E. 19th St. (212-780-0880). (M–E)

Heartland Brewery
A rollicking brewpub with a lively outdoor café. Accompany your choice of microbrew with stout-battered onion rings, a buffalo burger, or sesame-crusted ahi tuna. The beer-weary can sample from the city's largest selection of tequilas and single-malt scotches. • 35 Union Square W. (212-645-3400). Also, 1285 Sixth Ave., at 51st St. (582-8244). (I–M)

Meli Melo
This cheerful neighborhood spot offers a very reasonable fixed-price dinner—$31.50 for four courses. The seafood-heavy French menu has Asian and Mediterranean touches in dishes like seared tuna with baby bok choy and rack of lamb with couscous. • 110 Madison Ave., nr. 29th St. (212-686-5551). (M)

Metronome
This lofty Flatiron space is well suited to private functions, but even the lone diner will find the Deco design welcoming and the food—riffs on a Mediterranean theme like "pinchos" of vegetables with roasted ricotta salata, and ribeye of lamb—satisfying. Live jazz performed Wednesday through Saturday. • 915 Broadway, at 21st St. (212-505-7400). (M)

Rodeo Bar & Grill
This place bills itself as "the longest-running honky-tonk in New York," attracting bikers, families, and music-industry insiders. Try the house-smoked baby back ribs, bison burgers, and Santa Fe hand rolls, or just grab a drink at the horse trailer that's been converted into a bar. • 375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (212-683-6500). (I)

TanDa
Another Park Avenue South restaurant-lounge, this one from a few survivors of the original Moomba, and featuring Hong Kong chef Stanley Wong's Southeast Asian fare. Tan Da was a Vietnamese poet who wrote, "Food and wine are the essence of life." The corresponding significance of lounges and D.J.'s eluded him, but it's a safe bet that the owners of Tan-Da won't make the same mistake. • 331 Park Ave. S. (212-253-8400). (M–E)

★ Union Pacific
A dramatic otherworldly rain-forest setting is a fitting stage for Rocco DiSpirito's wildly inventive, wonderfully weird cooking. Sweet, small scallops nuzzled in their shells by blobs of sea urchin with an essence of tomato, mustard oil, mirin, and black mustard. Halibut braised in goose fat with ginger jus and shallot cracklings. Mango and papaya carpaccio with pineapple sherbet and candied cilantro. In less capable hands, mad delusions; in DiSpirito's, pure genius. • 111 E. 22nd St. (212-995-8500). (E)

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

★ Above
Don't be discouraged by the proletarian to-'n'-fro of 42nd Street. A sophisticated and handsomely designed hideaway waits in the twenty-first-floor lobby of the Times Square Hilton, and so does Galveston lobster chili, a classic Caesar, butter-poached Maine lobster, and a $23 burger. • 234 W. 42nd St. (212-642-2626). (E)

Arno
Garment District bigwigs and pre-Garden revelers flock to this lively, upscale northern Italian restaurant. Try reliable classics like veal scaloppine and red snapper sautéed with shrimp and clams, garlic, and white wine. • 141 W. 38th St. (212-944-7420). (M–E)

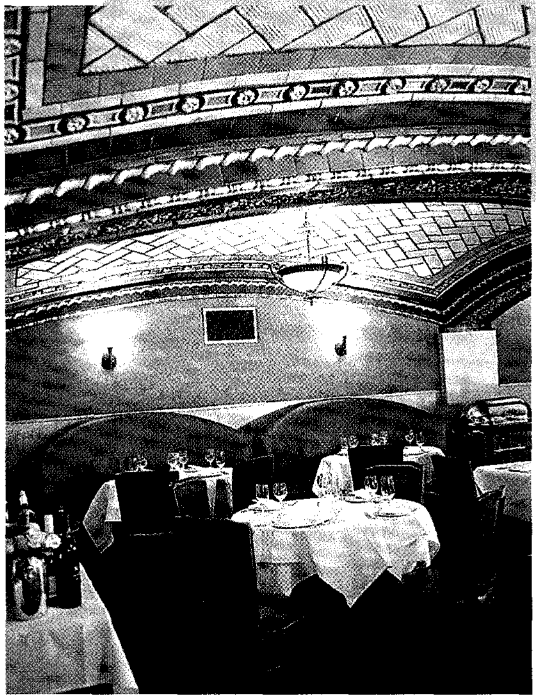
★ AZ
If you think pan-Asian fusion is so last decade, make haste to the Flatiron triplex that used to be Flowers, remade with a glass elevator and retractable roof and now home to chef Patricia Yeo and her inspired culinary inventions. What works? A trio of sensational chutneys on Indian flatbread, and lapsang souchon–smoked quail with scallion pancakes, for starters. • 21 W. 17th St. (212-691-8888). (E)

★ Ilo
Though its neutral, geometric décor may appear too understated to crest the torrential wave of hotel restau-

Opening

All Aboard

If you've ever gawked at the tiled vaults in Guastavino's and the Oyster Bar, you'll recognize the familiar overhead view at **Vanderbilt Station**, which lies under one of Rafael Guastavino's earliest and most elaborate installations. The latest restaurant to occupy the former Vanderbilt Hotel takes its name from the subterranean stop where New York Central Railway heir Alfred G. Vanderbilt is said to have boarded his private rail car in secret, and the menu capitalizes on some Old New York nostalgia with oysters Rockefeller, Waldorf salad, and roast prime rib of beef carved tableside from a silver trolley. Chef-owner Kieran Brew and his wife, Jennifer, have a modest historical connection to the place, too: For ten years they ran Brew's, the recently shuttered saloon that Kieran's grandfather opened down the block in 1937. (4 Park Avenue, at 33rd Street; 212-889-3369.)



rants, Ilo makes the rest of them seem like washouts. Chef-owner Rick Laakkonen's charms and talents are many: a rich lemon-thyme-scented ragout of octopus and Manila clams; pan-roasted rabbit with olives and oregano; grilled quail devilishly grounded by white hominy; and a gloriously simple roasted duck that will make you consider taking up residence at the Bryant Park. • 40 W. 40th St. (212-642-2255). (E)

Man Ray
French record producer Thierry Klemeniuk has recruited a team of noted lounge lizards for this assault on late-night, glamorama New York. An old firehouse in Chelsea has been stuffed with lots of retro-looking Pan-Asian knickknacks, and the food is sometimes better than it should be. Chef Frédéric Kieffer mixes ingredients like flamboyant cocktails. He makes a nice rack of lamb (crusted in marjoram) and several good fish dishes (we liked the turbot), but stay away from the frog legs, served in a bubbly licorice broth. • 147 W. 15th St. (212-929-5000). (M-E)

★ Maroons
Ooooh, baby! Do they got attitude. But ooooh, baby! Do they got fried chicken and ribs to die for, pepper-pot soup worth slurping all over your tie, the only fried green tomatoes to ever convince a Yankee why they're worth craving, the most potent, puckering margarita in town, and a red-velvet cake that provides a sugar rush so intense you shouldn't leave the place unescorted. • 244 W. 16th St. (212-206-8640). (M)

Slate
Even if pool isn't your game, you might be willing to brave this hall's not exactly tony crowd, giant TVs, and techno throb—not to mention big guys wielding big sticks—for a crack at some delectable comfort food. The big cheese-and-mushroom-stuffed burger alone is worth crossing this cultural divide, and the chewy rare hanger steak is remarkable. • 54 W. 21st St. (212-989-0096). (M)

World Yacht Dining Cruises
Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—and sup on a selection from the "Best of New York" menu: featuring dishes based on recipes from the Sea Grill's Ed Brown and Aquavit's Marcus Samuelsson among others. Jacket required. • Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (212-630-8100). (E)

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

★ Avra
Just as they are uptown at sister restaurant Trata, Fulton Street-fresh whole fish are priced by the pound and described on the menu like wines. Barbounia, for example, is a "Mediterranean delicacy that tends to be bony but flavorful." Elsewhere on the menu, spinach pie goes Gallic as spanakopita napoleon and grape leaves get an unexpected stuffing of raw salmon, tuna, and cucumber. • 141 E. 48th St. (212-759-8550). (M-E)

★ D'Artagnan, The Rotisserie
After fifteen years of selling foie gras and game to restaurants, D'Artagnan has opened its own: a narrow, high-ceilinged duplex countrified with tiled floors, rough ocher walls, a communal table, and Basque linens. Besides the signature terrines and charcuterie, there's seriously rib-sticking Gascon fare like cassoulet, spit-roasted free-range chicken, and "la garbure et son chabrot," a duck-confit soup dense enough to be eaten with a fork—or drunk in the true Gascon style, directly from the bowl. • 152 E. 46th St. (212-687-0300). (M-E)

Divine Bar
This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can often be found unwinding. • 244 E. 51st St. (212-319-9463). Also, 55 Liberty St., second fl. (791-9463). (I-M)

Giambelli 50th Ristorante
Upscale Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as careful. • 46 E. 50th St. (212-688-2760). (M)

Haru
Haru means "spring" in Japanese, and the design theme at this fourth and funkiest Manhattan branch of the Haru chainlet is man-made nature, from the digital-photomural-of-grass floor to the robotic fish in the aquariums over the bar. The menu features all the usual suspects, plus fusion fare like a strip steak with wasabi croquette, spicy shallots, and ginger sauce. • 280 Park Ave., nr. 48th St. (212-490-9680). (M)

Jimmy Sung's
This elegant midtown restaurant serves classic Hunan cuisine and a sampling of dishes from other regions including sushi and sashimi. Private dining rooms are perfect for special occasions, business meetings, or mini-banquets. • 219 E. 44th St. (212-682-5678). (I-M)

★ Maloney & Porcelli
Maloney & Porcelli claims it isn't a steakhouse, but the tide of pinstripe and hunks of food suggest otherwise. The best meat dish, though, isn't steak but a mammoth "crackling" pork shank—which arrives with a steak knife thrust deep into it—and the service couldn't be nicer. • 37 E. 50th St. (212-750-2233). (E)

Nino's Positano
Upscale Italian specializing in food from the south, Positano in particular. Pastas range from the simple (fusilli with tomato-basil sauce) to the more complex (Cognac-infused seafood risotto), and main courses traverse similar territory. • 890 Second Ave., nr. 47th St. (212-355-5540). (M)

Smith & Wollensky
Urban cowboys herd together over big steaks with knives to match at impresario Alan Stillman's signature chophouse. The place has that landmark-steakhouse look—bare oak floors, a raffish air, and bustling waiters wearing service stars. There's surf and turf aplenty, improvisations at lunch, and an enviable wine cellar. • 797 Third Ave., at 49th St. (212-753-1530). (M-E)

★ Sushisay
An emergency room is more inviting; everyone's greeted with the same clinical courtesy. Sushi presentation is handsome and precise, but hardly breathtaking. The taste, however, is something else. Sushisay has the cleanest, most seductive sliced raw fish in town. Go with someone who will help you ignore the setting. Or just close your eyes. Your other senses will be doing overtime. • 38 E. 51st St. (212-755-1780). (M-E)

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne
Maybe you're not an out-of-towner on a spending spree, but you can pretend to be at this posh hotel restaurant. Chef Oliver Dudler's modern French menu changes seasonally, and incorporates to-be-expected luxury ingredients like lobster (in a salad with braised mango), foie gras (with beet sorbet), and roasted Colorado rack of lamb. The $50 prix fixe dinner is a (relative) steal. • 700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula (212-903-3918). (M-E)

★ Baldoria
Everyone at Frank Pellegrino Jr.'s Baldoria toils to make sure customers stay happy enough to sing along with Jimmy Roselli on the jukebox. There's luscious veal scallopine, aromatic spaghetti with clams, a raw bar upstairs, and best of all, 136 seats. So, if you still can't get into Rao's—Junior's father's legendary celebrity hangout—now you don't have to. • 249 W. 49th St. (212-582-0460). (E)

Ben Benson's Steak House
This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. At a time when steakhouses were famous for rudeness and hauteur, Benson's made a point of homeyness. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but there's a weatherproofed "front porch" and a dining room devoted entirely to the assiduous consumption of prime aged beef. • 123 W. 52nd St. (212-581-8888). (E)

Benihana
Long before *Iron Chef* taught us just how quick-handed knife-wielding Japanese cooks can be, there were the tableside cooking shows that are still the main draw at this teppanyaki steakhouse. Kids, of course, love it. • 47 W. 56th St. (212-581-0930). (E)

Cascina
The communal farmhouse tables and equally rustic house wines, imported from the owner's Northern Italian vineyard, conspire to make this trattoria feel more Tuscan countryside than Hell's Kitchen store-

PHOTOGRAPH BY PATRIK RYTIKANGAS.

front. Beyond lasagne and minestrone, the menu surprises with dishes like rabbit casserole in a bread crust, barbecued veal ribs, and whole-wheat pizza with smoked salmon and cream cheese. • 647 Ninth Ave., nr. 45th St. (212-245-4422). (M)

Cité

Ambassador of beef Alan Stillman cops a French accent at this soaring midtown steakhouse known for its wine dinners. Meat is just the hard core of the menu, a document that also includes pan-roasted salmon "choucroute," grilled chicken merguez sausage, and desserts big enough for two or more to share. For more casual dining, try the Cité Grill next door. • 120 W. 51st St. (212-956-7100). (M–E)

Da Rosina

Those with curtains to make and bellies to fill find just what they're looking for in this Restaurant Row standby, a reliable source for homemade pasta, chicken and veal cutlets every which way, and Italian classics from fried clams to tirami su. A $22 prix fixe dinner and $13.95 lunch make it easy to splurge on affordable indulgences like spicy lobster frutti di mare and broiled sirloin steak. • 342 W. 46th St. (212-977-7373). (M)

★ DB Bistro Moderne

Daniel Boulud's latest venture is supposed to be an homage to the simple bistro foods of his youth, but the great chef can't help making things fancy. Take boeuf en gelee, which Chef Boulud coats with sweet horseradish cream and serves in a dainty parfait glass. Or the $29 "DB Burger," leavened with foie gras and short ribs and a silver cup of pommes soufflés on the side. The space can feel a little hectic around theater time, but elbow your way in if you can. • 55 W. 44th St. (212-391-2400). (E)

★ Del Frisco's

Want to see what mahogany fashioned by testosterone looks like? This is without question the most urbane steakhouse you will ever see, its meat locker filled with terrific beef. From the usually overrated filet mignon, whose buttery blandness gets surmounted by a brash pepper-splattered crust, to the superb 26-ounce "double eagle" strip, Del Frisco's is a silverware-clanking crowd pleaser. • 1221 Sixth Ave., at 49th St. (212-575-5129). (E)

★ Esca

Somewhere in between overseeing Babbo and Lupa, taping his shows, and just basking in his own glory, Mario Batali has found time to earn another gastronomic gold star. At Esca, the overachiever in the orange clogs, partner Joe Bastianich, and chef David Pasternack do for Southern Italian seafood what Le Bernardin has done for French: The poured concrete bar with a built-in conduit for ice and oysters is inspired; crudo (think Italian sashimi) is incredibly fresh and of the highest quality; pastas like spaghetti with fresh chiles, mint, and a one-pound lobster are irresistible. And the whole fish for two, roasted in a sea-salt crust is a riveting performance worthy of the theater-district locale. • 402 W. 43rd St. (212-564-7272). (M–E)

Haru

This branch of the stylish, popular Japanese mini-chain, like the others, specializes in fresh, oversized sushi, fifteen house sauces, plus fusion fare like a strip steak with wasabi croquette, spicy shallots, and ginger sauce. Natural wood tones and a wall of tree branches separating the dining room from the sushi bar brings a little serenity to Times Square. • 205 W. 43rd St. (212-398-9810). (M)

Heartland Brewery & Chop House

With hefty hunks of prime aged beef, braised buffalo short ribs, and lobster-and-crab-stuffed ravioli, this branch of the popular brewpub chain is clearly the most culinarily ambitious. But the mood is still mellow, especially at the bar, a rare, comfortable Times Square spot to toss back some of the terrific hand-crafted brews or try the $23.95 pre theater menu on the way to a show. Private rooms are available for special events. • 127 W. 43rd St. (646-366-0235). (M–E)

Johnnie's Italian

This old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over four decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the $14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. • 135 W. 45th St. (212-869-5565). (I–M)

★ Le Madeleine

Don't sulk if you can't get into Esca across the street: This venerable bistro's gone modern under chef Bruce Beaty (whose lively flavors reflect stints with Alfred Portale and Gilbert LeCoze). We feel miles from Ninth Avenue in the quirky all-weather garden, sharing grilled lamb sausage and splendid yellowfin tartare. Lemon custard seals the deal. Grab a honey madeleine and catch that curtain. • 403 W. 43rd St. (212-246-2993). (M)

Pig and Whistle

A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. • 165 W. 47th St. (212-302-0112). Also, 922 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (688-4646). (M)

Seppi's

Like Raoul's, its atmospheric downtown progenitor, Seppi's has a tin ceiling, a roving fortune-teller, and an unusual-for-midtown closing time of 2 A.M. The bistro menu—a winning composite of French and Italian—lists tuna niçoise and tartes flambées alongside prawn risotto. • 123 W. 56th St. (212-708-7444). (M–E)

St. Andrews

In what might be New York's only full-fledged Scottish restaurant, the bartenders wear kilts, the scotch is single-malt, and the décor revolves around pictures of famous golf courses. The hearty steak-and-seafood menu features rack of lamb and brook trout stuffed with crabmeat and Irish oatmeal in a scotch-whiskey sauce. • 120 W. 44th St. (212-840-8413). (I–M)

★ Town

A delightful sensation takes over the moment you descend into Town—that all too infrequent feeling when you know you're going to be glad you came. From a front desk actually focused on you to a room aglow in plush, sleek romanticism, Town revels in being all grown up. But the real forte is chef-owner Geoffrey Zakarian, who prepares subtle, sophisticated dishes like tuna in ramp-and-sea-urchin sauce, and duck steak with buckwheat pilaf. • 15 W. 56th St. (212-582-4445). (M–E)

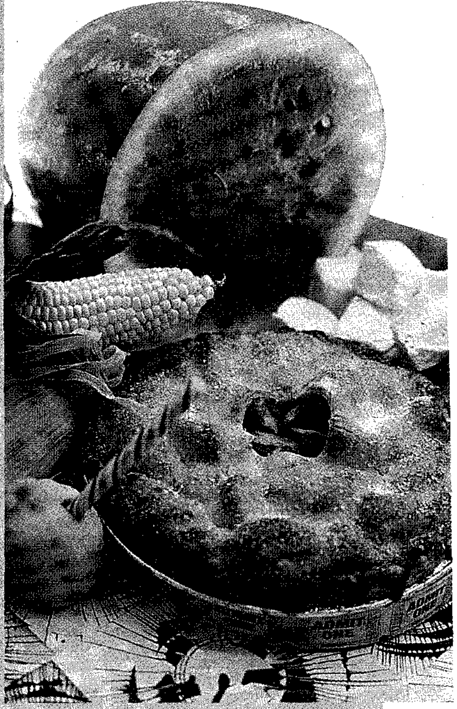
Trattoria Dopo Teatro

Famous for its signature open ravioli of lobster and lamb, the menu also offers an across-the-board selection of regional Italian specialties. The dining room is decorated with Italian cinema stills and single-minded connoisseurs, and private parties can pursue their passions in the wine room, the grappa room, or the cigar lounge. • 125 W. 44th St. (212-869-2849). (M)

Happening

A Little Bit Country

This summer, after more than a decade of plying New York with palmiers and pains au chocolat, Maury Rubin, French-trained pastry chef and owner of the highly urbane City Bakery, reveals his inner hayseed at the first annual **City Bakery State Fair**. "It's a nice turn into this American arena," he says—not to mention a great way to add a line of heartlandish fruit pies to his repertoire. From July 10 through 20, Rubin plans to carpet the place with hay, erect a picket fence around the checkout counters, paper the mezzanine walls with spin art, and indulge his city-slicker clientele's appetite for corn dogs, corn on the cob, and farmer's lemonade (tinged with a drop of cream). The festivities culminate on July 17, the Night of Food Games, when a $45 ticket ($10 for kids) buys you unlimited servings of the state-fair menu, plus fried chicken, cotton candy, and beer floats; western swing from the band Cowboy Jive; and amusement-park attractions like the mallet swing. And starting this week, aspiring competitive eaters and expert expectorators can sign up to participate in three contests that Rubin's been impishly plotting for months. In the two-person marshmallow toss, one partner takes aim (through a tart-ring hoop) and attempts to lob a snack into a partner's open mouth. The watermelon-seed-spitting contest has mini lemon tarts for targets: Land your seed on the inch-wide pastry and you win a 100-tart year's supply. And finally, the peach-pie-eating contest, to be conducted three ways (all you can eat, all you can eat in two minutes, and blindfolded, in which, Rubin chuckles perversely, "you feed pie to your blindfolded partner until the relationship is over"). The evening will be emceed by Ira (*This American Life*) Glass, a first-grade chum of Rubin's. If this sounds like fun, just wait till next year. "I want to close 18th Street and truck some farm animals in from Wisconsin," says Rubin. "We're already working on it." (3 West 18th Street; 212-366-1414.) R.R.

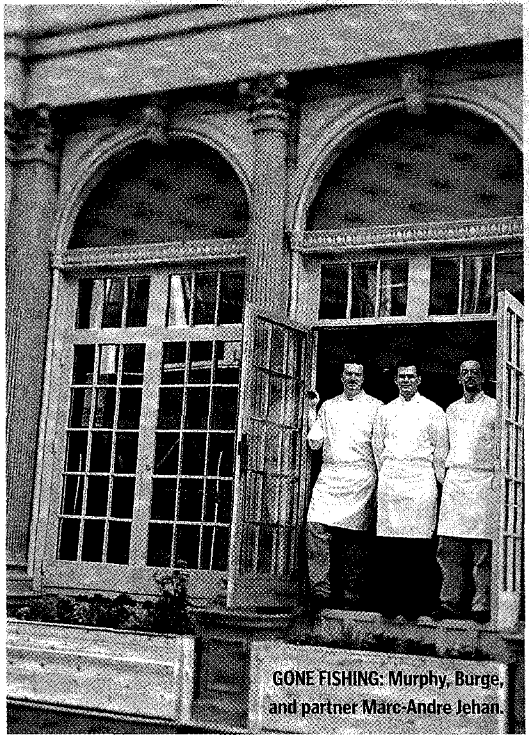


PHOTOGRAPH BY DEBORAH ORY.

Opening

Young Fresh Fellows

When Eric Tevrow lured Martin Burge from the chef de cuisine post at Gotham Bar & Grill to sign on at **Fresh**, his elegant new seafood restaurant, Tevrow sweetened the deal with something even better than prime Tribeca real estate: first dibs on the daily Eastern-seaboard catch, courtesy of Early Morning Seafood, Tevrow's wholesale purveyor to star chefs like Alain Ducasse and Gray Kunz. Burge makes the most of his inside sources with rillettes of Gaspé cod and finnan haddie, Ipswich fried clams, "Kobe beef" of bluefin toro, and an array of whimsically named "prime cuts," like baby-back halibut ribs steamed in kelp. Fellow Gotham alum Joseph Murphy dishes up seasonal desserts like wild-strawberry shortcake and warm blueberry financier. (105 Reade Street; 212-406-1900.)



GONE FISHING: Murphy, Burge, and partner Marc-Andre Jehan.

Utsav Festive India
The $12.95 all-you-can-eat lunch buffet may be pricier than some, but the setting—an elevated bridge between two midtown office buildings—is posher, with tablecloths and flowers and gracious waiters wearing chili-pepper-patterned neckties. Every day brings a selection of four vegetable and three meat dishes, plus salads, chutneys and pickles, nan, superb saffron-speckled rice, and silky-sweet Indian puddings for dessert. • 1185 Sixth Ave., nr. 46th St. (212-575-2525). (M)

57th–60th Streets

★ Alain Ducasse at the Essex House
The epitome of posh, from the decorous welcome to the postprandial lollipop cart, Ducasse's American outpost has found its groove. And even if a $160 dinner doesn't become a weekly habit, the extravagantly Art Deco cocoon of a room should be experienced at least once, as should the obsessively seasonal menus, the cheese course, and the high-concept wine list. The twice-weekly $65 lunch is, relatively speaking, a steal. • 155 W. 58th St. (212-265-7300). (E)

Dawat
You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or with any of the more unusual regional specials. Actress and cookbook author Madhur Jaffrey supervises the very popular and wide-ranging menu. • 210 E. 58th St. (212-355-7555). (M)

★ Guastavino's
The fab English import in the spectacularly restored space under the Queensboro Bridge has rechristened itself "an American brasserie," and you can almost hear the midwestern twang in chef (and transplanted Indianan) Daniel Orr's dishes like fried green tomatoes with Wabash Cannonball goat cheese, chicken and dumplings, and pear-huckleberry pandowdy. Upstairs, at Club Guastavino, Orr has kept his French accent and the $65 three-course prix fixe menu. • 409 E. 59th St. (212-980-2455). (M–E)

The Manhattan Ocean Club
Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics. A pictorial menu features a dozen or so smiley-faced fish. Preparations range from classic (Dover sole meunière) to creative (grouper with roasted pineapple and black peppercorns). Or have the chef prepare your fish any way you like. • 57 W. 58th St. (212-371-7777). (E)

★ Norma's
Anyone who equates French toast or biscuits with Mom and unconditional love might agree that the Parker Meridien's spiffy Norma's, with its exuberant all-day breakfast, is worthy of an award. Pancakes by a mom on Prozac. Complimentary fruit-smoothie shots and a duo of croissants oozing smoked-salmon-flecked scrambled eggs. If there really can be too much of a good thing, then breakfast here ought to be against the law. • 118 W. 57th St. (212-708-7460). (M)

ONEc.p.s.
Alan Stillman, along with executive chef David Burke and designer Adam Tihany, has rewired the Plaza's Edwardian Room. Tihany has colored the oaken walls caramel and put huge scarlet lampshades on the chandeliers, and the irrepressible Burke has concocted a whimsical menu that includes a foie gras–spiked burger and a rack of lamb accompanied by shepherd's pie. The mosaic floors and ceiling remain untouched, and the view of Central Park is as grand as ever. • 1 Central Pk. So. (212-583-1111). (E)

Opia
Considering that Frederick Lesort and Antoine Blech have specialized in the sort of smoky nightspot (Frederick's, Jour et Nuit, Orienta) where the preferred greeting is the double-cheek kiss, it's no surprise that their first collaboration is in a hotel that appeals to transatlantic tourists. But even less physically affectionate locals might like exotica like Kobe steak, lobster cannelloni, and Moroccan couscous. • 130 E. 57th St. (212-688-3939). (M)

★ San Domenico
You won't find a more elegant big-deal Italian restaurant in New York. We treasure it for the luxurious space at and between tables, the cool coach-leather chairs, the clockwork service, and the refinement of the risottos, pastas, fish, and game. Owner Tony May has an uncompromising passion for the highest quality Italian ingredients and devotedness to classical technique that rivals any Michelin-starred chef, and it shows. • 240 Central Park So. (212-265-5959). (E)

★ Shelly's New York
The latest Shelly Fireman production inhabits an old Automat space, ergo the "Horn & Hardart" creamed spinach and macaroni and cheese. Only the assimilative Fireman (of Brooklyn Diner fame) would offer towering shellfish platters and stone crabs flown in daily from Joe's in Miami Beach alongside miso-glazed halibut, chicken schnitzel, and a 50-ounce porterhouse steak cooked "Brooklyn style" and make it all work. • 104 W. 57th St. (212-245-2422). (M–E)

Tao Asian Bistro
The team behind Rue 57 has transformed the old Palace movie house into a place where the indecisive can share spicy lobster roll with black caviar, Shanghai-style soup dumplings, $10-an-ounce Kobe beef with wasabi, and Peking duck. Book the "sky box," a private room where the projectionist's booth used to be, and gaze down on the sixteen-foot Buddha, keeping the peace. • 42 E. 58th St. (212-888-2288). (M)

Above 60th Street, East Side

The Boathouse in Central Park
Claim a table by a flowery umbrella on the pondside deck and give thanks to Frederick Olmsted and generations of park champions for preserving this precious greenery. The American menu leans toward fresh seafood like pan-roasted monkfish with spring onions and garlic confit, and seared wild striped bass. • E. 72nd St. and Park Drive N. (212-517-2233). (M–E)

★ Café Sabarsky
Museum Mile is full of museum cafés, but none quite like this elegant evocation of a Viennese-style kaffeehaus at Ronald Lauder's Neue Galerie New York. The artistic sensibility permeates the café, with its reproductions of Josef Hoffmann sconces, Adolf Loos bentwood chairs, and Otto Wagner fabrics. And the theme continues with tortes (Sacher and Linzer), Bavarian ham for breakfast, and cod strudel for lunch. • 1048 Fifth Ave., at 86th St. (212-288-0665). (M)

Coco Pazzo
Pino Luongo's Upper East Side temple of Tuscan is a neighborhood spot for a particularly demanding neighborhood. For everyone else, dishes like rigatoni with sweet and spicy sausage and peas in a tomato-cream sauce, and bistecca alla Fiorentina—not to mention an award-winning wine list—definitely merit a special trip. Try the jazz brunch. • 23 E. 74th St. (212-794-0205). (E)

★ Daniel
Daniel Boulud is blessed with the gift of being able to add familiar flavors into the most stunning of summations, like walnuts and foie gras that intensify the lush gaminess of quail. He routinely triumphs in why-didn't-anyone-else-think-of-it feats like sweetbreads without that heady aftertaste—suspending them between a rhubarb glaze and spinach purée. His chocolate bombe soars like no other. • 60 E. 65th St. (212-288-0033). (E)

★ Etats-Unis
Behold a small, square, dramatic, and spartan room, devoid of any table-hopping, cell phones, or change-of-life blondes. The daily-changing menu choices are spare, but consistent in their bent towards slow roasting, robust sauces, and great vegetables. Nota bene—beware the local intellectuals who cleave to this place. "We're all living in the world's history," one actually said one night. Maybe it would've sounded better spoken into a cell phone. • 242 E. 81st St. (212-517-8826). (E)

Haru Sake Bar
Very fresh sushi, sashimi, tempura, plus Japanese fusion fare, and an expanded selection of sake and sake cocktails are the draw at this popular uptown branch of the Japanese mini-chain. Take-out service too. • 1327 Third Ave., at 76th St. (212-452-1028). (M)

★ JoJo
This is where it all began, where Jean-Georges Vongerichten first stunned gourmands with his herbal essences, vegetable sauces, and gossamer desserts. The once-staid townhouse has been rendered near-

PHOTOGRAPH BY KENNETH CHEN.

Ask Gael

What is that hullabaloo south of Bleecker?

I've never quite understood what draws these passionate partisans to Da Silvano. Not the food, surely. And now with the launch of **Da Silvano Cantinetta** next door (pretty much the same Tuscan fare, arguably a tad cheaper), the sidewalk drama is hotter than ever. Happily, an awning catches tonight's drizzle so we can oogle the parade of Village effluvia. The kitchen blows hot and cold. I like chewy bread cubes in my panzanella, not this sodden mush, and the octopus is lazily bland and tastes like yesterday's reject. But the special seafood linguine steamed in foil is okay, and the fusilli with sausage, string beans, and grape tomatoes is wonderful. The bustling servers are agreeable, too. "Lemon, yes, instantly," ours promises, smiling at the passing parade, the sidewalk cutups and a crew of his fellow servers serenading a birthday, even if the lemon never shows. Silvano himself races from one colony to the next, congratulating himself for not retiring . . . You just know Anna Wintour and Diane von Furstenberg are basking in the shadows, even if you haven't a clue who owns the red Jaguar parked at the fire hydrant. (260 Sixth Avenue; 212-844-0282.)

ly unrecognizable with a fin de siècle French-bordello remake and a hip-hop soundtrack, but in his reigning wisdom, the megachef still lets them eat cake—specifically, his signature molten Valrhona-chocolate masterpiece. • 160 E. 64th St. (212-223-5656). (E)

Maine Lobster Seafood Restaurant
For a chunk of land surrounded by water, Manhattan surprisingly isn't known for its casual American seafood, the type of salt-water-scented fare that defines New England dining. Maine Lobster hopes to change all that with its across-the-board seafood menu of stone crabs, "very crabby" crab cakes, lobster rolls, pan-seared scallops, and steamed lobster. • 1631 Second Ave., nr. 85th St. (212-327-4800). (M)

Mark's
Decked out like a private London club, with plump, tasseled pillows. Fine French-American cooking (roasted beet salad with goat cheese, thyme-crusted tuna with tomato and black-olive vinaigrette), award-winning wine list, and a Willy Wonka–worthy chocolate tea. • 25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (212-879-1864). (E)

Nino's
Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. • 1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-988-0002). (E)

★ Park Avenue Cafe
A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the neighbors rapt with signature dishes like salmon pastrami with crushed pepper. • 100 E. 63rd St. (212-644-1900). (E)

★ Pio Pio
Upper East Side fans of juicy, complexly spiced Peruvian rotisserie chicken have reason to raise their Pisco sours. The Queens-based chicken chainlet Pio Pio has moved into the old El Pollo space and brought its own secret spice-rub recipe. Try the "matador combo," a whole supersavory bird with a tableful of side dishes for only a couple bucks more than you'd pay in Queens. • 1746 First Ave., nr. 91st St. (212-426-5800). (I–M)

★ The Post House
How grand can a steakhouse get? If you took a meat-and-potatoes guy who liked to hang out at the Art Student's League, gave him a few years at Princeton, and financed his *Wanderjahr* abroad, he might come home and open the Post House. It's clubby but not snooty, with a Christo here and a Twombly there, and a well-traveled menu that includes everything from a Cajun rib steak to venison osso buco. • 28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (212-935-2888). (E)

Sel & Poivre
Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. • 853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-517-5780). (M)

Above 60th Street, West Side

★ Calle Ocho
Who'd a thunk it? That the West Side could ever boast a restaurant as uncalculatingly sexy as Calle Ocho, with its far wall's spectacular Caribbean sunset of glazed terra cotta and its jewel-toned banquettes curving through the space like waves along the gulf? Let a staff so winning you at first suspect they're a few mojitos ahead of you steer you towards tangy lobster seviche, seafood paella, and terrific yuca fries. • 446 Columbus Ave., near 81st St. (212-873-5025). (M–E)

Compass
It didn't work as Marika, not even when talented Neil Annis took over. With a shift of partners, the newly dubbed Compass has finally found a winning West Side mojo. This time around Annis's tweaked menu (a clever chopped salad, luscious vichyssoise, shimmering halibut, a first-rate veal chop, short ribs on fingerling purée) should garner as much attention as the design. • 208 W. 70th St. (212-875-8600). (E)

★ Jean Georges
Are you ready for an amazing evening that is not about you? Nothing and no one at Jean Georges steals center stage from the wondrous creations of Jean-Georges Vongerichten. If you're okay with such divine supplication, prepare to be open-mouthed whenever you're not chewing. Nothing you encounter will fail to dazzle, from the simplest dish of asparagus and morels au jus to the unexpected combo of sweetbreads en cocotte with ginger and licorice. • 1 Central Park West (212-299-3900). (E)

★ Max SoHa
This charming offshoot of Max, the perennially cramped East Village trattoria, has settled in a previously broccoli-rabe-bereft Morningside Heights neighborhood. The cooking—hearty rigatoni with meatballs and Italian sausage, toasted garlic bread with anchovies, osso buco—is as good as it is at Max downtown, so, at least until the competition arrives, you can take your waiter's word for it when he announces that this is the best tirami su around. • 1274 Amsterdam Ave., at 123rd St. (212-531-2221). (I–M) ($)

★ Ouest
After cultivating a coterie of foodie followers at places like Alison on Dominick and Cascabel, Tom Valenti brings his distinctive style of boldly layered flavors—and those lamb shanks—to a neighborhood legendarily short on sophisticated grub. Clearly, he's doing his darnedest to turn the tide with reprises of old favorites like potato, goat cheese, and truffle terrine with transcendent beets; and lusty short rib on an ooze of polenta perfumed with smoked onions. • 2315 Broadway, near 84th St. (212-580-8700). (M–E)

Rain
Slightly tamed for American consumption, the spices at this Upper West Side Thai restaurant are fragrant rather than fiery, but that doesn't detract from the appeal of dishes like Thai chicken-and-coconut soup, pad Thai, and curried beef. • 100 W. 82nd St. (212-501-0776). (M)

Restaurant 222
Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The new prix fixe Italian steakhouse menu ($20 at lunch, $39 at dinner) and $29.95 pretheater menu are particularly good deals. • 222 W. 79th St. (212-799-0400). (E)

Scaletta
A dining room decorated in muted blues and pinks is the tranquil setting for refined Northern Italian fare, from smoked salmon and beef carpaccio to a selection of risotto and veal dishes. Conveniently located across the street from those famous dinosaurs at the Museum of Natural History. • 50 W. 77th St. (212-769-9191). (M)

Brooklyn

Brooklyn Blue Ribbon
In the beginning, there was Blue Ribbon, which begat Blue Ribbon Sushi, which begat Blue Ribbon Bakery. It was only a matter of time, then, before brothers, chef-owners, and night owls Bruce and Eric Bromberg got around to Brooklyn. Although the space is bigger, Manhattan regulars can get their bearings with a few familiar Blue Ribbon landmarks: the neon OYSTERS sign in the window, the shellfish display, even an identical table No. 16, the big round one in the corner. The likewise familiar menu packs a few surprises including some newfangled surf 'n' turf, like "dragon and phoenix," Bromberg-speak for grilled Louisiana shrimp and pigeon. • 280 Fifth Ave., at 1st St. (718-840-0404). (M)

The Pod
Chef Darrell Raymond specializes in fusion dishes like sautéed lobster and calamari in a clay pot with green-tea noodles and wasabi aïoli, and lamb chops with hoisin-and-mint sauce at this funky Williamsburg restaurant and lounge. The lofty space tricked out in glowing green and orange colors is as trendy as the food. • 141 N. 7th St. (718-302-3754). (I–M)

PHOTOGRAPH BY PATRIK RYTIKANGAS.

Classical & Dance

Edited by Alicia Zuckerman

Classical Music

★ Ruth Laredo, piano
Performs an all-Schubert program. 7/3 at 1. • Trinity Church, Broadway at Wall St. (212-602-0768); free.

"Music in the Garden"
Post-Eucharist concerts, with picnic supper: percussionist Joe Gramley performs music from the United States, Brazil, and Japan on marimba, xylophone, and chimes, 7/3 at 7:15; the Diller-Quaile String Quartet performs works by Haydn and Smetana, 7/10 at 7:15. • The Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. (212-289-4100); donations.

★ *Bargemusic*
Chamber music on the water: "The North Winds," a program of Gaelic music performed on traditional Irish and Scottish instruments, 7/4 and 7/5 at 7:30; music by Haydn, Beethoven, and Brahms, 7/6 at 7:30 and 7/7 at 4. • Fulton Ferry Landing, next to the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-2083); $35–$40.

Bronx Arts Ensemble
Presents a "Holiday Salute to American Music"—jazz, Dixieland, and patriotic favorites. 7/4 at 2. • Van Cortlandt Park, Rockwood Dr. Circle, the Bronx (718-601-7399); free.

★ Caramoor International Music Festival
"The Great American Songbook" features Barbara Cook singing tunes by Stephen Sondheim and others. 7/4 at 8:30. The Atlantic Brass Quartet, Orchestra of St. Luke's, and St. Lawrence String Quartet also perform this week. Visit caramoor.org for more information. • Venetian Theater, Katonah, N.Y. (914-232-1252); $30–$80.

★ Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra
Wynton Marsalis and company take to the parks with all-American repertoire. 7/4 at 2:30 in Battery Park; 7/5 at Prospect Park as part of "Celebrate Brooklyn!" • Battery Park (212-835-2789); free. Prospect Park Bandshell, Brooklyn (718-855-7882, ext. 45); $3.

★ New York Pops
Skitch Henderson conducts an all-American program, including *America the Beautiful.* 7/5 at 6. • Battery Park (212-835-2789); free.

"A Celebration of American Music"
St. Bartholomew's Church Summer Festival of Sacred Music presents Leonard Bernstein's *Chichester Psalms,* Anthony Piccolo's Canterbury Mass, and a Ned Rorem work. 7/7 at 11. • St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 51st St. (212-378-0222); free.

"Summer Sings '02"
Join the West Village Chorale and the Collegiate Chorale for an audience-participation performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah,* led by Robert Bass. 7/8 at 7:30. • Church of St. Luke in the Fields, 487 Hudson St. (212-570-7301); $10.

Opera

★ New York Grand Opera
Maestro Vincent La Selva conducts Puccini's *Manon Lescaut.* 7/3 at 7:30. • Rumsey Playfield, Central Park, 69th St. nr. Fifth Ave. (212-245-8837); free.

Happening

Taking Kirov Business

The story of the Kirov Ballet's quest to restore Marius Petipa's 1900 version of his classic ballet **La Bayadère** is almost worthy of its own production. During his half-century with the Kirov—known at home in St. Petersburg as the Mariinsky Theatre—Petipa established his hugely influential legacy as a classical choreographer and built the company's reputation in kind (it calls itself the "house of Petipa"). After his death in 1910, other versions of *La Bayadère* emerged, many omitting the apocalyptic final act (its title, *The Wrath of the Gods,* didn't really go over in Soviet Russia). Based on a fifth-century Sanskrit story and set in an Indian royal court, the ballet is rife with the elements of high drama: love (requited and un-), jealousy, tragedy, revenge. Everything from the choreography to the sets, costumes, and libretto has been painstakingly reconstructed from old sketches, photos, playbills, notes, and choreographic notation from Harvard's theater collection. The score by Ludwig Minkus, lost for years, turned up in the archives of the Mariinsky itself. The reconstituted *La Bayadère* (pictured) finally opened this May, and on July 8, it comes to the Metropolitan Opera House, launching the Lincoln Center Festival 2002. "The reconstruction of the original version of the Marius Petipa ballets is a matter of principle for the Mariinsky Theatre," says Sergey Vikharev, who re-created the choreography, likening Mariinsky's mission to the New York City Ballet's dedication to the work of George Balanchine. "Otherwise, we are threatened by the complete loss of remembrance of such an artistic phenomenon." While in town, the company will also present their New York premiere of Balanchine's *Jewels, Don Quixote,* and—inevitably—*Swan Lake.* (See "Dance.") A.Z.

PHOTOGRAPH BY VALENTIN BARANOVSKY.

Dance

★ American Ballet Theatre
Season ends with *Swan Lake* through 7/6. Call for details or visit abt.org. • Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (212-362-6000); $20–$145.

★ Pilobolus
Be prepared to gasp at what these fabulous dancers can do. Annual summer season includes three New York premieres: Michael Tracy's full-company *The Brass Ring,* a 2002 Olympics Arts Festival commission, features dancers as action heroes and is set to Aaron Copland, Scott Joplin, et al; Robby Barnett and Jonathan Wolken's quartet *The Four Humours* explores emotional and physical being; and Alison Chase's *Ben's Admonition,* a dance for two men; also, last year's *Davenen* (*Prayer*) and other works. Through 7/20. • Joyce Theater, Eighth Ave. at 19th St. (212-242-0800); $38.

"Barefoot Dancing at Wave Hill"
Presents music and dance from the Dominican Republic with Palo Mayor, 7/3 at 7, and from Okinawa with Sachiyo Ito & Co., 7/10 at 7. Audience participation is strongly encouraged. • Wave Hill, Independence Ave. and W. 249th St., the Bronx (718-549-3200); $4.

★ Midsummer Night Swing
Dance under the stars to live Latin, swing, and funk. 7/3: Bomba and plena with Los Pleneros de la 21. 7/4: Funk and disco with Roy Ayers & Ubiquity and Bobby Morales. 7/5: Haitian music with Tabou Combo. 7/6: Wynton Marsalis and the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra. 7/9: Gerard Carelli Orchestra. 7/10: Andrej Hermlin and His Swing Dance Orchestra. Lessons at 6:30. Music and dancing at 8. • Josie Robertson Plaza, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $12.

"Summer Dancing at the Y"
Israeli folk dancing, with lessons. Wednesdays, 6:45 P.M. to midnight. Argentine-tango party with Madonna's *Evita* dance coaches Danel and Maria. 7/6 at 8. • 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-415-5500); Israeli: $9, tango: $15.

★ New York City Tap Festival
Weeklong festival includes performances, classes, talks, etc. Opening-night jam 7/7 at 8, Jimmy's Uptown. 7/8: Tap Youth. 7/9: Tap Internationals. 7/10: Tap Choreography (new works). 7/11: Tap City Benefit with Gregory Hines, Savion Glover, Dianne Walker, and others. 7/12: Tap All-Stars. 7/13: Tap Masters/Mentors. Call for details. • Jimmy's Uptown, 2207 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd.; $15. *The Duke on 92nd St.* (212-239-6200); $18–$32 (7/11 benefit: $150).

★ Kirov Ballet
Lincoln Center Festival presents the world-renowned Russian company. (See box.) 7/8–7/20. • Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $20–$130.

★ Urban Bush Women
Lincoln Center Festival presents the New York premiere of *Shadow's Child,* inspired by the puppetry and dance of Mozambique and performed with members of the National Song and Dance Company of Mozambique. 7/9 at 8:30; 7/10–7/12 at 7. • Clark Studio Theater, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $45.

Ground Rules This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. Stars (★) indicate our editors' recommendations. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

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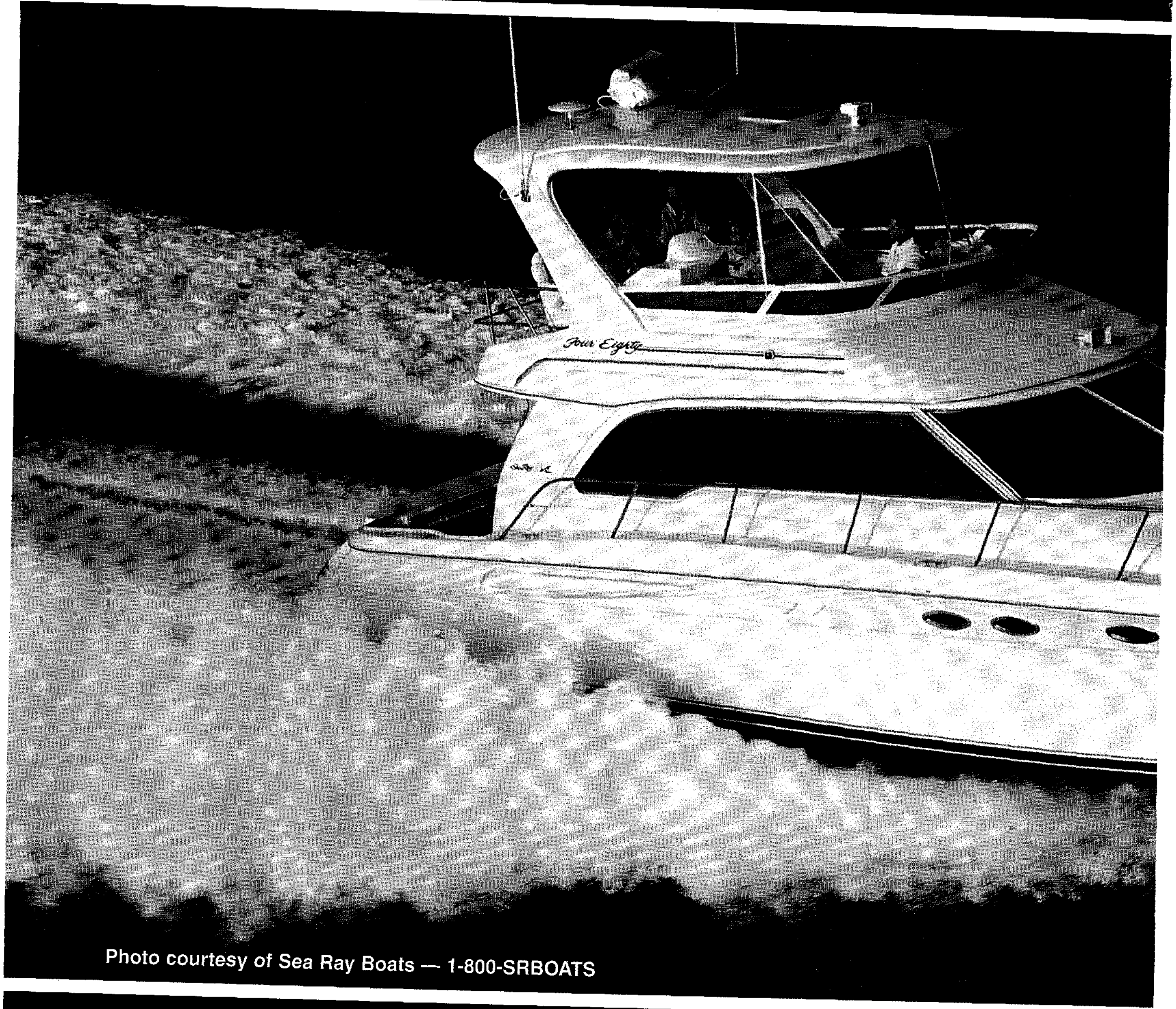

Photo courtesy of Sea Ray Boats — 1-800-SRBOATS

Have you ever dreamed of owning a boat? Now is the time! Log on today and check out our extensive boat test archives as well as links connecting you to any of the following: Cruising/Charters, Engines, Gear & Electronics, Maintenance, Current News, Boats for Sale, Boat Builders, Financing, Resorts/Marinas, Refit Yards, Ships Store. Come join us and be part of the powerboat explosion at www.powerandmotoryacht.about.com.

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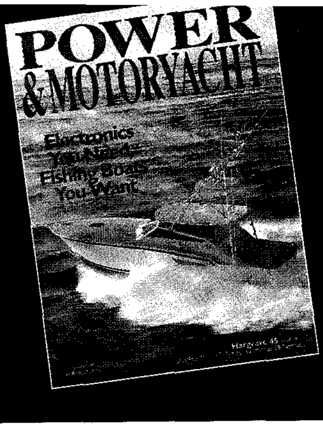
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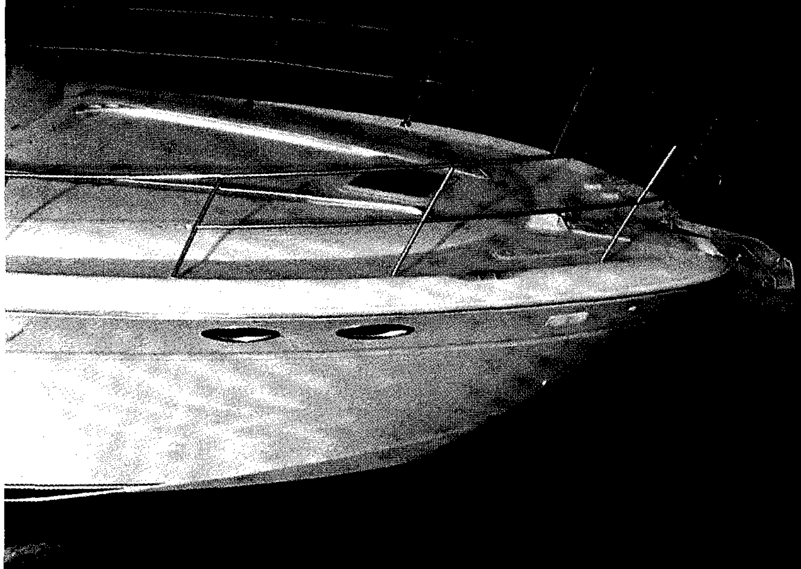

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About
The Human Internet

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nightlife

Edited by Ethan Brown

Concerts

Britney Spears
7/6 at 7:30. Back with the same hokey, occasionally creepy show she premiered on HBO. Thankfully, Jon Voight won't be along for the ride this time. • Continental Airlines Arena, East Rutherford, N.J. (212-307-7171); $42.25-$78.

★ Heart
7/10 at 8. • Beacon Theater, 74th St. and Broadway (212-307-7171); $35-$75.

★ Marc Anthony
7/7 and 7/12 at 7:30. A great singer whose English-language albums can be nonetheless weighed down by melodramatic ballads and swaggering Latin pop. Live, none of that should matter, however, as Anthony is sure to mine his great catalogue of Spanish-language albums from *Todo a Su Tiempo* to *Libre*. • 7/7 at Jones Beach, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171); $34-$91.50. 7/12 at Madison Square Garden, 34th St. and Seventh Ave. (212-307-7171); $44-$99.50.

Series

Millennium Man

Near the end of 1999, **Richard Thompson** (pictured) got a call from *Playboy*. The magazine "asked for my top ten songs of the millennium," says Thompson, the man known for dark, despairing albums (some with former wife Linda) like *Shoot Out the Lights*. "It seemed like a pretentious idea. But then I thought: *Why not call their bluff?*" So instead of going as far back as, say, Cole Porter, Thompson scoured the *whole* millennium. "I found pre-Chaucerian songs from 1150, Scottish ballads from the 1600s, folk songs, court music, and songs from the Shakespearean age," Thompson says, with the enthusiasm of a particularly passionate archivist. *Playboy* declined to publish Thompson's list. But Hef's loss is our gain: Thompson fashioned his list of faves into a show called "1,000 Years of Popular Music," which he brings to Joe's Pub from July 9 to 13. "This isn't intended to be a particularly scholarly experience," Thompson cautions. "It's more about reviving good ideas that might have been lost." To that end, expect esoterica from the 1100s along with jazz, literate pop from the likes of Squeeze and Crowded House, and . . . Britney Spears. "Yes, Britney," Thompson says a bit defensively. "That song, however, will remain a secret." ETHAN BROWN

New Edition; En Vogue
7/13 at 7:30. Two mediocre R&B groups return—sans their most vital members (Bobby Brown; Dawn Robinson), no less. • Beacon Theatre, 74th St. and Broadway (212-307-7171); $49.50-$77.50.

Small Stages

B.B. King Blues Club & Grill
7/3: Original P. 7/5: A Tribute to Sly and the Family Stone. 7/6: Gary "U.S." Bonds. 7/10: Israel Vibration. • 243 W. 42nd St. (212-997-4144).

Bottom Line
7/6: Naturally Seven; Duwende; Mystery Date. 7/10: Nick D'Virgilio. • 15 W. 4th St. (212-228-6300).

Bowery Ballroom
7/4: Karl Denson's Tiny Universe. 7/8: The Shining. 7/9: Jets to Brazil. • 6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).

Brownies
7/3: The Takers; the World/Inferno Friendship Society. 7/4: Tiffany Anders; Ex Models; Ted Leo. 7/5: Dean Dean and the Sex Machine; Joe Coffee. 7/6: Snowglobe; Cordero. 7/7: Miniwatt; Atom and His Package. 7/8: Aluminum Babe; Nobot. 7/9: Valet; Nada Surf. 7/10: Spacerace; Points West. • 161 Ave. A (212-420-8392).

★ "Celebrate Brooklyn"
7/5: Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra with Wynton Marsalis. 7/6: Everton Blender; Reggae Cowboys. • Prospect Park Bandshell (718-855-7882, ext. 45). $3 suggested donation, except for benefit concerts.

★ "Central Park SummerStage"
7/4 at 3: Karl Denson's Tiny Universe; D.J. Vikter Duplaix. 7/6 at 3: Tropicana d'Hait; the Cool Crooners. 7/7 at 3: Cheikha Rimitti with special guest Sahraoui. 7/10 at 7: Bonga; D.J. set from Bajofondo Tango Club. • Rumsey Playfield, Central Park, enter at Fifth Ave. and 72nd St. (no phone; www.summerstage.com). All shows free except for benefit concerts.

★ Irving Plaza
7/10: Dolly Parton. • 17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).

★ Joe's Pub
Mondays: New-music showcase. Tuesdays: D.J.'s Beverly Bond and Belinda spin hip-hop and R&B. Wednesdays: World music. Thursdays: Editors, writers, photographers, and all sorts of other non-D.J.'s take to the decks for the "Personality D.J. Series." Saturdays: D.J. Johnny spins hip-hop, house, and soul classics. 7/9–7/13: Richard Thompson's "1,000 Years of Popular Music." • 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).

Knitting Factory
7/3: Jacob Varmus; Stuart Davis. 7/5: "Officially Approved" with D.J. Insane. 7/6: Shiner; Engine Down. 7/7: Takeshi Asai. 7/8: Diane Cluck; Kelly Slusher. 7/9: Anthony Coleman; Trevor Dunn; Doug Wieselman; Roberto Rodriguez. 7/10: The Lawrence Arms; the Exit; the Break. • 74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055). $.

Makor
7/6: "Salsa Fievre." 7/8: Centralia. 7/9: Pete Muller. 7/10: Irene Farrera and Venezuela Viva. • 35 W. 67th St (212-601-1000).

Maxwell's
7/7: TV Smith. 7/8: Lake Trout. • 1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).

Mercury Lounge
7/4: Francis Dunnery. 7/5: The Brothers Past. 7/6: Clara Venus. 7/7: The Audible Campaign. 7/8: Haale; Tammany Hall. 7/9: Marah; the Comas. 7/10: Wayne Kramer. • 217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).

Northsix
7/3: Craig Wedren. 7/5: Bardo Pond; Secret Machines. 7/6: Milemarker. 7/9: Lake Trout; Mink Lungs. • 66 N. 6th St., Brooklyn (718-599-5103).

S.O.B.'s
7/3: Mahotella Queens. 7/4: "Basement Bhangra." 7/5: Urban Ave 31. 7/6: "Samba Saturday." 7/8: "La Tropica Mondays." 7/10: Blackalicious. • 204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).

★ Southpaw
7/9: "Songwriter Circle," hosted by Jeremy Schonfeld. • 125 5th St., Brooklyn (718-230-0236).

The Village Underground
7/5: Flowchart; Mid States. 7/9: Kevin Kinney Band. • 130 W. 3rd St. (212-777-7745).

Clubs

APT
An apartment-themed lounge with a surprisingly good lineup of hip-hop, soul, and house D.J.'s. Mondays: Bobbito Garcia. Tuesdays: Jaymz Nylon. Wednesdays: *Fader* magazine presents Rich Medina. Thursdays: Small Change. Fridays: Ursula 1000. Saturdays: Chairman Mao and Citizen Kane. • 419 W. 13th St. (212-414-4245).

Arc
Fridays: "Be Yourself" with progressive-house maestro. D.J. Danny Tenaglia. Saturdays: "Made Saturdays," trance and progressive house spun by the likes of Deep Dish. Sundays: François K, Joe Claussell, and Danny Krivit spin at the legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul." • 6 Hubert St. (212-226-9212).

Baktun
Mondays: Techno with "Tronic Treatment." Guests often include techno luminaries like Richie Hawtin. Saturdays: Drum 'n' bass at "Direct Drive." • 418 W. 14th St. (212-206-1590).

★ "Bang the Party"
Lori and E-Man's sweaty Friday-night house party returns to Manhattan after several years at Frank's Lounge in Brooklyn. Expect lots of tambourine-toting dancers and plenty of house and disco classics. • Opaline, 85 Ave. A (212-726-1322); $10.

Centro-Fly
Fridays: "GBH" hosts some of the more adventurous nights at the club with D.J.'s like Ashley Beedle and Marshall Jefferson. Saturdays: Energetic house and big beat with "Plant"; in the Pinky Room, Chez Music honcho Neil Aline hosts "We and the Music." 7/3: Carl Kennedy; Van Jee; Thomas D. 7/5: Scott Hardkiss; Holmar Filipsson. 7/6: Hipp-E; Halo. • 45 W. 21st St. (212-627-7770).

Club Shelter
Thursdays: Muscular, macho house music—one producer in this camp even calls himself "Thick Dick"—from Subliminal Records. Saturdays: Timmy Regis-

Ground Rules In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start later than promised. Stars (★) indicate our editors' recommendations. $ = cash only.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE JENNINGS/RETNA LTD, USA.

rd's long-running deep-house party "Shelter." • Club helter, 20 W. 39th St. (212-439-4141). $.

roovejet

ondays: Rock-and-roll classics, new wave, and punk ith D.J. Tommy. Wednesdays: Techno upstart David ollands. Thursdays: "Gallery" with D.J. Jackie Christie. ridays: Luis Diaz spins progressive house. Saturdays: .J.s Kimyon, Rich Bourque, and Juan C spin techno nd house at "Foundation." • 286 Spring St. (212-929-780). No cover every night of the week.

uxx

ridays: "Mutants" with D.J. Larry Tee. Saturdays: D.J. arry Tee spins electroclash at "Berliniamsburg." Sun- ays: "House Music Sessions" with D.J. Raji K and D.J. omi. Sundays: More Larry Tee with "NYFC." Mon- ays: "Cult Movie Mondays." Tuesdays: D.J. Miss Guy pins rock and metal at "Hell Bent for Brooklyn." • 256 rand St., Brooklyn (718-599-1000).

"Overboard"

onthly parties aboard the Paddlewheel Queen. 7/7: ichie Hawtin. • 23rd St. and the East River (no phone; atter-form.com); $25.

"PS1 Warm-Up Series"

/6: Twerk; Joeski; Rob Paine and the Solomonic ound System; D.J. Still. • 22-25 Jackson Ave. at 46th t., Long Island City (718-784-2084).

he Roxy

aturdays: The Chelsea boys dance all night to a rotat- ng set of house D.J.'s, including Razor of Razor and uido. • 515 W. 18th St. (212-627-0404). $.

PA

Wednesdays: Rock and roll and electro spun by D.J.'s ike Paul Sevigny. Thursdays: A-listers and fashionistas ake over with "Ultra" featuring hip-hop, house, and rock and roll spun by D.J.'s Mark Ronson, Lady Bunny, Cameron Douglas. Saturdays: Overdressed Euros line up for "Jet Set" with D.J. Eric LaPeau. • 76 E. 13th St. (212-388-1060).

Jazz

Birdland

Sundays in July: Chico O'Farrill Afro-Cuban Jazz Big Band; Mondays, early: The Scott Whitfield Jazz Orchestra; Mondays, late: Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra featuring Lew Tabackin; Tuesdays, early: David Ostwald's Louis Armstrong Centennial Band; Tuesdays, late: Duke Ellington Orchestra directed by Paul Mercer Ellington; Fridays: Lew Anderson's All-American Big Band. 7/3: Cab Calloway Orchestra directed by Calloway Brooks. 7/4–7/6: Bobby Watson Quintet. 7/10: Gary Morgan's "Panamericana" Big Band. • 315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).

Performance

New York Dolly

Her new CD *Halos and Horns* continues the bluegrass revival of recent work like *Little Sparrow*, but those unmoved by the back-to-Appalachia sound (as well as some odd covers like "Stairway to Heaven") won't be feeling shut out when **Dolly Parton** (pictured) brings her wigs, sequins, and other accoutrements to Irving Plaza on July 10. The Tennessean has of late been incorporating just about her entire great songbook into live performances; in February 2001, she had nearly all of her Joe's Pub audience crying in their beer when she performed "Coat of Many Colors," and we're likely to see the dark "Jolene" this time, too, given the White Stripes' fiery cover. (See "Small Stages.")

Performance

Heart's Beat

Like that of a lot of big, epic rockers—Queen comes to mind—the music of **Heart** (pictured) can either be transcendently campy ("Crazy on You," "Barracuda") or just in grimly bad taste ("What About Love"). Still, even the Wilson sisters' worst fantastical rock, all earthquakes and fairies, is preferable to pop's milquetoast molls like Mandy Moore and Ashanti, who certainly won't have their staying power. (See "Concerts.")

Blue Note

7/4: Jeff Rupert Quintet. 7/5–7/7: Count Basie Orchestra. 7/9–7/14: "Tribute to Milton Nascimento." • 131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).

Cafe St. Barts

Tuesdays through Fridays from 7 to 10, through 7/31: "Jazz on the Terrace." 7/4: The John Malino Band. 7/5: Grupo Caliente. 7/10: Steve Elmer Quartet. • Cafe St. Barts, 109 E. 50th St. (212-888-2664).

Cajun

Mondays and Thursdays in July: Vince Giordano and the Nighthawks. Tuesdays: Stanley's Washboard Kings. Wednesdays: Eddie Davis and his New Orleans Jazz Band. Fridays: The Canal Street Dixieland Jazz and Blues Band. Saturdays: The Red Onion Jazz Band. Sundays: Peter Eckland Quartet. • 129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (212-691-6174).

Iridium

Monday nights, the Les Paul Quartet holds office hours. Through 7/7: Mark Whitfield Organ Trio. Sets Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 and 10:30, with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. • 1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (212-582-2121).

Jazz Standard

Sets at 7:30 and 9:30. 7/3: Terrell Stafford Quintet. 7/5: Jeremy Pelt Sextet. 7/6–7/7: Brian Lynch Quintet. • 116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232).

Red Blazer

Mondays and Tuesdays: Sam Ulano's Jazz Band. Wednesdays: Felix Swing Band; Alan Russell Big Jazz Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Swing Band. Fridays: Simon Wettenhall's Oceanic Dixieland Band. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell's Dixie & Swing Band. • 32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).

Small's

Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. • 183 W. 10th St. (212-929-7565).

Smoke

Sundays in July: Chris Washburne and the Syotos. Tuesdays: "Hammond B3 Organ Grooves." Wednesdays: Hot Pants Funk Sextet. Thursdays: Jim Rotondi and David Hazeltine's Electric Band. • 2751 Broadway, at 105th St. (212-864-6662).

Tonic

Sundays: "Klezmer Sundays." 7/3–7/4: Steve Coleman and Five Elements. 7/5: Jim Black's Human Feel. 7/6: Dave Douglas Septet. 7/9: Marc Ribot. 7/10: Erik Friedlander's Broken Shadows. • 107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503). $.

Village Vanguard

Mondays in July: The Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Through 7/7: Gary Bartz Quintet. • 178 Seventh Ave. So. (212-255-4037). $.

Comedy

Carolines on Broadway

Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. $12.50–$24.50; *two-drink minimum*. 7/3, 7/5–7/7: Mike Robles. • 1626 Broadway, nr. 49th St. (212-757-4100).

"Chicago City Limits' Directors Cut"

The comedy troupe opens its twenty-ninth revue. Performances Thursday at 8, Friday and Saturday at 8 and 10:30. • Chicago City Limits Improvisational Theater, 1105 First Ave., at 61st St. (212-888-5233); $20.

Comedy Cellar

Through 7/7: Colin Quinn; Greg Giraldol Nick DiPaolo; Godfrey; Jim Norton. • 117 MacDougal St. (212-254-3480).

Dangerfield's

Through 7/7: Sherrod Small; Rob Magnotti; Nancy Redman; Billy Burr; Gregory Rogell. Shows at 8:30 and 10:30. • 1118 First Ave., nr. 61st St. (212-593-1650).

Cabaret

Don't Tell Mama

Thursdays in July at 6: "Seth's Broadway Chatterbox." Saturdays at 8:30: Ron Poole's "Poole Party!" Saturdays at 11: Tommy Femia in "Judy Garland Live!" • 343 W. 46th St. (212-757-0788). $.

Feinstein's at the Regency

Through 7/5: Tony Danza. The food-and-beverage minimum is $40 per person at all 8:30 shows and $25 per person for the show at 11. • 540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (212-307-4100 or 212-339-4095).

Judy's

Through 7/10: Julie Johnson in "All Grown Up . . . So Far." • *169 Eighth Ave. near 18th St. (212-929-5410).*

Find a bar or club. Search our listings of more than 500 bars by type and location.

PHOTOGRAPH: FROM TOP, RANDEE ST. NICHOLAS; JAMES PATRICK COOPER/RETNA LTD, USA.

TheMix

Edited by Boris Kachk

Radio Highlights

"Still Standing Tall"
Live from Battery Park City, Wynton Marsalis and the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra headline a concert to help New Yorkers celebrate the patriotic holiday, partly sponsored by the public radio station. Between sets, anchor Neal Conan interviews featured artists and locals in the audience. • 7/4 at 4 P.M. WNYC, 93.9 FM.

"Personal Selection: Mark Morris"
The famous choreographer takes his favorite music into the studio and becomes D.J. for an hour. • 7/5 at 8 P.M. WNYC, 93.9 FM.

Salley Vickers
The author of the intellectually sharp novel *Instances of the Number 3* talks to the eponymous host of "The Lewis Burke Frumkes Show." • 7/7 at 8 P.M. WPAT, 930 AM.

Lectures and Panels

"Metamorphoses II"
As the venue's "Entertaining Science" series continues, Cornell chemistry professor Jerry Meinwald and musicologist Charlotte Greenspan talk to Nobel Prize–winning poet Raold Hoffmann about transformations in music, chemistry, and the insect world. • 7/7 at 6 P.M. Cornelia Street Café, 29 Cornelia St. (212-989-9319); $6, one-drink minimum.

Sylvia Wolf
The Sondra Gilman Curator of Photography at the museum discusses historical and contemporary American photography with selected artists in the exhibition "Visions From America: Photographs From the Whitney Museum of American Art, 1940–2001." • 7/9 at 7 P.M. The Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); $8.

"The Great Shark Hype"
Jaws author Peter Benchley breaks down the hysterical headlines about shark-infested waters and explains just how slight the danger of shark-mauling really is. Drop by and then head out to the beach with calmer nerves. • 7/10 at 7 P.M. American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 77th St. (212-769-5200); $15.

"Radio Jews"
Musician and historian Henry Sapoznik joins former NPR producer Robert Rand to play excerpts from a collection of old Yiddish radio broadcasts and a radio documentary about Holocaust survivors in Skokie, Illinois. They then discuss the topic and take questions from the audience. • 7/10 at 7:30 P.M. Makor, 35 W. 67th St. (212-601-1000); $12, $15 at the door.

The Written Word

Jeffrey Frank and Kate Jennings
Frank, the *New Yorker* editor and author of the satiric D.C. novel *The Columnist*, reads from his book whil Jennings presents her second novel, *Moral Hazard*. • 7/ at 7 P.M. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (212-505-3360); free.

Jonathan Lethem and Colson Whitehead
Two renowned Brooklyn writers (Lethem the autho of *Motherless Brooklyn*, Whitehead widely praised fc *The Intuitionist* and *John Henry Days*) read from thei work at SummerStage's continuing series. • 7/9 at 7 P.M Central Park SummerStage, Central Park near Fifth Ave. an 72nd St. (www.summerstage.org); free; arrive early—firs come, first served.

Touré
The *Rolling Stone* journalist and essayist reads from an discusses his first collection of short stories, *The Portabl Promised Land*, and signs copies. (See box.) • 7/9 at 7:3 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Pl. (212-420-1322); free.

Kathy Ireland
The supermodel signs copies of her new book of valuable advice, *Powerful Inspirations: Eight Lessons That Wi Change Your Life*. • 7/10 at 1 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 600 Fift Ave., at 48th St. (212-765-0592); free.

Thomas Y. Levin
The editor of the new collection titled *CTRL [SPACE]: Rhetorics of Surveillance From Bentham to Bi Brother* launches his book and signs copies. • 7/10 at 6 P.M Dia Center Bookshop, 548 W. 22nd St. (212-989-5566); free.

Amey Stone and Mike Brewster
The authors talk about and sign copies of their new biography, *King of Capital: Sandy Weill and the Making o Citigroup*. • 7/10 at 6:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 160 E. 54th St (212-750-8033); free.

Eric Kraft
The author of the Peter Leroy series of tongue-in-cheek adventures reads from his latest installment, *Inflating a Dog*, and signs copies. • 7/10 at 7 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 240 E. 86th St. (212-794-1962); free.

Dirk Wittenborn
The Brat Pack–era author reads from *Fierce People*, his first novel in eighteen years. (See box.) • 7/10 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Pl. (212-420-1322); free.

Arthur Phillips
The author reads from his first novel, *Prague*, which is actually about American expatriates living in Budapest. • 7/10 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

Special Events

Tours

Fourth of July All-Night Walking Tour
The Y's annual candlelit stroll through historic downtown New York—during which economic historian James S. Kaplan recounts the crucial events here that led up to the Revolution and secured Washington's victory—concludes with an optional sunrise ride on the Staten Island Ferry for hardy sleep-deprived souls. • 7/4, 2 to 6 A.M. Call 212-415-5500 for reservations and meeting place; $20, candle or flashlight recommended.

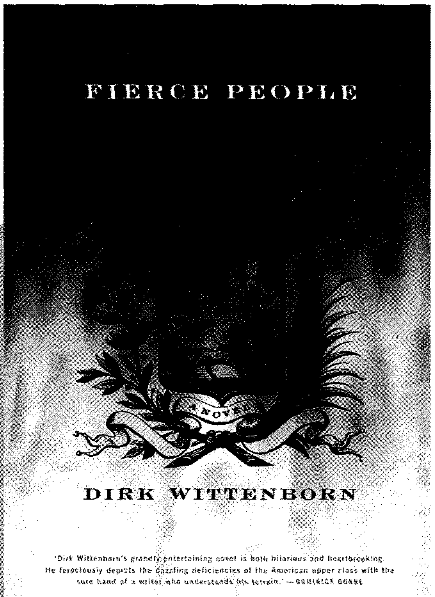
Greenwich Village, Gramercy Park, & Fireworks
The presidential sites in two of the city's prettiest neighborhoods (associated with everyone from Washington and Lincoln to Wilson and Teddy Roosevelt) ends, appropriately, at the FDR Drive—just in time to secure an ideal spot to view the fireworks. • 7/4 at 2:30 P.M. and 5 P.M. (the latter ending with fireworks). Call 212-465-3331 for reservations and meeting place; $12.

Fourth of July Boat Trip
Sail and dine on the *Pioneer*, sitting in the harbor with one of the city's best views of the grand fireworks display in the river. • 7/4, 6 to 11 P.M. South Street Seaport Museum, Pier 16 (212-748-8744 for reservations); $175–$200.

Tugboat Tour
The *W.O. Decker* takes an intimate jaunt through the upper Bay, the newly clean Gowanus Canal, and on through the Narrows before returning to the Seaport.

In Print

Tribal Conflicts

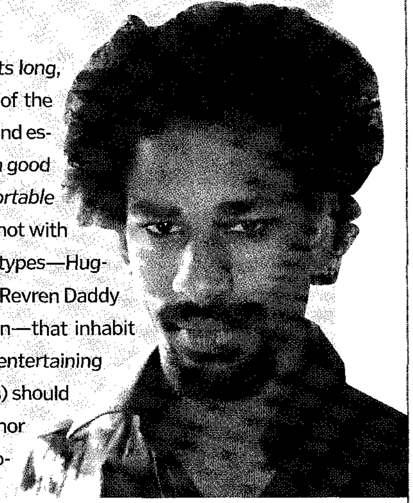

FIERCE PEOPLE
A NOVEL
DIRK WITTENBORN
"Dirk Wittenborn's grandly entertaining novel is both hilarious and heartbreaking. He ferociously depicts the dazzling deficiencies of the American upper class with the sure hand of a writer who understands his terrain." —DOMINICK DUNNE

The son of scientist-intellectuals who somehow wound up in idyllic Pottersville, New Jersey, **Dirk Wittenborn** didn't exactly grow up rich; he grew up with the rich. Even while he was cozying up to the Johnson & Johnson clan (one of whom married his sister), Wittenborn never fully adapted. "I always felt in a way so different from them," he says. "Gravity affected them differently. It's something I wanted to figure out." In Wittenborn's third novel, *Fierce People* (Bloomsbury, $24.95), the 15-year-old Dickensian hero Finn moves, with his drug-addicted single mother, from a run-down Great Jones Street loft (it's 1978) to the Ralph Lauren wilds of Vlyvalle, New Jersey. Finn finds the resident tribe as savage and protective as the Amazonian Fierce People his estranged anthropologist father spends his life studying. A coming-of-age saga seems an odd choice for a 50-year-old novelist—but then, the author lauded alongside Jay McInerney and Bret Easton Ellis for his 1983 novel *Zoe* hadn't written a book in eighteen years. That period was largely lost, first to cocaine and then, once he cleaned up, to a rare heart ailment, surgically repaired in 1990. Wittenborn—who plans to complete a trilogy on Finn's life—is collaborating on a film of the book with Griffin Dunne. He's also producing a documentary titled *Born Rich* and directed by his nephew, scion Jamie Johnson—thereby studying the strange customs of a new generation. "Most people I know who made fortunes in the eighties and nineties," he says, "no matter what they espouse, they end up doing many of those things I saw these old-money invisible hierarchies doing—fixing things for their kids, making the playing field unlevel. Things have changed, but they haven't changed." Wittenborn reads July 10 at Barnes & Noble. (See "The Written Word.") B.K.

Happening

Grand Touré

As *Rolling Stone* prepares for *Maximization*, ditching its long, dense pieces in an attempt to lure new readers, one of the younger voices that thrived there, the journalist, critic, and essayist known simply as **Touré**, moves into fiction with a good deal of fanfare. Touré's short-story collection, *The Portable Promised Land,* plumbs race, politics, and pop culture not with dry polemics but with a catalogue of subversive stereotypes—Huggy Bear Jackson in his Steviewondermobile, the Right Revren Daddy Love preaching out of an old Kentucky Fried Chicken—that inhabit ghetto-fabulous Soul City. These and a smattering of entertaining essays (like a glossary of African-American neologisms) should come off even better when rendered aloud by the author himself, who serves them up on July 9 at Barnes & Noble Astor Place. (See "The Written Word.")



• 7/6 at 9 A.M. South Street Seaport Museum, Pier 15 (212-748-8744); $125.

Hoboken History and Tasting Tour

Visit the neighbor city's historic sites (including Elysian Fields and the homes of Steiglitz and Sinatra), with tasty ethnic treats available along the way. • 7/6 and 7/7 at 2 P.M. Call 212-465-3331 for reservations and meeting place; $16 including food.

Twilight Brooklyn Bridge & Brooklyn Heights

A historical and architectural trip to the city's first suburb stops at the A. A. Low mansion and the haunts of Arthur Miller, Victoria Woodhull, Robert Moses, Norman Mailer, and others. • 7/6 at 5 P.M. Meet at the southeast corner of Broadway and Chambers St. (212-439-1090); $12.

Sites of the Revolution

Visit the Common, where the Declaration of Independence was first read to the populace; the site where irate citizens toppled a gilded statue of George III; the famous statue of Nathan Hale; and other testaments to New York's role in America's tumultuous beginnings. • 7/7 at 11:30 A.M. Meet at the northwest corner of Wall St. and William St. (212-265-2663); $5.

Exhibits

The Declaration of Independence

The library's fair copy of Thomas Jefferson's handwritten document is the centerpiece of the Independence Day display in the Wachenheim Gallery; henceforth it will be an annual library viewing. • Through 7/13. Sue and Edgar Wachenheim III Gallery, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. (212-930-0830); free.

"David Bowie: Sound + Vision"

The old icon with the new album gets a video retrospective of more than 100 elements culled from international archives and the musician's personal collection—including his 1975 duet with Cher, a 1980 *Tonight Show* appearance, and more than 50 music videos including an unreleased one for "As the World Falls Down" (which you remember from the *Labyrinth* soundtrack). • Through 9/15. Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (212-621-6800); free with $6 admission.

"Elevated City"

Subtitled "A History of Els in New York," the exhibit culls historical photos, magazine covers, train models, postcards, and artifacts depicting the once-ubiquitous lines now found mostly in the outer boroughs. • Through 9/29. New York Transit Museum Gallery Annex, Grand Central terminal, Park Ave. at 42nd St. (212-878-0106); free.

Other Events

Roosevelt Island Fireworks Watching

Tickets to the island's Southpoint ensure prime viewing preceded by entertainment, with food and drink available for purchase. • 7/4, fireworks begin at 9:15 P.M. Southpoint, Roosevelt Island, day-of tickets available at the Tram Station and festival entrance (for advance tickets call 212-832-4540, ext. 355); $15.

Manhattan Avenue Festival

A fair with the usual arts and crafts, merchandise, and food and more than 300 vendors on hand provides a handy excuse for exploring Williamsburg on the Fourth of July weekend. • 7/7, 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. Manhattan Ave. near Greenpoint Ave., Brooklyn; free.

"On the Waterfront"

An annual Queens film festival subtitled "Celebrating the Cultural Diversity of Queens" plans to kick off the season with a Brazilian night (perhaps anticipating a World Cup victory)—featuring Andrucha Waddington's *Me You Them* along with Brazilian food, music, and dance of all kinds. • 7/10 at 7 P.M., film starts at dusk. Socrates Sculpture Park, Broadway at Vernon Blvd., Long Island City; in the event of rain, film at American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-956-1819); free.

Sports

Central Park Moonlight Ride

No need to fear the British Butcher when you're screaming along Central Park's normally "pedestrian-only" trails with a critical mass of bicycles surrounding you. The rides, which take place the first Friday of every month, last a little under two hours and welcome Rollerbladers. • 7/5 at 10 P.M. Columbus Circle entrance to Central Park (212-802-2222); free.

Brooklyn Cyclones vs. Staten Island Yankees

The Mets and Yankees relive the Subway Series on a minor-league scale. The series begins in Brooklyn and continues with two games on the Island. • 7/6 at 6 P.M. Keyspan Park, Surf Ave. near W. 17th St., Brooklyn (718-449-TIXX); 7/7 at 5:05 P.M. and 7/8 at 7:05 P.M. Richmond County Ballpark, 75 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island (718-720-9200); $10 and under.

Bronx Half-Marathon

This 13.1-mile pavement pounder is not only the second in NYRRC's Grand Prix Series—which brings half-marathons to all five boroughs—but also the only road race the club runs in the Bronx. A raffle will be held for round-trip plane tickets (the male and female winners of the series automatically get a pair). • 7/7 at 8 A.M. Goulden Ave. at Bedford Park Blvd., Bedford Park, Bronx (212-860-4455); $30, $20 members.

New York Liberty vs. Phoenix Mercury

Celebrate girl power and the debut of *Juwanna Mann* with your daughter. The WNBA uses that nifty striped ball, there are no testosterone-fueled Spike Lee rants, and these women play a hell of a lot better than the Knicks and the Suns. • 7/8 at 7:30 P.M. Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (212-307-7171); $8–$225.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MEIKA NEBLETT.

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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SOHN *Continued from page 18*

"Naked?"

"Oh, yeah. He was adorable. But I could never relax because I had loved his music for such a long time."

With thoughts of a naked Chris Isaak dancing in my head, I take her to the female-friendly sex shop Toys in Babeland. The lighting is soft and Lauryn Hill's on the stereo. There's a counter with vibrators of all shapes and colors, and Margaret picks them up and names them. "This one's a pencil case. This one's Bart Simpson"—it is, but just distorted enough that Matt Groening can't sue. "This one's like a big thumb in a cartoon, like when someone gets hit with a hammer."

We find one that looks like a miniature car (the switch is a wheel). I turn it on, and it starts thrashing around, banging loudly. People turn to look. We start giggling. "Could you not let it bounce against the counter?" a saleswoman asks. Margaret struggles to find the OFF switch but can't. I try, and I can't either. Desperate, I toss it to the saleswoman. She gets it off instantly.

Then the manager, Dana, introduces herself. When Margaret tells her she thinks the G spot doesn't exist, Dana launches into a detailed explanation of where it is and how it works. "This is something that I've been told a hundred million times," Margaret murmurs. "She's oversimplifying. It's not that easy."

After perusing the prosthetics, I select a curved silicone thing that attaches to a device I already have at home. I pick purple, my favorite color. Dana gives Margaret a goody bag (celebrities get swag everywhere, even in sex shops) that includes lube, a G-spot vibrator, and *The Good Vibrations Guide: The G-Spot.*

Outside, I ask if she's excited about her goody bag. "I want this to happen," she says. "But it's got a whole goal-oriented, in-box/out-box feeling to it."

She's hit the nail right on the head. Margaret, like someone else I know, is an alpha girl through and through—competitive, aggressive, striving to be the best—and in her professional life, it's brought her great success. But in the pleasure arena, those same go-getter skills make the goals all the more elusive. You don't get better O's the way you get your own sitcom.

Nor, as she points out, do you get better O's while *watching* sitcoms. "Plug-in vibrators make the TV fuzzy," she says. "You don't even have to be using the same outlet. If you're in the same room, it's impossible to watch TV and do it at the same time. So what's the point?" ■

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cue

Kids

Edited by Susan Avery

Events

For Children

Into the Woods
A forest pixie will tell tales for about an hour in the new Cohen Park. (See box.) • 7/16 at 10:30 A.M., rain date 7/17 at 10:30 A.M.; 121 E. 57th St. (call 212-838-1800 for future dates); free.

We've Got a Substitute
Remember the days when you walked into class and came face-to-face with the dreaded substitute? At the People Garden, a cast of child actors shows the temporary teacher that the simple lessons of childhood are the same ones required for life. Recommended for kids 3 to 12. • Saturdays at 11 A.M.; York Theatre, Church of St. Peter at Citigroup Center, 619 Lexington Ave., nr. 54th St.; (800-233-3123 or www.peoplegarden.com); $15.

Yo, Yoda—Wrap It Up
The *Star Wars* exhibit at the Brooklyn Museum of Art is coming to an end, so if your Jedi jones has been awakened, get there before 7/7. Includes 150 original pieces from the films. • Through 7/7; Brooklyn Museum of Art, 200 Eastern Pkwy. (866-606-R2D2 or www.brooklynmuseum.org); $10 grown-ups, $8 students and seniors, $4 kids age 6 to 12, free for youngers.

Summer at Swan Lake
Don't wait until the holidays; take the kids to the ballet without battling the crowds. American Ballet Theatre performs *Swan Lake* in a Saturday matinee. • 7/6 at 2 P.M.; Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (212-362-6000 or www.abt.org); $20–$88.

Coney Island Babies
To make the New York Aquarium more parent-friendly, this summer's weekend theme is a fifties-style party that includes a rock-and-roll band and a vintage-car show. Kids will dig the arts-and-crafts sessions and face painting. And check out the fish while you're there. • Every Saturday and Sunday in July from 11 A.M. to 4 P.M.; New York Aquarium, Surf Ave. and W 8th St., Brooklyn (718-265-FISH or www.nyaquarium.com) $11 grown-ups, $7 kids.

Angelina Spins Into Town
Our favorite little pink-tutued ballerina, Angelina the mouse, pliés and pirouettes her way to the Upper West Side to meet with her fans and spin some tales. • 7/7 at 10 A.M.; Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, nr. 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

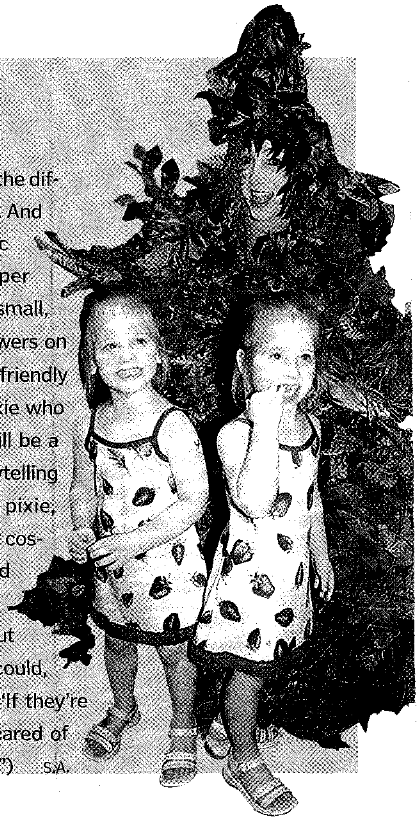
Say Hello, It's Independence Day
Celebrate July 4 in Colonial American style. Watch dramatic presentations of patriotic speeches and play the early-American version of baseball with costumed players. The day includes house tours of historic Sunnyside and Van Cortlandt Manor as well as ice-cream-making demonstrations and military reenactments. • 7/4 from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sunnyside in Tarrytown and Van Cortlandt Manor in Croton-on-Hudson; (914-631-8200 or www.hudsonvalley.org); $9 grown-ups. $8 seniors, $5 kids 5–17, free for youngers.

A Map Quest
Seeing a map is one thing. Becoming a cartographer is a totally different, and very interesting, thing. The Scandinavia House offers four mapmaking workshops that start with the local neighborhood and work their way up to a look at mapping the sea, volcanoes, icebergs, and even fantastical situations (the Little Mermaid's haven?). Kids can participate in one or more sessions. • 7/9, 7/16, 7/23, 7/30 from 3:30 to 5 P.M.; Scandinavia House, 58 Park Ave., nr. 38th St. (212-847-9740 or www.scandinaviahouse.org); $10 per session, $35 for the series.

Bienvenue à New York
Bastille Day is coming, and everyone's favorite petite French girl is ready to storm the Scholastic Store. Meet Madeline as she reads from *Madeline in America.* • 7/13 from 3 to 4 P.M.; Scholastic Store, 557 Broadway (212-343-6166 or www.scholastic.com/sohostore); free.

Happening

Park Amusement



There comes a time when a parent has to explain the difference between a *playing* park and a *sitting* park. And though children are usually less than enthusiastic about the sitting version, real-estate developer Charles Cohen—who's just built **Cohen Park**, a small, gray, stony refuge tucked between two office towers on East 57th Street—may have come up with a kid-friendly draw for his. Come July 17, an adorable forest pixie who lives in a ten-foot-high mobile tree (pictured) will be a regular park presence, entertaining kids with storytelling and an animated conversation on books. Said pixie, whose street name is Jackie Wildau, designed her costume with the help of Parsons-Meares (they worked on the award-winning costumes for *The Lion King*) and virtually guarantees no fear factor. "I put as much greenery into the costume as I possibly could, because I didn't want it to be scary," she says. "If they're scared, I'll imitate them, and show them I'm scared of *them.* That usually works." (See "Children's Events.") S.A.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PATRICK MCMULLAN.

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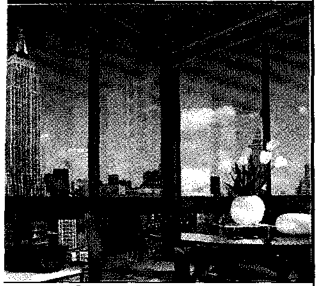

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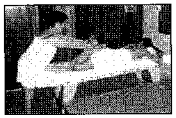

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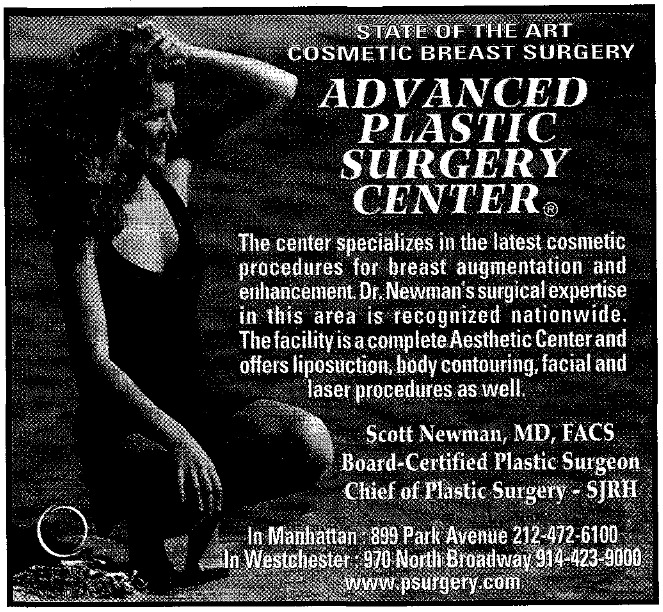

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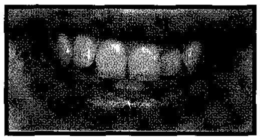

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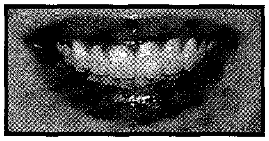

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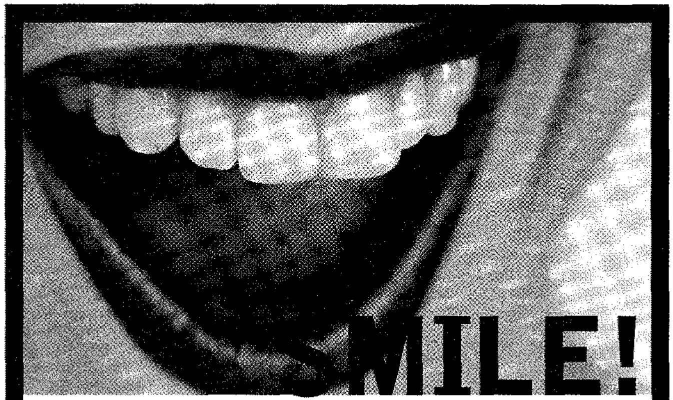

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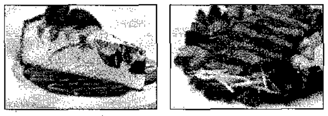

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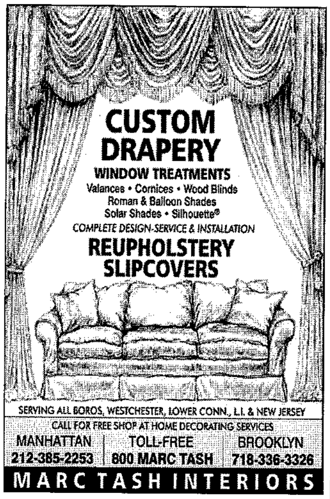

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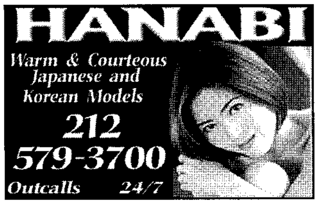

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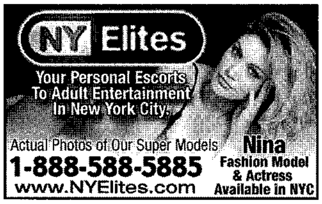

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Beautiful Bachelorette—Enticing, successful female attorney, slim, great smile, Ivy grad, sincere values, seeking intellectual powerhouse playmate for settling down (48-58). Varied interests include golf, tennis, theater, film, books. Sense of humor is essential. Photo with note. 2705 ✉

Just A Regular Girl—At 42, Jewish, 5'4" and anything but thin. Pretty, huge heart, big blue eyes and long brown hair. Accomplished, adventurous, engaging and happy. Loves outdoors, Jeeps, travel, sports, movies, music, barbecues and good company. Values sincerity, integrity, family and good sense of humor. Are you a down-to-earth Jewish guy, 39-49, tall, attractive, caring and secure? If so, note/photo, please. 2651 ✉☎

Smart, Successful, Pretty—5'2", 115 lbs, Sally Field type. Food, arts, beach, NYC. Seeks cool gent with like mind, 45-60. 2716✉ acc10011@yahoo.com

CT Socialite—Seeks comparable (Waspy type) gentleman (60-70) for fun, future and country club lifestyle. Please appreciate a lady who is elegant and proper yet sexy and passionate. Note/photo a must! 2719 ✉☎

Gay White Male—41, 5'10", 160 lbs, handsome, professional, well-read, varied interests, looking for attractive, kindhearted man who is knowledgeable without being obscure. 2592 ✉☎

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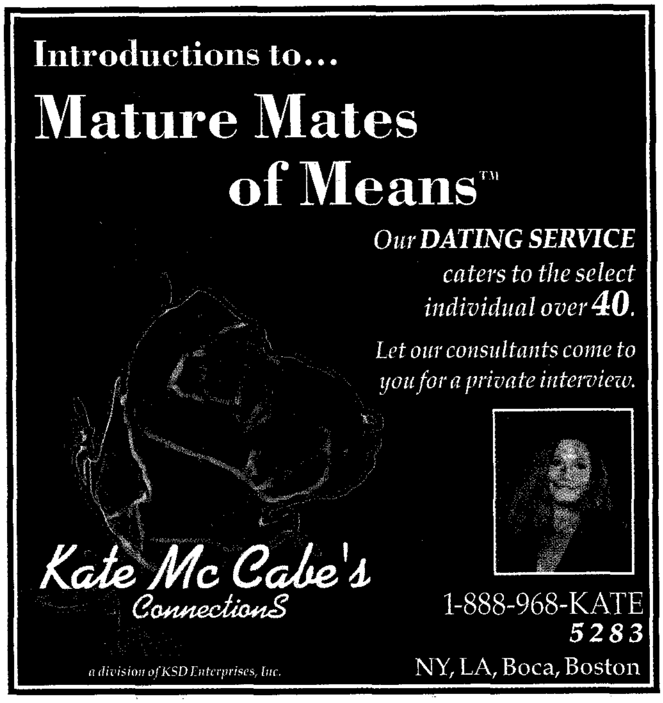
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Pretty Chinese Lady—Seeks 30-45, extremely successful, honest, sense of humor, handsome, marriage-minded gentleman, 5'10" plus. Photo a must. 2676 ✉

If You Are Well-Bred, Well-Read—Well-educated, beautiful, cultured, intelligent, a good conversationalist, a good independent traveler, comfortable with your femininity and bored with the Gender Wars, you might enjoy occasionally gracing the arm of a mid-60s south Texan who will admire and appreciate you for all that you are. 2698 ✉

Dancer's Legs And Drop-Dead Smile—Sensual, slender, toned yet curvy Jewish woman, 40s. Blue eyes, auburn hair...all in all a great-looking package. Former ballet dancer/artist turned lawyer. Genuine, stylish, resourceful, comfortable in any setting, really knows how to enjoy life. Gravitates to hiking Swiss Alps, biking Hawaii, skiing out West. Enjoys tennis, Latin dancing, good conversation, Rome, Paris. Seeks intelligent, successful, financially sound man, 40-57, with integrity, diverse interests. 2635 ✉☎ am2000@nyc.rr.com

Scarlett Sizzle—Gay white female, femme, 44, professional firecracker, seeks 4th of July equal to match wits for summer fun and romance. Please be stable femme with passion for life, 38-48. Photo, please. 2618 ✉☎

Widower, 50—*Looking for slender, attractive lady, 40-50. No games.* 2615 ✉☎

Addicted To—Jazz, opera, dancing, books. Good-looking European lady, 40s, seeks NYC gentleman to share same interests and life. 2677 ✉☎

Beautiful, Slim Blond—Great legs, European educated, professional, caring, enjoys languages, arts. Seeks professional male, 42-52, for long-term relationship. 2625 ✉☎

Very Pretty Jewish Businesswoman—Living in NYC, music lover, etc., seeks attractive man (self-employed), 55-63, for fun, friendship, romance. Photo. 2629 ✉☎

Portfolio Manager—Mid 40s, 6'4", slim, divorced gentleman. Lives near Westchester/Fairfield County border, works in midtown. Interests include music (especially British rock), foreign travel, spending an afternoon at a nearby beach, and quiet evenings at home with my dog, reading or watching a movie. Not particularly interested in spectator sports. I am fun-loving, with a sense of humor. You should be 30 to 40 years old, enjoy life and be reasonably fit, as I am. Looking for enjoyable companionship and am open to wherever it may lead. Please send note, phone and photo - will gladly exchange. 2685 ✉

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Natural Beauty—Fit, healthy lifestyle. Affectionate, fun-loving, upbeat. A real head-turning brunette, great legs/smile. Loves to read, cook, laugh, dance, travel. Seeks romantic, sexy man for friendship, love and more, 33 plus. Photo helpful. skf924@aol.com 2653 ✉☎

Tall, Very Pretty, Slim, Leggy—Curvy blond musician, early 40s, highly intelligent, nurturing, lusty and lively, seeks attractive, sophisticated, successful gentleman, 40 plus, for sweet and happy days and nights. 2669 ✉☎

Caring, Responsible, Nonsmoking—Handsome, fit and lovable guy, 5'9", 42. Financially secure and from a stable, loving family. Looking for a tenderhearted, pretty, slim Jewish female, 25-38, to share life, love of travel and strong interest in Jewish history and culture. Note/photo, please. 2691 ✉

Gentleman, Self-Employed Attorney—Considered handsome - single, 38, gentile, great health, athletically inclined (5'11", 170), spiritually and self-aware, passionate, intellectually curious - seeks smart, honest, physically fit, feminine/pretty soul mate with tasteful sensibilities, whose interests might include travel, art, culture or more. Note/photo; will reciprocate - flexible on age, religion, race. 2585 ✉☎

Beauty Contest Winner—Former model, educated, highly accomplished, classy, seeks nice-looking, fit, intelligent, successful man, 50-65, 5'10" plus. Phone/note/photo. 2590 ✉☎

Very Attractive Gay White Female—Feminine,active and fit. 38, 5'6" voluptuous build. Self-employed. Seeks pretty feminine woman, 35-43, who has it together. Photo/note. bellharb@aol.com. 2729 ✉

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Petite And Beautiful—Aerobicized and therapized to perfection (perhaps modesty still an issue). You: successful, funny, very liberal and physically fit, 50-60. 2614 ✉☎

High-Quality Man—Single white male, 56, very intelligent, nice-looking, financially secure, extremely honest, tired of single life, seeks lady interested in marriage. 2694 ✉☎

Tall, Blond And Handsome—Gay man, 32, 6'2", smart, kind, generous, funny and outgoing, with a great family and terrific friends. I travel extensively (business and pleasure). Love the sun and the beach, eating out around NY (and around the world) and enjoying the serendipitous pleasures of NYC strolls. I am seeking a man who is kind, warm, smart, open and funny, and who has the time and wherewithal to travel with me this autumn as I take a 3-month sabbatical from my real life. You should be someone who is fun to go out with, easy to travel with and eventually (hopefully) nice to set-up home with. 2671 ✉☎

Annette Bening—With a touch of Stockard Channing. Considered "extremely cute, with great gams - a real catch." Gorgeous red hair, friendly blue eyes, infectious smile. Sassy, saucy, sensual, single, 38, toned, trim, strong body, lots of heart. Authentic, vibrant, cosmopolitan, fun. Loves urban living, rural visits. More Italy or rented bungalow than all-inclusives. More Ornette Coleman than pop, more leisurely dining than fast food. Dessert queen - makes a mean chocolate cake. Enjoys biking, dogs, art, people-watching, movies. Seeks thoughtful, ambitious, financially secure man, 35-48, 5'8" plus. 2700 ✉☎ bridgetteklein@yahoo.com

Relationship-Minded—Bright, petite, educated Jewish gal seeking smart, funny, 46-plus professional guy. Note/phone. nypetite@hotmail.com 2586 ✉☎

Something Special—Extremely attractive, long-haired brunette with fit, curvy body, sparkling green eyes, early 40s, seeks confident, accomplished, attractive man who appreciates the good life. I am optimistic, successful and stylish. I enjoy all forms of popular culture, am a major sports fan, and thoroughly love a good meal (from pizza to caviar). You are 35-55, living a healthy lifestyle, fit, financially secure, with a youthful, positive outlook on life. 2608 ✉☎

Romantic, Handsome CEO—49, 6', 175 lbs, seeks lady, 30-45, with beauty, brains and a warm heart. Photo, please. 2578 ✉☎

Pretty Lady Engineer From NJ—Works in NYC, 43, slim, curvy figure, 5'6", long red hair, sincere, classy, seeks Jewish professional male over 40, for a lasting relationship. 2626 ✉☎

Elegant Professional Female—Seeks Jewish professional male, 50s. 2591 ✉☎

Totally Tempting—To answer this ad and meet a very attractive Jewish professional, 45, 5'6" and in great shape. Would like to meet a tall professional male, 42-52, for endless good times! Phone/photo. 2656 ✉☎

Happy And Successful Guy—55, with great upscale lifestyle, very youthful and fit (mentally and physically), desires Buxom (not fat) female. 2588 ✉☎

Are You The Perfect Man For Me?—56, vivacious, independent, secure, m faceted, fit, fun, very pretty, Jewish, (2 with wit, warmth and class. 2607 ✉☎

Norwegian-Canadian New Yorke Divorced female, 50, 120 lbs, extremely quite lovely, quietly sexy, elegant, wit sense of humor, style and emotional de seeks a well-educated, good-looking g 50-65, for long-term relationship. 2605 ✉

Intoxicating, Enchanting, Exoti Luscious, zaftig Jewish mom, mid 4 Westchester resident, abundant in he humor and smarts, seeks ultimate me with like-minded man. 2727 ✉☎

Hot In The City—Leggy, eclectic, upbeat, shapely, educated, pretty lady. E travel - exotic or not, sports or sho psyches or Nikes, Le Cirque or circus. L get personal if you're over 60, bright n with sense appeal. 2646 ✉☎

Great-Looking, Smart, Sensual, Sincer Exceptional young widow, Jewish, pe and sexy, even successful - seeks attract fit, secure, positive man, 49-65, to sh all of NYC pleasures, each other...the wo Note/photo, please. 2661 ✉☎

Easygoing?—Retired female newspa editor, young 59, full-figured/shap funny, Manhattan, books, crosswords, p much more - seeks above-average, cereb peaceful, retired or semi-, nonsmoking n with the time/money/temperament (a driver's license?) for gentle companions trips, romance. ssfz@aol.com 2707 ✉☎

Alone Through Death Of Partner—G classy lady, young 60s, with eclectic int ests, seeks complementary, young 50s, friendship, love and upscale lifestyle. D and disease-free and nonsmoker. 2725 ✉

One-Of-A-Kind—31-year-old, foxy bea seeking white gentleman to cherish - 40- years old, tall, athletic, good-looking a very financially successful. No reply with photo. 2721 ✉☎

Sent From Paradise—For the right gu Asian, Hawaiian beauty - sexy, sophistic ed, romantic, smart, sensitive and cari Creative professional - into jazz, the a NYC, the beach, dining in and out, g wine. Seeks long-term relationship, w 45-55, white male, 5'8" plus, attracti well-traveled, passionate about life and work. He should be financially secure, f worldly, supportive and caring. Note/pho Photo a must! 2648 ✉☎

Handsome, Extremely Virile Gentleman 50, seeks very generous, successful, eleg white female for romantic relationsh 2711 ✉☎

European Beauty, Elegance, Class 42, 5'7", 127 lbs, blue eyes, looking a cultured, classy friend, lover and mo E-mail: dardanele@aol.com 2627 ✉☎

Time For Us?—Kindhearted, genui friendly, professional, single Jewish fema 38, never married, 5'4", slim, brown-ey brunette, enjoys various activities. Seeks caring, sincere, easygoing, professional, si gle Jewish male, nonsmoker, 35-45, for t possibility of a warm relationship leading something special (NJ preferred). 2666 ✉

ɜay White Professional Female, 46— omplished. Adventurous. Affectionate. using. Anal. Analytic (Psycho-). (Anxi-). Artistic. Athletic. Attractive. Attuned. hentic. Available. Seeking another A to reciate. Nonsmoker. Photo. 2695 ✉

rgeous, Tall Professional—Chinese lady ‹s tall, handsome, educated gentleman. . are sincere, accomplished and honest, 57, interested in serious relationship, ·riage. Photo/phone. 2584 ✉☎

:cial Lady—Brooklyn, Catholic, slim, , seeking a warmhearted man who enjoys vies, restaurants, flea markets, sharing laughter. Photo, please. 2706 ✉☎

ɔtic Asian—Not stereotypical. Very :active, warm, playful, slim, fit, stylish, cated professional. Loves NY: art, films, :aurants, wine - and the outdoors, too. king Caucasian gentleman with similar ilities and interests, 37-50, 5'10" plus. ls preferred. 2673 ✉☎

:sistible Ebony Beauty—25, 5'7", 125, ks very successful, mature gentleman for utually rewarding relationship. 2667 ✉☎

You Are An Upscale Male—67-73, ısmoker, fit, *no toupee*, ready for long-n relationship - unique, adorable, petite, nantic, exciting NJ female. 2637 ✉☎

ndsome Jewish Guy—Professional, ath-c, easygoing, 5'8", 50, diverse interests, ɔd sense of humor, seeks slender Jewish , 30s-40s, for romance, laughs and hope-y marriage and family. Photo. 2571 ✉☎

rkville Lady—In search of lord, 50-65. ppy, healthy, wealthy and good-looking. pect you to be too. 2703 ✉

:ractive Italian-American Woman—5'5", n, 36-year-old Catholic profes-nal, sincere, kind - enjoys theater, travel. :ks similar male to share a lifetime of love l adventure. Photo/note/phone. 2680 ✉

:ractive, Trim—Professional male, early s, teach scuba in my spare time, love veling and the outdoors but have grown :d of going it alone - looking for an at-ctive, slender female, 28-38, to share the rld with. Please include photo. 2709 ✉☎

ɔanese—Pretty, 30s, 5', slim, Ivy - seeks , witty, single white male. 2713 ✉

ıthing From Nothing Means Nothing— u gotta to have something if you want to with me. Young 50s lady looking for her er. Note and photo. 2598 ✉☎

vestment Professional—Seeking a com-ment, not a double. Male, 53, 6'2", 180 , handsome, fit, Protestant (not religious), :s Upper East Side. Enjoys exercise, vel, reading, conversation, cultural events, ıing out. Seeks attractive woman, my age younger, medium height, fit, educated, :ygoing, upbeat, varied interests. Note, :ase. Photo appreciated. 2724 ✉

ɔther Earth Seeks Father Son—Single ɔm, 49, with daughter of the East, would e to meet a man of warmth, depth and hu-ɔr to adventure through life with. We are ıdy, are you? fatherson@att.net 2597 ✉☎

eks Soul Mate—Attractive black profes-ɪnal female, 40s, 5'4", intelligent, athletic, ıcere, seeks male with similar attributes for ısting relationship. Photo/note. 2604 ✉☎

:autiful, Smart, Charming—Cultured, ırm NYC brunette, 53, seeks kind, complished, emotionally available man : caring relationship. 2623 ✉☎

veet, Smart And Sexy—This North Shore eetheart would like to fall in love with an :ractive, somewhat affluent guy, 63-73. :hat's you, please call. 2670 ✉☎

Lady Seeks The Company Of—An intelligent, refined gentleman with a sense of humor, who would enjoy meeting a former photography fashion model, now businesswoman. 2720 ✉

Best Friend Wanted—Single white male, 37, MA degree, physically fit, Yankee fan, seeks intelligent, slim, active, easygoing white female. 2593 ✉☎

Too Shy To Do This Herself—Very young 60s, slender, tall, leggy, very attractive woman who loves to work out, travel, dine, dance and enjoy life. Looking for a young 60s, tall, handsome, successful man with a sense of humor and zest for life. Don't miss this rare opportunity. You won't regret it! Nonsmoker preferred. Photo a must. 2683 ✉☎

Handsome, Articulate, Funny, Smart— Passionate, quintessential New Yorker; 35 - loves music, family, sports, NYC restaurants, exploring the city (days and nights), and long, rambling conversations. Seeks kind, funny, smart, upbeat, outgoing, sensual woman for fun and romance... Long-term a distinct possibility. Yankees fan a plus, Rangers fan a big plus! 2726 ✉☎

A Woman For All Seasons—Bright, caring, elegant, pretty blond - blue eyes, slim, Jewish (nonreligious) professional who loves to laugh, ski, sail, the arts, pro sports and spend quality time with family - seeks intelligent, financially secure, genuinely nice widower or divorced gentleman, 56-68, for a toast to our life! Photo. 2621 ✉☎

Beautiful Woman—38, slender/curvy, kind, witty designer who enjoys jazz, museums, cooking, hiking, nature - seeks bright, communicative, attractive man for a long-term relationship. Note/photo. 2710 ✉☎

Are You My Better Half?—Stunning female (5'7", model-slim, green-eyed brunette, 34), who is smart, personable, athletic and fun, seeks an exceptional, single male professional, 33-42, whose great looks, athletic ability, kindness and charm complete me. Kindly reply with note/photo. 2662 ✉☎

Seeking Special Black Woman—Slim, attractive, creative. I'm European, caring, fun and 40. Looking for real connection. Please send picture and brief words too. 2681 ✉

Lemonade!—Beautiful, sexy, stylish, warm, playful designer/artist, with family and friends. Emotionally present men over 55, with a love of life (and culture) only. 2723 ✉

New—White professional female, 54, seeks white professional male with sense of humor for long-term relationship, 55 plus. Like theater, writing and beach activities. 2728 ✉☎

Professional Caribbean Female—33, seeks professional male, 33-44. 2712 ✉☎

Classy And Cute—Seeking attractive, sensitive, secure 65-75-year-old man to love and nurture. Let's enjoy life together. Prefer phone call. 2714 ✉☎

Catholic Blond Beauty—Editor, mid 40s, seeks a successful mate. 2684 ✉ ☎

Male, 47—Sensitive, intelligent, emotionally in-touch, communicative, great sense of humor - seeks a woman with similar qualities. 2649 ✉☎

Handsome, Successful Physician—46, kosher, seeking a warm, bright, classy and attractive woman, 30-38, with traditional Jewish values, for a meaningful and loving relationship leading to marriage and our own family. Photo, please. 2697 ✉

Successful Long Island Surgeon—40, fit, good-looking (but not a model), regular guy, white, Christian, seeks confident, unencumbered, upbeat lady under 32, for long-term relationship. Photo/note/phone. 2654 ✉

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Woman From A To U Wanted—You can be from Asia to the US to all points in-between; just be caring, affectionate, cute, 25-37, in NY/NJ/CT area. I'm Jewish, 40, warm, caring, successful sports journalist - and I want to spend time with you. Photo. 2650 ✉☎

Every Life Affects Another's—Unmarried Jewish female, 50, 5'2", petite, buxom, blue-eyed blond, nonsmoker, smart, caring attorney - in search of unmarried Jewish man, honest, sincere, warm, smart. 2639 ✉☎

Best Friend Wanted—Sensitive, caring, divorced Jewish physician in early 60s, looking for Jewish woman in 50s for a true connection. Note/photo. 2717 ✉☎

Almost Perfect—Very attractive white male, 39, with herpes (infrequent), who is romantic, affectionate, adventurous, intelligent, loyal, congenial, seeks very attractive, slender, accomplished female for friendship, possible long-term relationship. Photo a must. 2575 ✉☎

A Clever Boyfriend Sought—By fit, healthy, almost-a-whole-package woman, 47. ownerofricky@aol.com 2718 ✉

Personable, Attractive—Jewish guy, 61, likes music, outdoors - seeks lady up to 55, for relationship. Note/photo. 2715 ✉

Good-Looking Man, Mid 50s—Exciting, adventurous - loves travel, outdoor sports, boating - lives in Manhattan and Hamptons. Looking for attractive woman, 30-45, to have fun and enjoy life with. 2699 ✉

Beautiful - Outside And In—With slim, inviting figure, infectious smile. Personifies poise, grace, adventurous spirit and inner strength. Successful yet laid-back, caring, affectionate. Colorful, witty, sophisticated, tall with long legs - what more could you want? Cultural interests - jazz clubs, opera, theater, museums, spontaneity of New York. Enjoys kayaking, snorkeling, hiking, laughter, cuddling, Maine, Baja, Fiji. Seeking 5'9"-plus, financially secure, well-read, kindhearted man, 48-63. 2642 ✉☎ judy61819@yahoo.com

Almost Content—Just blue without you: Passionate for art, enjoys NYC, good talk. Seeks outgoing man, 60-70s. 2687 ✉☎

About A Gal—Smart, pretty, assertive, Jewish, seeks bright, kind, easygoing, sincere professional guy, 45 plus. 2617 ✉☎ GAL10003@hotmail.com

Want Passion And Brown Skin?—Beautiful, fit, cultured, fun female, 50s, seeks nonsmoking, secure, fun male for pursuit of happiness. 2704 ✉☎

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Let's Talk The Talk—Attractive, uncommon, youngish male seeks attractive, uncommon, youngish female to share a happy, healthy life together in the Big Cities of the East and in the Big Mountains of the West. All other details less important. 2528✉☎ **letswalkthewalk@aol.com**

Attractive, Intelligent, Personable—Single white male, 41, seeks educated woman with good heart and great sense of humor. Note/photo. 2678 ✉

Seeking Female, 30-45—Successful, single white retired male, 54, seeks single white female for permanent relationship - who enjoys dining, travel and romance. Prefer Queens - Nassau or NYC okay. Letter/photo/phone, please. 2610 ✉☎

Blond Who Likes To Trade Bonds?—European lady, 28, long blond hair, green eyes, 10021, worldly, classy, dynamic, with passion for life and adventure - into stock market, golf, tennis, running, art. Seeks successful, strong-willed, high-spirited, intense and super-intelligent man over 40, who is looking for a true devoted partner and confidant. you_me10021@yahoo.com 2675 ✉☎

Seeks Exceptional Asian Woman—6'3", 198 lbs, 47-year-old, very handsome, very fit, athletic, Ivy League-educated, very successful JD, seeks exceptional (nonsmoking) Asian woman, 28-40, forever. Recent photo/note/phone. 2696 ✉

Long-Stemmed Rose Wanted!—6'2", single white male executive, 42, seeks 5'8" woman, 28-34, for eye-to-eye relationship. We're both ambitious, adventurous, attractive and athletic. Note and photo, please. 2692 ✉

All The Good Ones Aren't Taken—Good-looking 36-year-old male, 5'10", blond, Ivy-educated, financially secure, with charm and wit, seeks a female who appreciates culture as well as the outdoors and travel. I enjoy good conversation, a night at Lincoln Center or a jazz club, or hiking through great scenery. If you are unpretentious and ready to take a chance, let's talk. Please reply with phone number only. 2573 ✉☎

Redheaded Child Wanted—Tall, athletic man, 50, healthy, nonsmoker, would like to meet a fit, redheaded woman to love and conceive beautiful child. Consummate collector with warm heart and good financials is ready to take the plunge! Note/photo/phone. 2641 ✉☎

Friendship Is The Shortest Distance—Between two people. Debra Winger look-alike, 45, thoughtful, creative, humorous, successful, outdoorswoman, living in lower Westchester with terrific kid - seeks man of substance, up to 57, who relishes great conversation, living life, and can keep a kite aloft. Note/photo/phone. 2702 ✉

Handsome Judge—Jewish, 62, very youthful looking and extremely fit, 5'9" and 150 lbs. I'm athletic, artistic, intellectual and financially secure. I'm seeking a slim, pretty professional woman in her 40s, with similar interests, for a serious relationship. 2589 ✉☎

Young Stephanie Powers Type—Long auburn hair, violet eyes, Jewish, curvaceous 5'6", seeks kind, sophisticated, handsome male, 40-60, 5'10" plus. Photo. E-mail: meowny15@aol.com 2574 ✉☎

Tall Blond, Looking For Enchantment—Won the Greek Goddess competition for my favorite fraternity while at university, but left my laurels behind a decade ago to become a shamefully well-paid executive. I work hard, play hard. Life could only be better with you in it. I'm hoping you're a straight-shooter, tall, athletic, secure and passionate about whatever you do. You're capable of navigating different crowds, covering everything from philosophy to gossip. Note/photo. 2693 ✉

Handsome, Down-To-Earth—Very successful professional man, 42, 6'1", 180, blue eyes, athletic, seeks caring, sweet, thin, romantic female, 22-27, for possible relationship, travel and shopping. Must like convertibles and the beach. Photo. 2686 ✉☎

Gay, Handsome Man—Trim, 5'10", 165 lbs, Brooks Brothers type who has reached the sexy 60s, wishes to meet a younger, affectionate, secure and caring man to share theater, ballet, country weekends and companionship. Letter/photo, please. 2682 ✉

Perky, Young-Looking Blond—50s, attractive lady with sparkling sense of humor, well-educated, intelligent and well-traveled; enjoys sports, golf, etc. Seeks sensitive, kindhearted man, 60-75 years young, who is educated, intelligent, affable and financially sound, living in (212), (914) or (203) area codes. 2624 ✉☎

Summer's Here - Let's Play—Adventurous, attractive, happy, tall professional woman, looking to share NYC life, beaches and country drives with a fun, normal, intelligent man, 50-62. Photo, please. 2631 ✉☎

NYMESSAGE

LaGuardia To Jacksonville On April 2
I didn't sit in the last row with you.
sorry. Please call. 2690 ✉☎

Weekend Day Sailing On LI Soun
Owner of beautiful 30' sloop in
Rochelle seeks crew. Must have car; sho
have some sailing experience. 2722 ✉☎

Pretty, Blue-Eyed Blond—Slim, athle
fun, warm, with intellect, 40s, seeks m
40s-50s, medium-tall, attractive prof
sional. Photo/note. 2701 ✉

Let's Soar Together—(Literally and figu
tively). Honest, sincere, adventurous ph
cian, 46 - enjoys traveling, skiing, fly
my airplane, laughter and wit. Seeks Jew
woman who is warm and loving des
living in NY. If you are younger than I,
with a good sense of humor, childless,
desire marriage and children, please send
a note and photo. PS: I'm 5'10", in sha
and still have a full head of hair. 2619 ✉☎

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Single, white Jewish male, 38 (nonreligio
no kids), fit, down-to-earth, seeks sli
single/divorced white female, 27-36,
a long-term relationship, marriage, fam
et cetera. Photo/note/phone. 2628 ✉☎

Tall Jewish Lawyer—48, wants a bri
woman for a romantic relationship, but
settle for a softball catch in Central Pa
2606 ✉☎

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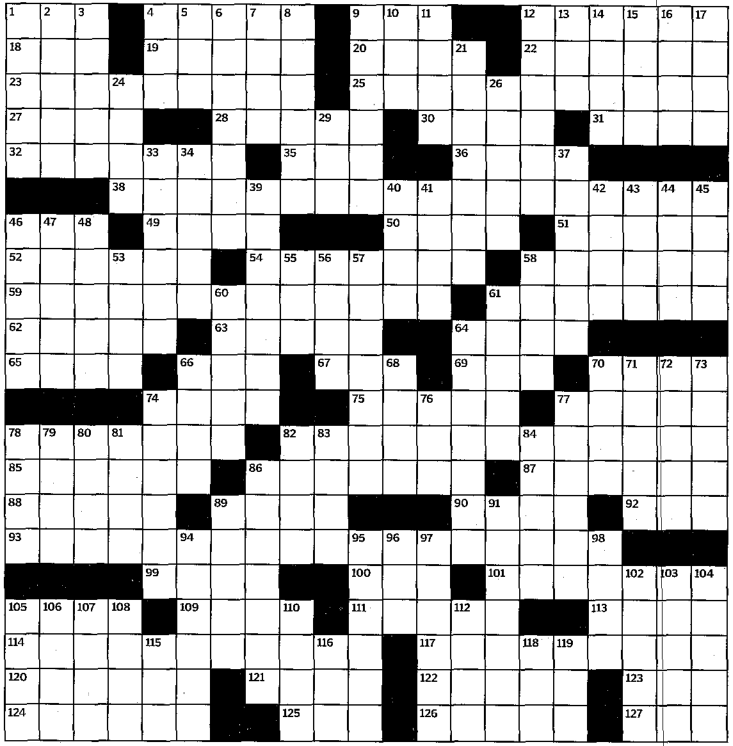
'Cue' Crossword by Maura B. Jacobson



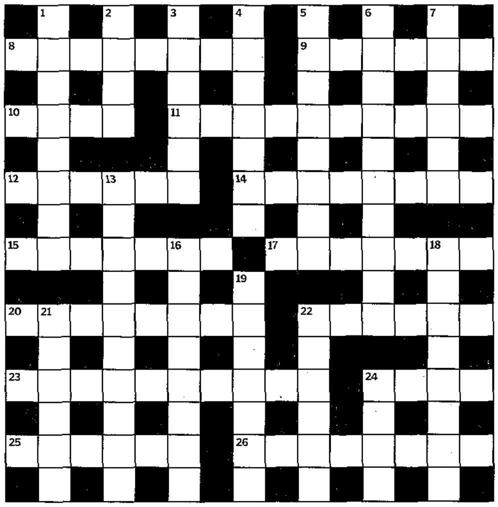
ACROSS

1 Coll. near Harvard
4 Actor Theodore
9 Serpent on a pharaoh's crown
12 Native quarter of Algiers
18 Ending for trick or crock
19 Coeur d'——, Idaho
20 Goad
22 Fur for royal robes
23 What do tango dancers wear on their feet?
25 Where do Eskimo horsemen play?
27 "The More —— of You"
28 A Davis
30 Go no further
31 African-fly syllables
32 Certain Latino dances
35 Greek vowel
36 Jacob's twin
38 Why didn't the judge come to the restaurant phone?
46 Endangered tree
49 Lion's greeting
50 Andy's buddy, on old radio
51 Peach dessert
52 Successful sower
54 Lace city of France
58 Malt source
59 Where do you look up Biblical data?
61 General weather conditions
62 Hydrox look-alikes
63 On the qui vive
64 Airline since 1948
65 One of the Redgraves
66 Slapstick missile
67 Electrical unit
69 Younger Reiner
70 Mrs. Sprat's no-no
74 Officers below brig. gen.
75 Left —— the cold
77 118-Down category
78 Rams' horns used as trumpets
82 What did the Aswan surveyor report?
85 Creator of Holly Golightly
86 Desirous one
87 Be at
88 Makes a firm statement
89 ZIP code information
90 This, in Mexico
92 Stinging fish
93 Why is it wrong to whisper?
99 Teller's partner in magic
100 —— par with
101 Catches in a sting
105 Some Keats poems
109 Kin of Gouda
111 Uptight
113 Replacement for the lira et al.
114 What did the villainous flagman say?
117 What do you call a party-pooping sailor?
120 Under Cupid's influence
121 Hence
122 All possible
123 Sound booster, familiarly
124 Seesaw, with "totter"
125 Stranded motorist's need
126 Tivoli's Villa ——
127 Undercover agent

DOWN

1 Ambulance attendant
2 Eire-born
3 Describing a hyped-up person
4 Cry of disdain
5 Workmen's agcy. of the U.N.
6 Wisconsin city on Lake Michigan
7 U.K. abbrs.
8 Diminish
9 Come into view
10 No-seats sign
11 Tammany workers
12 Persevere
13 Evita's land: abbr.
14 Bashed
15 Life stories, for short
16 Green Gables girl
17 Dame Myra of classical piano
21 Is overfond of
24 Georgia or Cal.
26 Parks and Bonheur
29 Figure-skater Midori
33 Employment agencies
34 Stick out like —— thumb
37 What is an American postman called?
39 Seers at Delphi
40 Texas city on the Brazos
41 Berserk
42 Duration of office
43 Queen of scat singing
44 Give backing to
45 Danny who played Walter Mit
46 Swashbuckler Flynn
47 Suspicious
48 Self-styled expert
53 Lowly laborer
55 Jackie's sister
56 Spain's second longest river
57 Away from the house
58 Run off at the mouth
60 They're at your fingertips
61 Genetic duplicate
64 Africa's newest nation
66 Tiny dermal opening
68 Necessity
70 Latvian
71 Script direction
72 Boxing venue
73 Dweebish
74 What is said when kitty awakens?
76 Even score
77 "—— of Town" (Cole Porter hi
78 Lesion adhesion
79 Be in possession of
80 Oil-cartel acronym
81 Knocked —— loop
82 "Thou shalt not," updated
83 Blvds.
84 Prop for Mehta
86 Function of a mint
89 Literary prison locale
91 Arm coverings
94 Planting device
95 Later
96 "A Chorus Line" song
97 Sun-bronzed
98 Scott of a slavery lawsuit
102 Luminous radiations
103 Pretty oneself up
104 Dripping with sentiment
105 "Think nothing ——"
106 Sand configuration
107 First name in whodunit writin
108 Las Vegas machine
110 Mall renter
112 Banker's advice
115 First lady
116 Billy Joel's "—— to Extremes'
118 Paintings and such
119 Soap ingredient

The 'Guardian' Crossword Set by Plodge



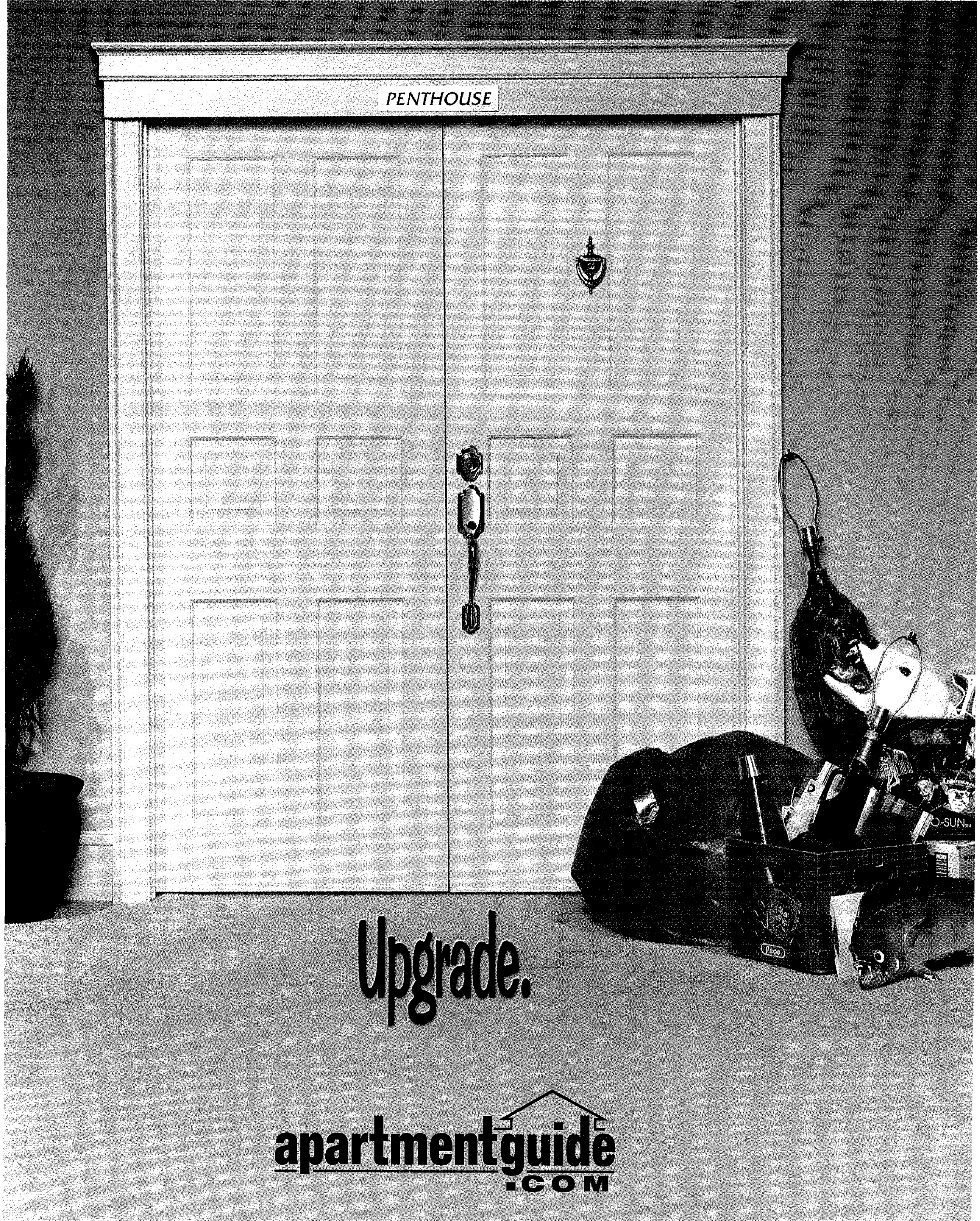
ACROSS

8 Jail-bait? (8)
9 A rendezvous at Shaftesbury. (6)
10 Nice, so they say, stretch of 20 water. (4)
11 See 15.
12 It holds one up at last. (6)
14 A Bolshevik leaning over to include a number back. (8)
15,22,11 After tea Leslie came inside, returning with family rubbish for 20 architect. (7,6,10)
17 20 city, working gas in radiance. (7)
20,5 This cast no blight on semi-conventional party. (8,8)
22 See 15.
23 Drunken kilty whams a dram . . . (4,6)
24 . . . and another, by the sound of it, on a 20 isle, while . . . (4)
25 20 cap some vermouth (not of the French). (6)
26 It controls drift when Rosie's apathetic, they say. (8)

DOWN

1 20 submarine base reported to be totally secure. (4,4)
2 Amerind procreates without benefit of pastor. (4)
3 Umpire? He was out at the cinema. (3-3)
4 Rider covers awfully nice first long drawers. (7)
5 See 20.
6 Symbolic of Japan? Quite the reverse at the end of the day. (7,3)
7 20 smackers? Utter transport! (6)
13 It's to be cast by the sinless Matthew and Mark on being consumed by fervour. (5,5)
16 Terms of article written in a fit of spite. (8)
18 Statistician has lost the bill, old boy! I first give notice of being late. (8)
19 The opposite of that let out? It's a prickly one. (7)
21 Keep talking about the setting of the Ring. (6)
22 Modes of loads of Toad's odes. (6)
24 A piece of fleece. (4)

SOLUTIONS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES APPEAR ON PAGE 85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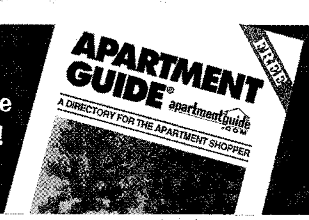
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